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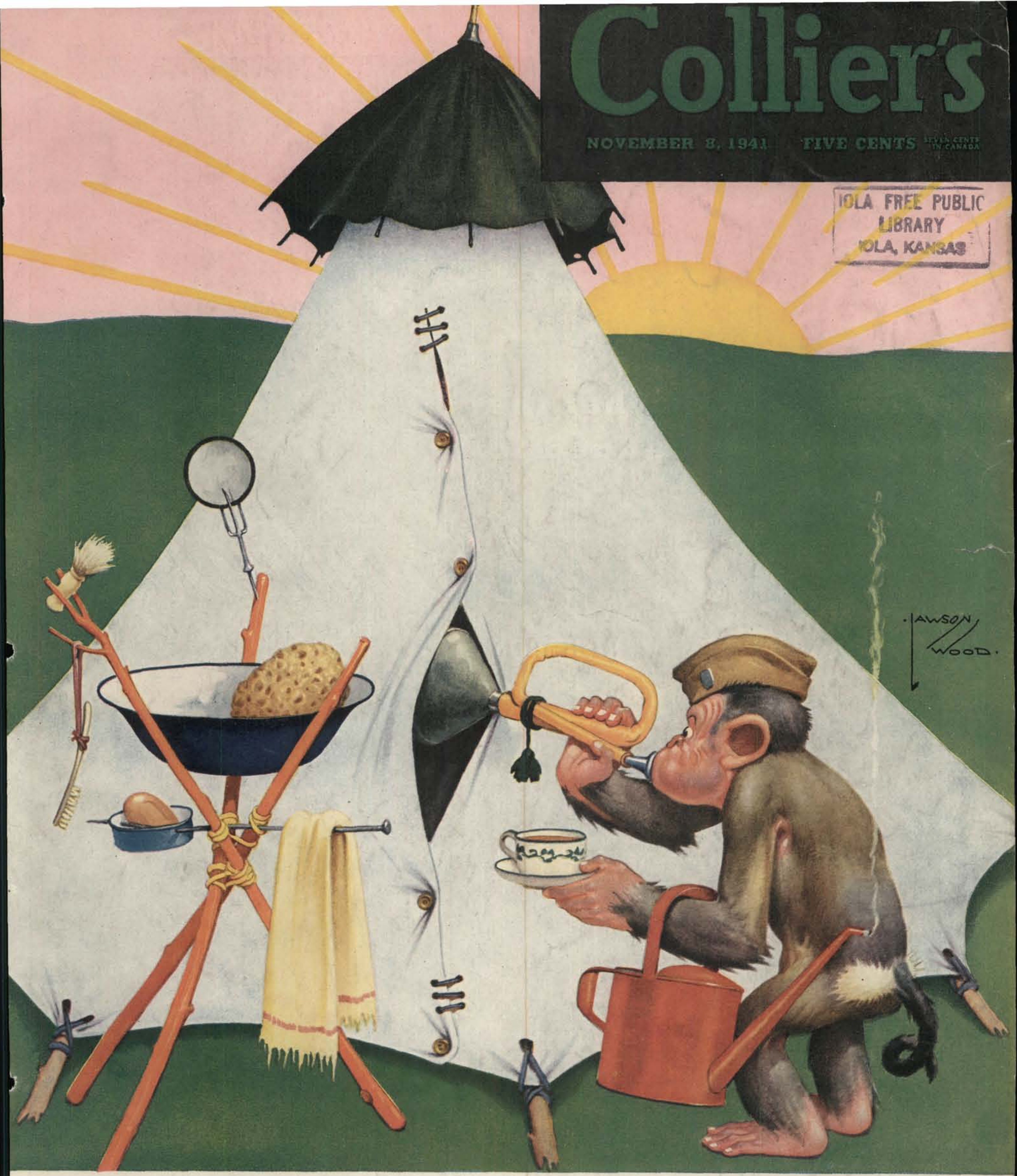

DEATH OF A DUTCH TOWN

By Pierre van Paassen

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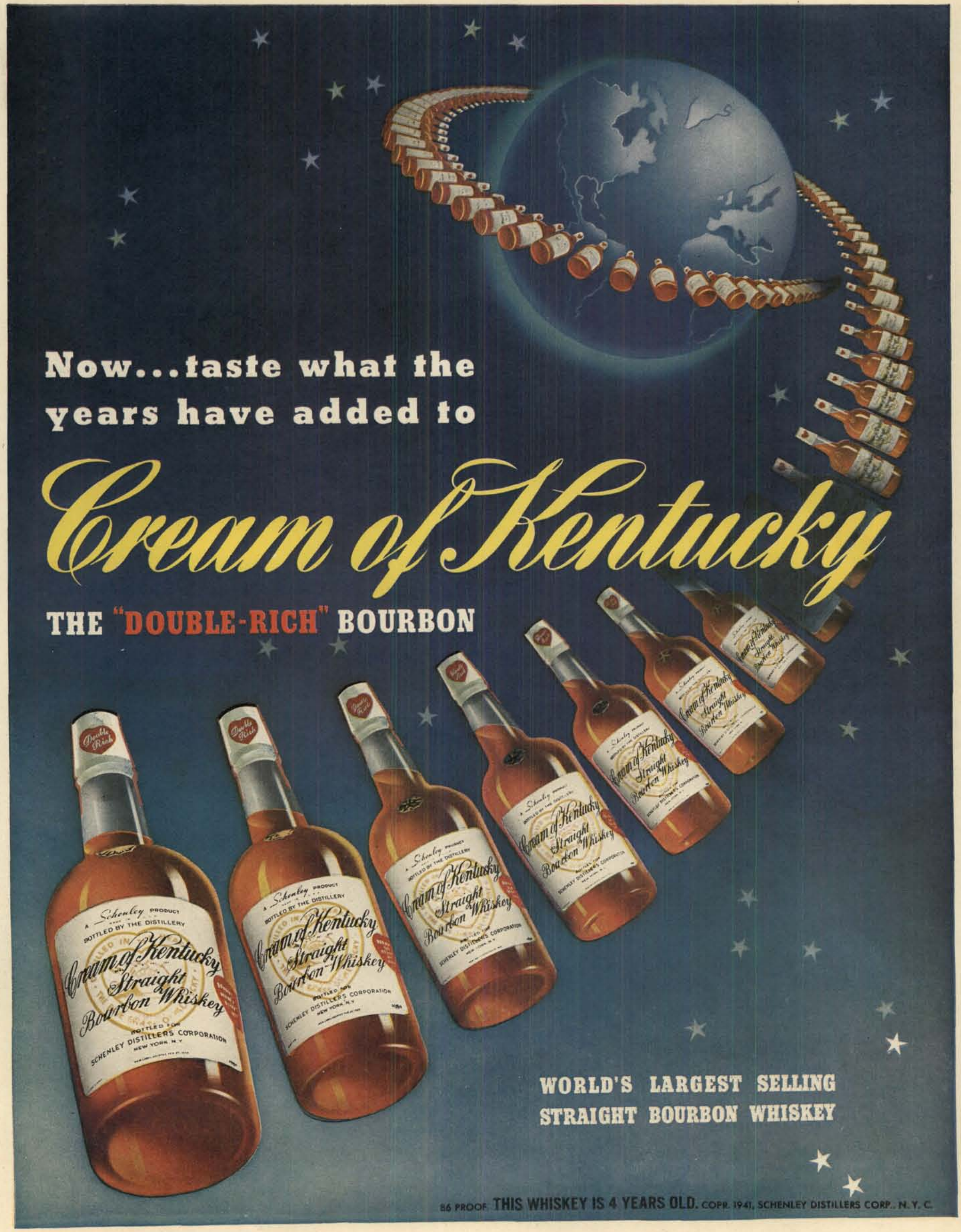
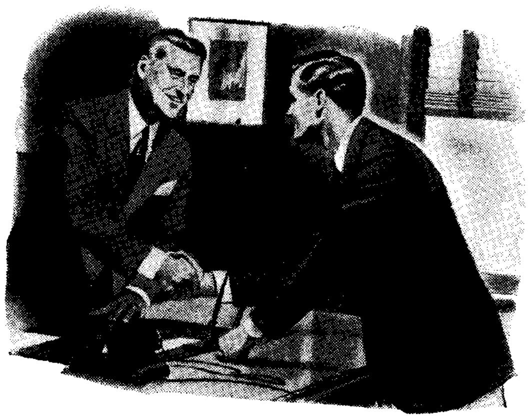

Now...taste what the
years have added to
Cream of Kentucky
THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON
Double Rich
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED BY THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
86 PROOF. THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD. COPR. 1941, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

"Successful...a Man with a Future!"

That's what Good-Looking Hair can say for you!

No other single thing gives a man's looks such a lift as well-kept, handsome hair. It confers an air of good grooming and pride that speaks volumes for the owner's self-respect and self-confidence.

With Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" it's easy to keep your hair good-looking—to make it help your personal appearance—yes, and to be an invaluable business and social asset.



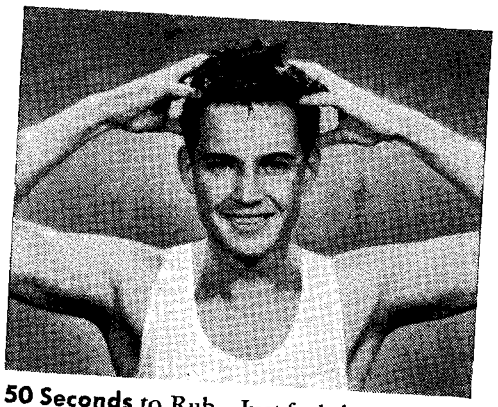
You speed your business success when you give your hair good-looks with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout." For a good personal appearance acts like a strong letter of introduction. And handsome hair gives you a crisp, efficient air that makes other men think: "This man knows how to package himself for sale"!

Many a fellow's popularity and success dates from the day when he gave his appearance and personality a lift with well-groomed, handsome looking hair. So why not give yourself the benefits of Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"? Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's—give your appearance a lift—today!

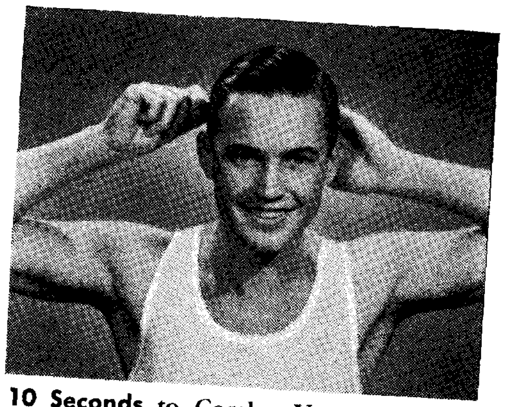
Help keep your hair
A Business and Social Asset with

VITALIS

and the
"60-Second Workout"



50 Seconds to Rub—Just feel that refreshing stimulating "tingle" as circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing natural oils, your hair takes on a fresher, natural lustre.



10 Seconds to Comb—Your hair stays neatly in place—and there's no "patent-leather" look. And what's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs embarrassing loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you *keep* your hair.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

Collier's

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THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 8, 1941

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD ENGLISH
Last Love. A smart girl writes her own proverbs. Page 14

WILLIAM A. KRAUSS
Return from Maracaibo. With a welcome from the only one who counted. Page 17

WILLIAM BRANDON
The Trap. Love springs from treachery. Page 19

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Nothing But Everything, by Lucian Cary. Page 20

SERIAL STORIES

NEVIL SHUTE
The Pied Piper. The second of ten parts. Page 18

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Murder in Retrospect. The eighth of ten parts. Page 22

ARTICLES

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN
Death of a Dutch Town. The Nazi wave engulfs the village of Gorcum. Page 11

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
City of Courage. How Moscow awaited the worst. Page 13

MONA GARDNER
Fur Miracle. The lowly lamb comes into its own. Page 16

DUDLEY HADDOCK
Keep 'em Flying. Join the Navy and learn a trade. Page 21

AL COSTELLO
Wee Willie—Wow! Mr. Wilkin, joy and despair of the Redskins. Page 43

OUR NEW ARMY. Page 52

●

WING TALK. Page 6

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 8

EDITORIALS
Two Ships a Day.
Strikes Against Government. Page 74

COVER LAWSON WOOD

ANY WEEK

THERE'S an energetic young man working in the Office of Production Management in Washington under an assumed name. It's possible, of course, that he's not the only one. It's possible, too, that others, if there are others, are drawing wages under an alias for less noble reasons. Anyway, this young man makes it no secret that the name he wrote on the government's pay roll is not his. We'll give you the explanation he gave to his boss. "I'm named for my grandfather, a low-country South Carolinian. It is his boast that as far as he knows he has never spoken to a Yankee. In fact, he has not spoken to anybody outside the family for thirty years. Thirty years ago he spoke to a stranger whom he later had reason to suspect came of a Yankee family. He wasn't sure of it but he decided to take no further chances. So he hasn't spoken to anybody outside the family since. When I came to Washington from South Carolina he made me promise to change my name because I was pretty sure to speak to some Damyankee up here in the North and he didn't want anybody to get us mixed up. . . ."

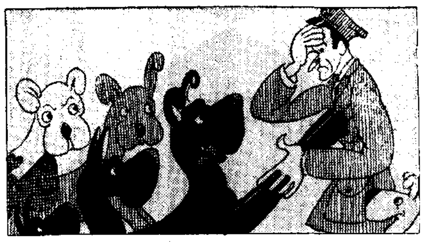
WE SPOKE to this young man and began to regret that we are a Yankee and thereby disqualified from talking to the old man. The old boy has ideas. He's strong for the President's foreign policy although he wouldn't say so to Mr. Roosevelt's face, the latter being a Northerner. In fact, he's so strong that he was for shooting intervention away back in the Munich days. Grandpa has a plan. He's all for reestablishing the Confederacy for the duration, raising a butternut army and kicking Hitler's teeth out without any Yankee help. In fighting ability he has the peoples of the earth pretty well graded—South Carolinians, all other Southerners, Yankees, Sioux Indians, the British Empire, Mexicans, Chinese, Russians, Germans and so on in order down a lengthy list with the Japanese and the Italians fighting for last place.

WE DROPPED in at the State Department just as a large bale of European dispatches arrived. One of these pieces of more or less startling information was that journalistic challenge from Virginio Gayda, poor Mussolini's Donald Duck. You probably read it in your paper. Mr. Gayda said that Italians could fake the news better and faster than Americans and British and dared us to accept his challenge. Our friend in the State Department tossed it aside as unworthy of notice, saying, "It takes a magnificent liar to be as confident as Gayda seems to be. But obviously he hasn't had time lately to read us."

IF THERE'S a little more Washington here this week than you'd prefer, it isn't all our fault. Circumstances have kept us in the capital and have added to our long-time conviction that Washington is the last place to look for the country's true sentiments. At the moment a hotel strike threatens, and chief among the things Washington doesn't need is a hotel strike. The whole city gives you the impression of a strike—picket lines of businessmen filing in and out of departments, bureaus, agencies, administrations, offices of production; alibi propaganda, defensive statements, accusations and settlement terms appearing in waves, billows and floods; walking delegates for industry and government wrangling in every barroom and hotel lobby. About the hotel strike, however; we mentioned it on Capitol Hill. "I hope it happens," said a senator. "I hope it happens and lasts for a month. At least a month. If we had no visitors coming to Washington for six weeks or so we could probably go to war in peace."

WE'VE run into several more pension plans. One of them seems to us to be much too simple to be effective. There's nothing complicated about it at all—and that's no way for a pension plan to act. It would merely deduct two per cent of every defense contract and set it aside for citizens sixty years old or older. Mr. Lynn T. Frynke of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, has it in his pocket and is looking for a congressional sponsor. Mr. Frynke, an energetic fellow sharply attuned to the times, speaks in terms of nothing less than billions. "Let's say," says he, "that you're the government and I'm General Motors. I'm only illustrating, understand. But you give me a contract for two billion dollars' worth of something. See? Actually, though, it's only one billion, nine hundred and sixty million dollars' worth, the missing forty million going to the old folks. See? No trouble. No new taxes. Everybody happy." But another plan we've caught up with is being peddled by Mr. George Washington Lifft of Dubuque, Iowa. Mr. Lifft does not want it generally known that he was a member of the A.E.F. in 1918, adding, "Please don't elaborate on the subject but merely mention it once and let it go at that." His idea is to continue Army pay to draftees of our current Army after they have been discharged from service. These payments should continue for the rest of the ex-draftee's life. "The money would never be missed," he adds. We told him about Mr. Frynke's plan and that Mr. Frynke's pension would require no new taxes. "Where's this guy Frynke got anything on me or mine?" demanded Mr. Lifft. We tried to get a little facetious with Mr. Lifft, suggesting that he and Mr. Frynke get together, calling themselves Frynkelifffters or something catching like that. But he became a little impatient with us.

FURTHERMORE, we've been visited by a delegation of ladies headed by Mrs. Johanna Marian Duffy of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The ladies have a slogan—Give the Boys a Dog. Their purpose is to collect dogs and send them in great numbers to all Army camps to be pets and mascots. Mrs. Duffy told us that she attempted to see President Roosevelt about it but got no farther than the iron gates of the White House park. And there, said Mrs. Duffy, the guard, after thinking it over for a few moments, consulting a little book and, finally telephoning somebody, said: "This matter is out of the President's hands. You will have to see the Bureau of Animal Husbandry, Department of Agriculture."



THERE'S a restaurant in the capital of your country bearing the notice that: Patriots Eat Here and Leave Full of Fight. Also there's a shop advertising: Get Your Girl a Parachute. Instructions One Dollar. Parachute Free. For a while you could buy a pamphlet on Twenty Ways to Lick Hitler. But there must have been something wrong with this because the police chased the hawkers off the streets. Not for the world would we give you the idea that Washington is a trifle wacky these days but it is something less than normal. A group of congressmen at dinner were debating virtuously whether, after dinner, they should go to a fortuneteller, a movie, or a nice wet party that was being thrown by a high-power lobbyist. Only one came out clear and bold for the latter. Finally it was agreed that they should all go their several ways, most of them mumbling something about going back to their offices to clean up some work they hadn't had time to attend to. But as the bold one leaped into a taxi he shouted back at the others: "Okay, comrades, I'll be seeing you at the party."

AND he did. . . . W. D.

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"This time *you* get a ticket!"

S
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BEAT
CLINTO

TROOPER: *Thanks. I'd give a lot to see that game, but I'm on duty.*

GIRL: *On duty?*

TROOPER: *Yes—and it's my duty to tell you those tires are a menace.*

GIRL: *Oh, goody! You're going to lecture me just like Dad. How about "Switch to B. F. Goodrich"?*

TROOPER: *A swell idea—you'll get more mileage and I'll have less trouble!*

★ ★ ★

A FEW WEEKS AGO you could buy tires as casually as groceries! But things change fast these days. Now everything points to the necessity of getting good tires—nobody knows how long you may have to make them last.

Silvertowns always did roll out the miles. Today, they're even better than before. Why? Because Uncle Sam is using thousands and thousands of them for defense. You get the benefit of extra miles and extra safety.

Tires that wear like Silvertowns would be impossible without Duramin. That's the famous "tire vitamin" that keeps the rubber in Silvertowns lively—makes every one of these rugged tires wear longer, stay safer.

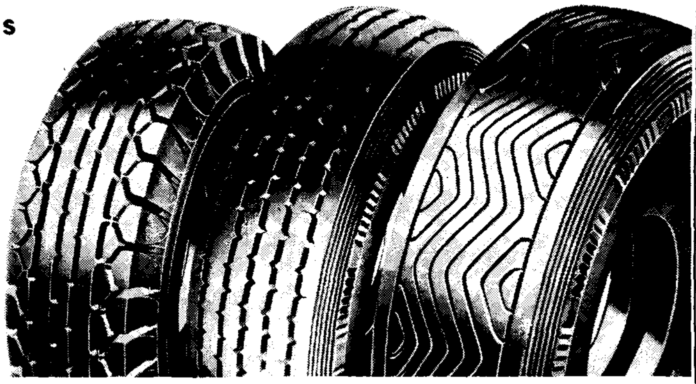
Remember, too . . . because Silvertowns wear longer, they help you save America's rubber. Prices are still low. And you don't have to pay cash. All B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer the Budget Plan.

See the new **SILVERTOWNS**

(Left)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. 20% more miles than *original* Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.



Switch to
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER
S

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

[illegible] but saving, too!
SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS
ROBERT O. REITZ

"All I save by doing my own housework and minding the baby you squander on oil and gas. It's high time you put Sealed Power Rings in that car!"

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

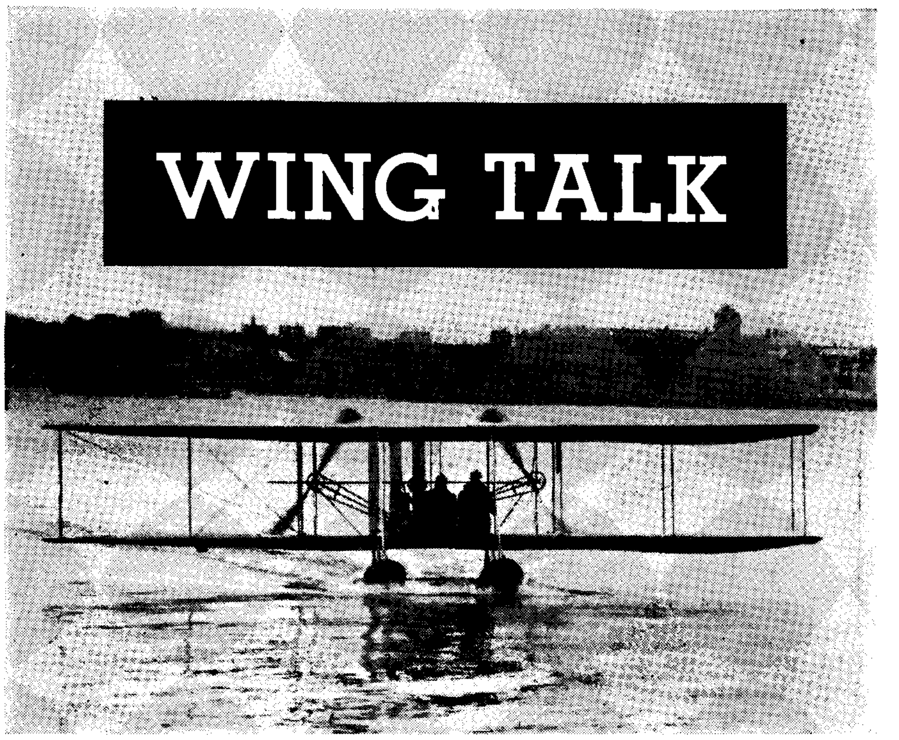
YOU can save gas and oil and thereby help National Defense by installing Sealed Power Piston Rings in your car. They have been the choice of engine builders for thirty years. The manufacturers of over 80% of America's cars and trucks use them as original equipment. That's why you can be sure they are the safest, most economical rings to put in your engine. They are packaged in sets individually engineered for your particular make and model of car. Ask your mechanic to install Sealed Power Rings. They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich. and Windsor, Ont. *Piston Rings for all types of Automotive, Airplane, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines.*

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars!
Best in old cars!

©1941 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK



BROWN

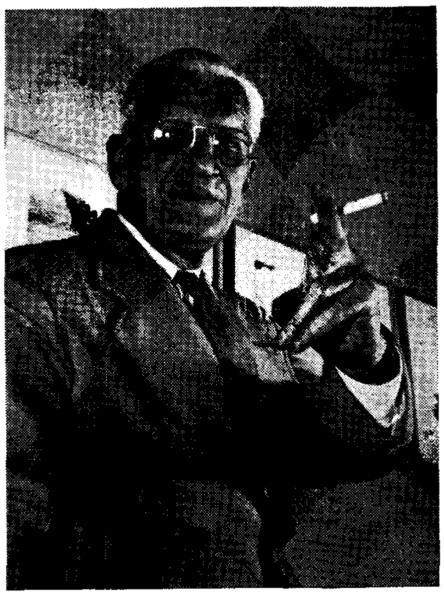
Frank T. Coffyn introduced the seaplane to New York, February 6, 1912

STATE cops, airport managers and airways traffic-control people are suffering an epidemic of pains-in-the-neck as the volume of cross-country nonscheduled flying increases and pilots forget to report changes in their announced routes and destinations.

For safety purposes, the government offers a PX (Position Reporting) service to private and commercial nonscheduled airmen, who, before departing on a cross-country trip, may "PX out."

This means a message concerning the flight and destination is put on the C.A.A. teletype system of the airway to be followed. Too often airmen change their minds and take another route or don't go at all, or forget to "PX in" at their point of arrival. They know they're all right, but meanwhile there's a missing plane on the airways records. An alarm goes out, a search is made by the police and days later the pilots turn up, oblivious to all the commotion they have created. You should hear how they're told off.

ALWAYS the world leader in lighted and radio-equipped airways, the United States now has 31,000 miles of such boulevards of the skies in operation and close to 3,000 miles more under survey and construction. These airways are both visible and invisible, good for flying on fair nights and foul. On the ground the airway is marked by powerful beacon lights at 15-mile intervals and with lighted and radio-equipped emergency landing fields at 50- to 100-mile spacings. Every 100 miles or so there is a radio range beacon to give directional guidance when the ground is blotted out. In between are marker and fan-type radio beacons to help out on congested airways.



IFOR THOMAS

Mr. Coffyn today is the new president of the Early Birds

Taken in conjunction with lighted airports, the emergency fields are so located that our slowest types of airplanes are hardly ever more than ten minutes away from an established landing area. Lighted airways, particularly on clear nights, are extremely popular with private airmen, who bother little with navigation but just sit on top of the line of beacons and watch the white, red and green lights flash away.

Two government career men are at the top of this network of airways. They are Charlie Stanton, Assistant Administrator of the C.A.A., and Tommy Bourne, Director of Federal Airways. They hold their jobs on present merit plus a storehouse of rich experience, for both Charlie and Tommy personally surveyed and directed the laying out of the earliest routes 15 years ago.

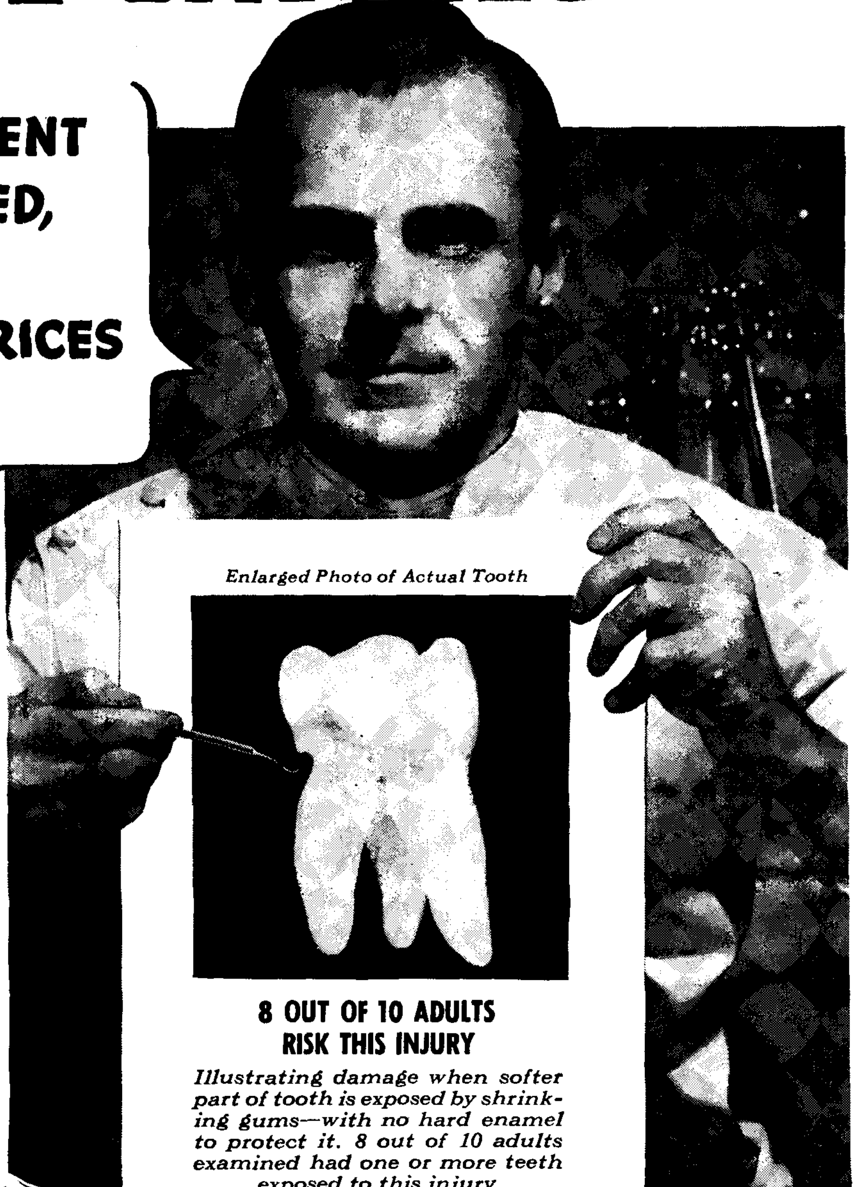
TO ANSWER fundamental questions about flying, a pamphlet library on basic aviation subjects is being issued by the Air Youth of America, Inc., of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, through arrangement with the copyright owners, the American Technical Society. Questions ranging from those covering the theory of flight to the packing of parachutes are answered in these 24 pocket-size booklets and are presented in such an elementary manner that even the parents of Air Youth of America members can understand them. The Air Youth of America is a national organization incorporated under an educational, nonprofit charter to encourage clubs and activities that prepare the youth of the country for a citizen's part in America's aviation program.

THE unprecedented increase in the number of student and newly created private pilots has produced a bumper by-product of show-off pilots. It also has produced a warning from the C.A.A. that its inspectors are determined to

(Continued on page 63)

HOW YOU CAN SAVE YOUR TEETH FROM THESE CAVITIES

"WE DENTISTS SEE PATIENT AFTER PATIENT WITH CAVITIES CUT INTO THE EXPOSED, SOFTER PARTS OF THEIR TEETH BY REGULAR BRUSHING WITH DENTIFRICES CONTAINING ABRASIVES"



Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth

8 OUT OF 10 ADULTS RISK THIS INJURY

Illustrating damage when softer part of tooth is exposed by shrinking gums—with no hard enamel to protect it. 8 out of 10 adults examined had one or more teeth exposed to this injury

You Can Avoid This Trouble Simply By Changing to Liquid Dentifrice

Liquid dentifrice cannot injure your teeth because it contains absolutely no abrasives

Yes, literally millions of people are unknowingly causing serious damage to their teeth which Nature can never repair.

This injury is caused—not by the toothbrush—but by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives.

Gradually, as the months go by, these abrasives cut cavities into the softer part of teeth along the gum line exposed by shrinking gums, where there is no hard, protective enamel.

In fact, among people who brush their teeth regularly, a very large percentage of all cavities along the gum line that require filling are probably the result of this injury. This was shown by a clinical study published in a leading dental journal.

Disclosed by Scientific Research

These startling facts—long known to many dentists—were recently confirmed by scientific research. Eminent independent scientists made laboratory toothbrushing tests with a number of dentifrices containing abrasives. Every one cut cavities into the softer part of the teeth.

In the same manner, these scientists tested the new liquid dentifrice—Teel. In no case did Teel injure the teeth in any way, because Teel contains absolutely no abrasives of any kind whatever.

There's Beauty in Every Drop!

Teel doesn't depend on abrasives for cleansing. Instead, it uses a newly-discovered, patented cleansing agent that's almost magic-like in the way it helps reveal natural whiteness and beauty of your teeth. It isn't soap, yet multiplies into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth.

How Teel Reveals Beauty of Your Smile

These active bubbles amazingly help to remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and the dulling surface film that hides natural brilliance of teeth. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

With your first Teel brushing, you'll know something good and different has happened by the satin-smooth "feel" of your teeth—by the glorious freshness of your mouth. Teel helps sweeten bad breath. It's easy to use and economical. Only a few drops are required for each brushing.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Naturally, you want to save your precious teeth from the injury pictured above. If, however, you feel that your teeth need an abrasive scouring, at least occasionally, we suggest that you follow the special directions given on the Teel package.

So today adopt this safe liquid way of cleansing your teeth. Use Teel twice a day and enjoy its amazing benefits. Get Teel at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And be sure to see your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

MAKE THIS TEST

to tell if your dentifrice contains an abrasive

Tonight, put some of your favorite dentifrice in a glass of water and stir. Let it stand overnight. When you see a white sediment in the bottom of the glass, you know your dentifrice contains an abrasive. Teel, however, leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives whatever which could injure exposed soft part of your teeth.

To Dentists, Physicians, Nurses, and Teachers: A booklet for professional people which contains an authoritative report of the scientific research summarized above will be sent to you on request, free of charge. Send your name and address to Teel, Box 687, Dept. NC, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Teel
FOR TEETH

THE PRODUCT OF MODERN DENTAL SCIENCE FOR BRUSHING TEETH SAFELY

Teel

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders!

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Sound Wizards
THIS IS HOW THE WAR GETS ON THE RADIO. THAT WHEEL AND CHAIN SET-UP MAKES THE SOUND OF MOVING ARTILLERY
SOUNDS LIKE A REAL BATTLE
ZAM!
MANUAL SOUND EFFECTS IN A RADIO STUDIO
THIS IS HOW THEY MAKE THAT SOUND OF A WAGON RUMBLING ALONG THROUGH RAIN. THOSE COCOANUT SHELLS ARE THE HORSES' FEET
IMAGINE! A BUNCH OF BROOM CORN SOUNDING LIKE A CRACKLING LOG-FIRE
HOW DO THEY SOUND OFF FOR COOLNESS?
CRACKLE
CRACKLE
CRACKLE
HA! HA! THAT'S EASY—JUST PUFF A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!
BIFF!
EE-EEK
DON'T BE ALARMED—THAT PUNCH DIDN'T CONNECT—THE SOUND WAS FAKED!
BIFF!
MALLET ON GRAPEFRUIT GIVES SOUND OF BLOW
THE BEST WAY TO GET THE EFFECT OF A CONTENTED, HAPPY SMOKER IS TO LOAD HIS PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT. THAT P.A. NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT SURE HIT THE SPOT FOR MILDNESS WITH GOOD TASTE
THAT GOES FOR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TOO—WITH FASTER, EASIER, NO-WASTE ROLLING THROWN IN. THERE'S NO SPILLING, BUNCHING, OR THINNING OUT WITH P.A.'S CRIMP CUT
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Owing to its greater density, cold air retards the speed of a bullet much more than warm air. For example, a small-caliber bullet fired at a 200-yard target when the temperature is fifteen degrees below zero will hit about sixteen inches under the hole made by a similar bullet, identically aimed, fired when the temperature is 105 degrees.—*By Gilbert Eisenberg, Cleveland, Ohio.*

After Alaska sealskin (the only fur owned, controlled and sold by the United States government) has passed through 125 secret dressing and dyeing operations, it is so light and supple that a pelt from a very large animal can be drawn through a napkin ring.—*By Zelma Wager, St. Louis, Missouri.*

The Army Medical Library maintained by the War Department in Washington and valued at $25,000,000 is the largest of its kind in the world. It contains nearly 1,100,000 volumes and pamphlets and 220,000 copies of current medical periodicals in many languages.—*By John J. Shields, Washington, D. C.*

Milk is not only our most valuable farm product, but it is subject to more sanitary regulations and higher standards of purity than any other food. Moreover, it outranks, in volume, all other articles sold in tin cans in the United States.

A portrait of Cardinal Ugone, which was painted in 1360 and hangs today in the Church of San Nicola in Treviso, Italy, is the first known painting of a person wearing eyeglasses.—*By Betty Seitters, Lorain, Ohio.*

How Japanese newspapers cover big stories was illustrated recently in Tokyo when the palace announced that a statesman was to form a new cabinet. Within an hour, his estate appeared to have been taken over by an army. Each paper had sent at least fifty reporters, equipped with tents, beds, cookstoves, radio outfits, cameras, pigeons, stepladders and other paraphernalia for any emergency.

There are 2,123 stock tickers in forty-one states, the District of Columbia, Canada and Cuba, 976 or 46 per cent of which are in New York. They have used as much as 15,000 miles of ticker tape in a single five-hour day.—*By R. M. Hopper, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.*

Polonium, a material extracted from radium ore and costing about $2,000,000 an ounce, is now used in a certain spark-plug alloy. The price is not considered prohibitive, however, because of the "minute traces" required.—*By Maurice P. Poitras, Brooklyn, New York.*

The most gigantic sacrificial sabotage in world history was the destruction of Russia's Dnieper River Dam by the Red Army last August. This great hydroelectric project, which was completed in 1932, required five years to build and cost $500,000,000.

Silver sand is believed to be the only dry matter that behaves like a liquid. Any object that sinks in water, such as a bullet, will likewise sink in this peculiar sand.

In 1274, a roof of sheet lead, one quarter of an inch thick, was installed on the Cathedral of St. Maurice in Angers, France. Today, this lead, owing to inadequate hardening and centuries of exposure, is only 1/32d of an inch thick at the ridge and in ten-inch folds at the eaves.—*By Frederic Tellander, Chicago, Illinois.*

A Brooklyn man has installed a short-wave transmitter in the bedroom of his three-months-old daughter so that he and his wife, by tuning in on a portable receiver, can hear any noises the baby makes when they leave her to take a walk, visit friends, go to shops or a movie in the neighborhood.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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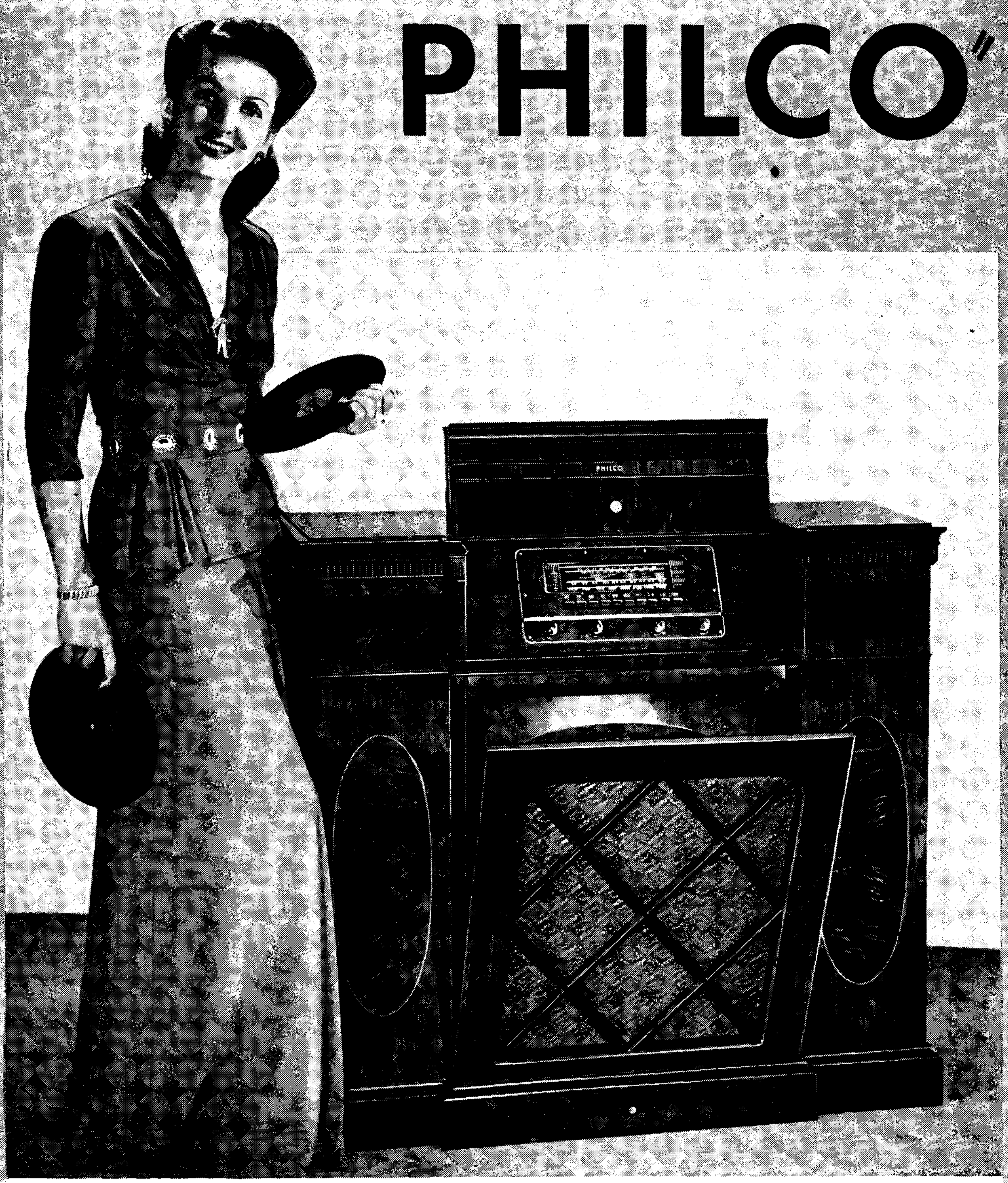

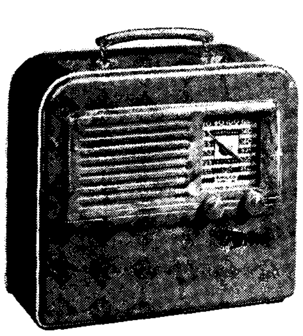

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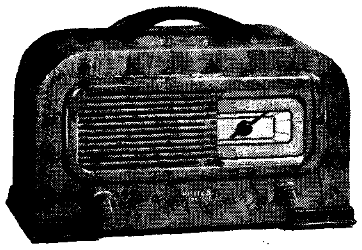

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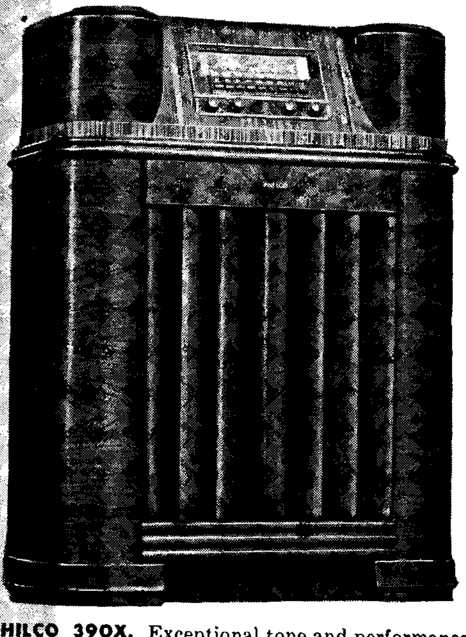

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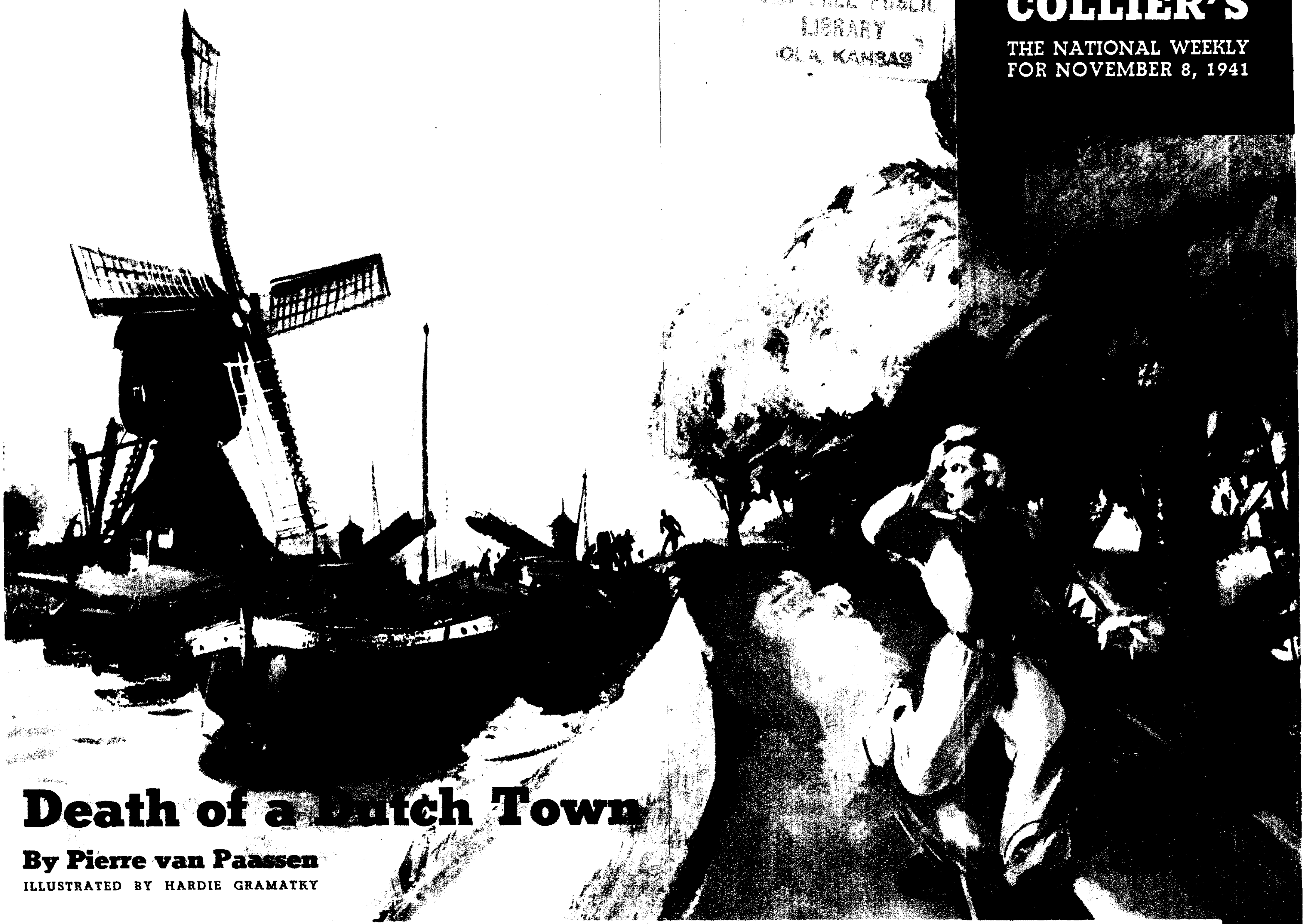


Death of a Dutch Town

By Pierre van Paassen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Hendrik Wats saw the hatches of the ships open, and saw helmeted figures emerge. He started to run

Pierre van Paassen is a native of The Netherlands. Gorcum is his home town. Here, from information secretly sent to him, he recounts how the New Order came to Gorcum and what it did to his friends. This article is taken from his new book, That Day Alone

THE rain had stopped. A strong wind, blowing to the south, had come up with saltant gusts and was rapidly drying the streets. Under the feeble rays of the street lamps, the puddles of water between the uneven cobblestones were rapidly shrinking in size as if they had been miniature lakes whose bottoms had dropped out. The carillon in St. John's tower was playing the hymn that would precede the stroke of ten: "The Lord is great, His Name is great, the wonder of His works is great, endlessly great His love!" The silvery tinkle of the bells traveled through the deserted streets with the melancholic sweetness of a music box.

The night watch had begun to make his rounds. With a pocket torch he was busy verifying the locks on the shop doors on the main street. A boy, whose wooden shoes struck the paving blocks with rhythmic click-clack, whistled a shrill marching tune. He stopped whistling as he passed the Doelen, or meeting house, of which the door was suddenly swung open, letting a yellow beam of light fall across his path. There had been a lecture in the Doelen that evening. About fifty citizens had turned out to hear a professor from the University of Utrecht discourse, as objectively as he could, he had said, upon the merits and demerits of the different social philosophies which had come to contend for mastery in the great countries of Europe.

The collector of internal revenue, Mr. van der Plank, was chuckling as he stepped out of the Doelen into still High Street. He shook hands with several other gentlemen, who were lighting a last cigar before retiring.

"Yes, the rain is over, I can smell it," Mr. van der Plank was saying. "I think I will do a turn around the park and have a sniff of this good air by the river before I turn in."

He was about to move away when the nervous chug of a motorcycle made the gentlemen, standing before the Doelen door, turn in its direction. Before they could utter a word, a soldier with a short carbine flung over his shoulder and a steel helmet on his head roared by. The soldier went on to the next intersection and there brought his machine to a stop with a sharp grating of brakes. He was seen to speak to someone for a moment, but then his motor was heard to roar once more and he vanished. Mr. van der Plank and his friends walked over a few steps toward the man to whom the soldier had spoken and asked him: "Well, what did that boy want so late, Mynheer van Sas?"

"The soldier was looking for the military bureau. I told him the barracks are right at the end of the next street, if that was what he wanted," came back the gentleman who had been addressed as Mynheer van Sas.

An Inkling of Disaster

"Did he say anything else?" asked the tax collector, blowing out thick clouds of cigar smoke. "He did not say another word." Van Sas shook his head. "But he seemed in a desperate hurry. There must be something serious brewing."

"Nonsense," broke in another man, who was principal of the high school, "nonsense, they have got to invent something urgent from time to time in the army to keep all those boys from growing too fat and lazy."

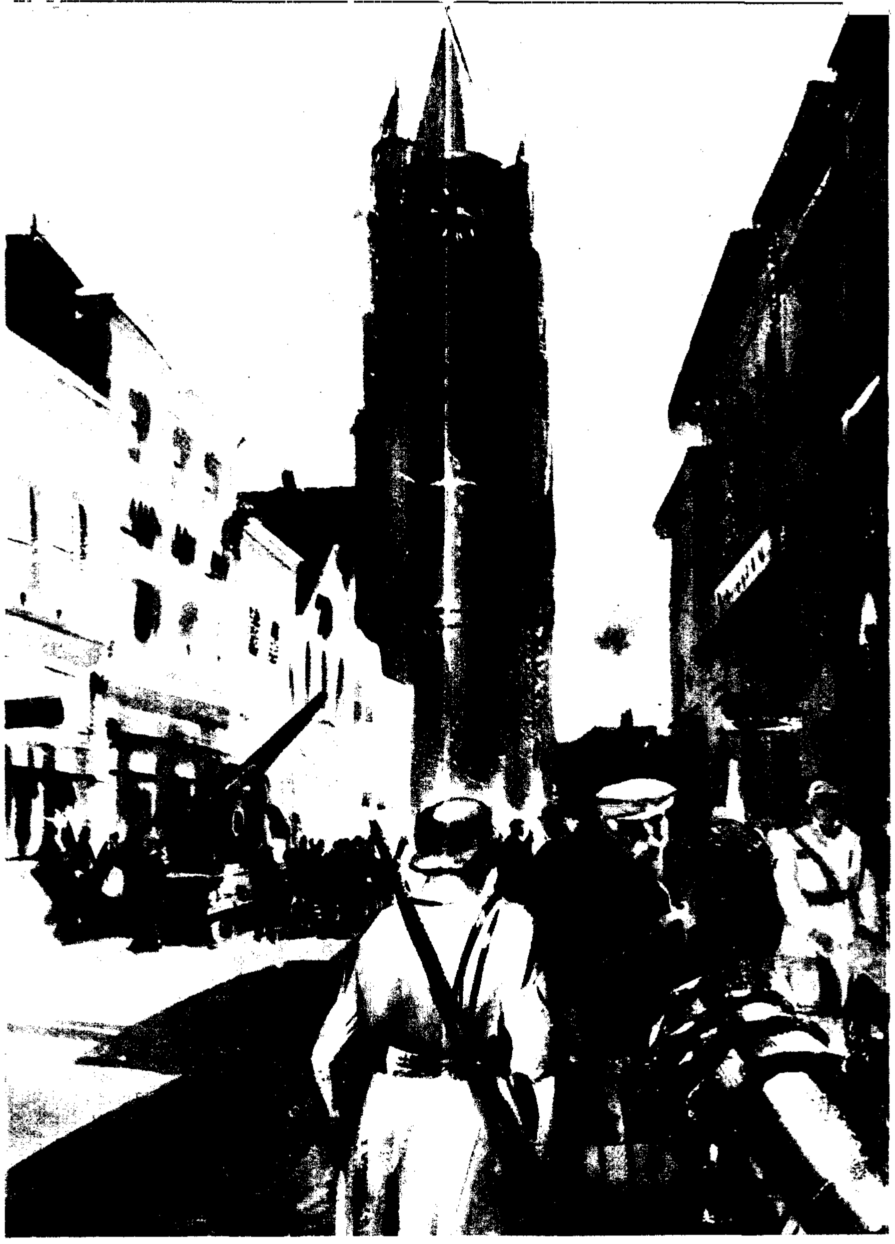
"Eh, what's that?" called out Mynheer van Sas. "Lights in the town hall at half past ten in the evening! Now surely the world is coming to an end. And in the burgomaster's chambers, too! I wonder if it could be a burglar. No," he corrected himself at once, "it is not a burglar, for there goes the good burgerfather himself . . ."

"Good evening, Mynheer Verwey!" someone called out to the mayor. "What brings you so late in the streets? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Gentlemen," said the burgomaster, as he stopped to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, "gentlemen, the situation is very serious. It is grave. It has not been so grave in a hundred years." With these words he rushed up the steps of the town hall and disappeared inside, leaving the small group of lecturegoers speechless with amazement.

At six o'clock in the morning the Borgstorm began to toll. The Borgstorm is the thundering peal that is tolled by Roelant, which is the heaviest bell in St. John's tower. It is rung only when the country is in danger. Other, lighter bells, ring out when there is a fire or a ship in distress on the river in a winter tempest. None of the living had ever heard the Borgstorm toll before. It had not rung since the Belgian uprising in 1830.

The Borgstorm tolled, dolefully, with heavy basso voice, which woke up the little children and brought the entire population into the streets. The burgomaster spoke from the steps of the town



The strange soldiers were friendly and behaving correctly

hall at seven. "Burgers," he said, "the Germans have crossed the frontiers of our country.... They are streaming into the provinces of Groningen, Overijssel, Drenthe, Gelderland, Brabant and Limburg.... Two days ago they gave us a solemn assurance that they would respect the neutrality of these Netherlands.... This morning they broke that pledge.... Fighting has started.... But our men are resisting heroically.... The government will keep us informed by radio.... The English are surely coming to our help.... May God protect Holland...."

Some truck farmers left the town in the early morning to go to their accustomed task in the fields outside the walls, but for the rest all business in Gorcum came to an abrupt standstill. The schools were open, but very few of the children turned up. Most of the families who owned a radio receiving set remained indoors, clustered around their instruments, listening to the government's news broadcasts which came at half-hour intervals. At the town hall the council had gone into permanent session.

Germans—and in Gorcum!

Burgomaster Verwey was expecting word from The Hague before giving the order for the town's evacuation. Ever since the war of 1914-1918, a plan lay ready in the secret archives whereby the inhabitants of Gorcum were to be evacuated en masse to the province of Zeeland. For Gorcum, with its antiquated earthen walls and moats and with the outlying circle of forts, was one of the key positions in the so-called water-line defense.

At ten o'clock that morning of the tenth, the people of Gorcum knew that their country's air force no longer existed. The first concern of the Germans had been to destroy the airdromes and to blast the machines on the ground. The first blow had been successfully carried out in the first hours after dawn. Even so, the Dutch army was still intact and it was now, so the government radio announced, resisting every inch of the ground.

By eleven o'clock the town of Gorcum, itself still a few hundred kilometers distant from the nearest fighting, was thrown into confusion. A boy, by the name of Hendrik Wats, walking along the canal that bisects the city, had remained frozen in his tracks when he saw the hatches of two of the flat-bottomed river ships tied up there open and saw several helmeted figures emerge. At first he took the men to be Dutch soldiers, but as he listened to the commands of an officer who, revolver in hand, took up a position near the gangplank, the boy realized that they were Germans.

Hendrik Wats started to run away, but the officer called him back. Hendrik turned around, taking cover behind one of the thick oak trees that line the quay. The officer called again and then fired his revolver. Then Hendrik Wats ran for all he was worth. He ran the length of two or three blocks when he bumped into old man Hootse, a retired cake baker, who was leisurely pacing up and down before his house taking the morning air.

"Mynheer Hootse," the boy cried, out of breath, "I have seen the Germans. They are over there." He pointed backward. "Coming out of those ships."

"Don't be silly, boy," said Hootse, "the Germans are still far away. . . ."

"But Mynheer Hootse, I heard them talk and one of them fired a shot at me. . . ."

"Boy, don't stand there lying to me," said the cake baker severely, "there is a place for liars in hell. . . ."

"See," said the boy, "they are coming this way. Those men walking between the trees." He pointed in the direction whence he had run. "They are German soldiers. Oh, I am afraid!"

"They are not soldiers, boy," Hootse said again reassuringly. "I see two girls, but no soldiers. You are wrong. Look, those girls are not afraid. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A Dutch boy afraid! What would Michiel de Ruyter say of you now, or the Prince of Orange . . ." But Hendrik Wats was gone.

Reception Committee

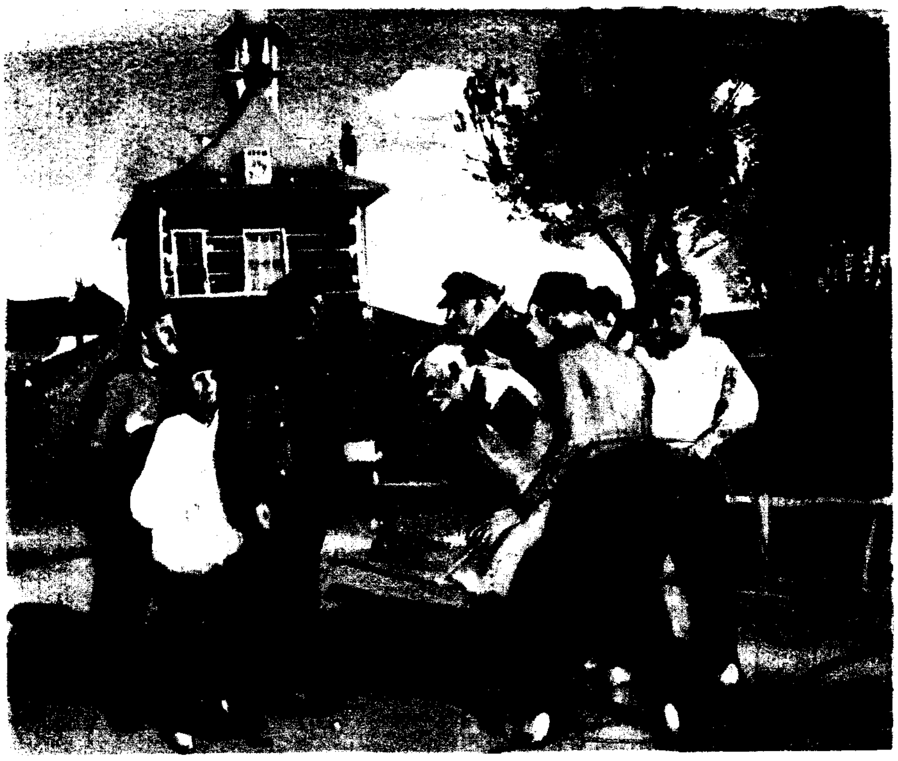
Two girls walked by. Mynheer Hootse knew them well by sight. He had often seen them pass his house. They were maids, he knew: one served in the household of Mynheer van Andel, the grain merchant; the other was in the service of Mevrouw Fernhout, the lawyer's wife. Both were fine girls, blond and lithe, well-made, good to look at. The cake baker allowed his eyes to follow the two maids with evident relish. He had an eye for such things. . . .

But what was this? What? Was that a soldier coming there, walking along the quay? And what was the man carrying? Was that a machine gun? Mynheer Hootse had never seen such things in his life. When he had served in the army they did not have machine guns yet. "Yes, that is a soldier," he muttered to himself. "No mistake about that. And there is another one, and a third and a fourth." Suddenly a young man darted from behind a tree, revolver in hand. Hootse was standing on the stoop of his house.

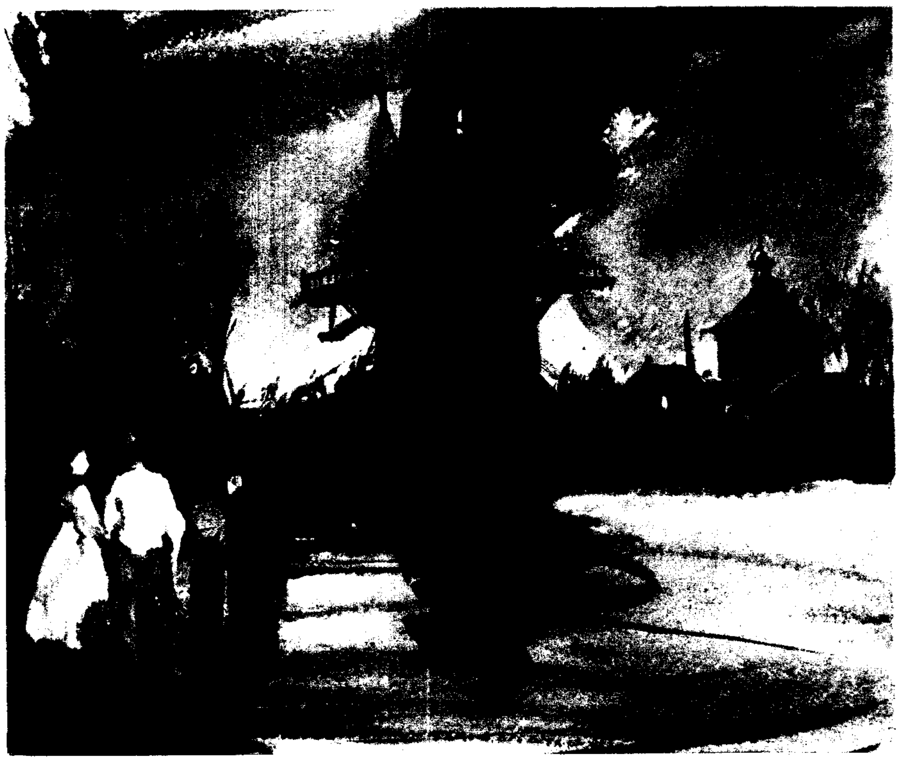
"Get into your house," the boy snapped at Hootse. "Schnell! Quick!" The cake baker almost fell backward. He jumped inside, slammed the door and drew the bolts. He stood behind the door and opened the spy hole. There he was: the man with the revolver. No doubt about it. The Wats boy had been right.

"What now?" Mynheer Hootse had his eyes glued to the spy hole. "Those two maids!" he muttered again. "There they stand, at the bridge. They have

(Continued on page 25)



"If you must know, Poet, we are going to string him up"



The mill was a huge flaming torch that could be seen for miles

CITY OF COURAGE

By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM MOSCOW

How Moscow took it as the bloody tide of invasion crept closer each hour. This article was received in New York a few hours before the Russian government left Moscow, and pictures the situation at that time. The Editor

THE little barber was very proud of his English. He is the only barber in Moscow who talks any English. He was stropping his razor slowly and, as he skillfully turned the blade over and ran it smoothly over the leather he talked.

"The Germans have started a big offensive against Moscow," he said. "I read it in Pravda this morning. The wireless says they are throwing thousands and thousands of new men into the attack. Well," he chuckled, "if they have a lot of men they want killed we will be glad to help."

"It's nothing to laugh about," I reminded him. The stropping became faster and his face became grim. "Let them come. We will fight."

The razor flashed backward and forward with quick, sure strokes. There was nothing hesitant or uncertain about its firm, steady motion. The hand that wielded it was steady. There was something symbolic about the way this little barber grimly stropped his razor. Charlie Chaplin was wise when he picked a barber to be the prototype of the Little Man in The Dictator. This little man with his razor was speaking for Moscow. Today Moscow is a city unafraid, and the people of Moscow, knowing their danger, knowing the might of the German war machine, remain calm, ready for whatever may come.

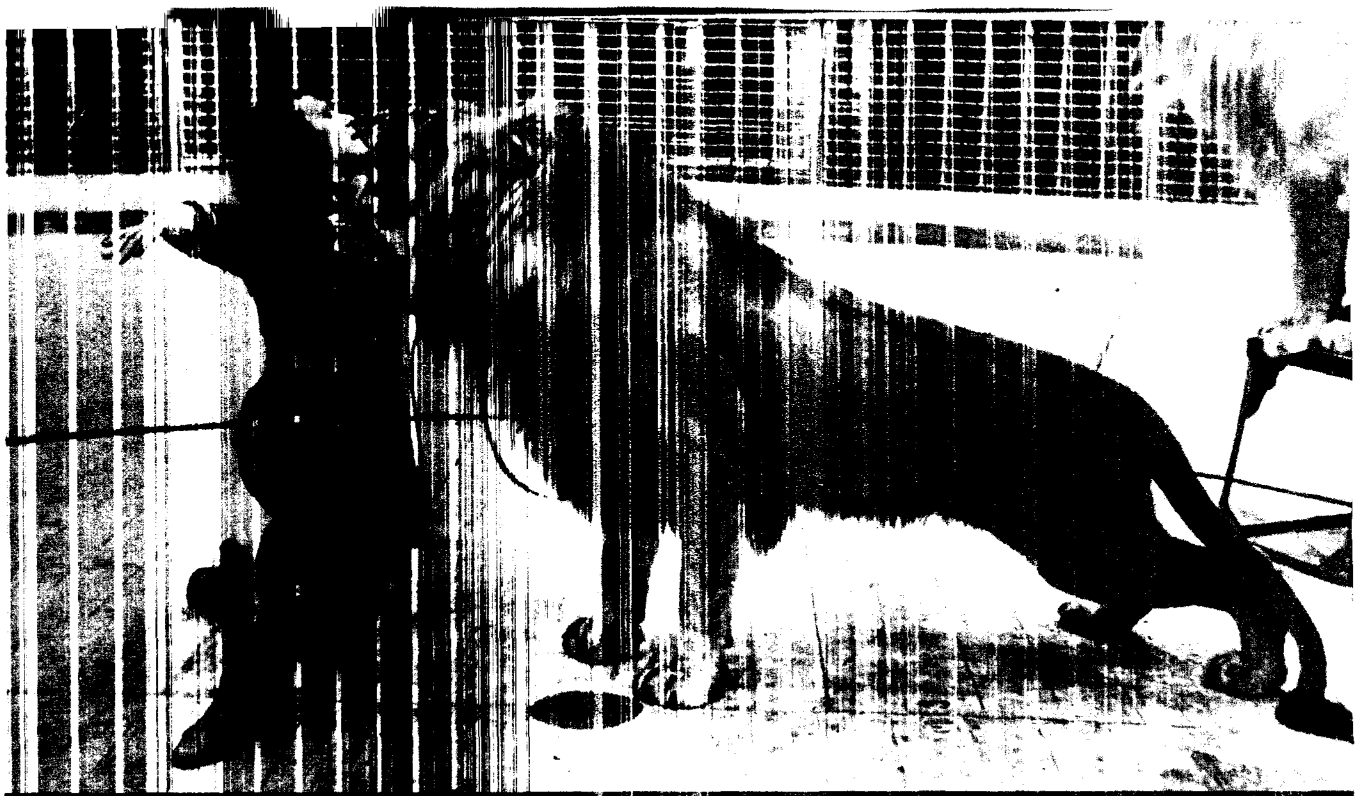
Moscow is far different from the Paris of June, 1940. Paris was apathetic, indifferent. Thousands mumbled this false, self-deceiving phrase: "They'll never take Paris." Moscow reads the war news carefully, consults its maps and is grave, but not gray with fear. Moscow is confident of the ultimate triumph but Moscow knows that months, maybe years, of suffering lie ahead. Moscow is a city of realists taking its cue from Stalin, the greatest realist of them all. She has tasted the cordite flavor of German bombs; she has seen her buildings wrecked; she has buried her dead, and her heart has been made heavy by the news that thousands of her fathers and sons have been killed at the front. She hides her pain and wears a look of grim determination. The germs of hatred dropped by the Nazi bombs have spread over the streets of Moscow, infecting the people, and one can see this grim hatred of Germany showing on the faces of those who pass on the streets. Moscow knows that her suffering so far has not been particularly heavy. She has not taken the beating that the people of Kiev and Odessa and Leningrad have taken, but she expects that the full force of the Luftwaffe will soon be hurled against her and she is ready.

Meanwhile, life goes on with some semblance of normalcy. That is, during the daytime. The ballet is open and crowds argue as to the relative merits of Ulanova and Lepeshinskaya. Some time ago both appeared in Swan Lake, the loveliest of ballets, and opinion is divided as to which cast the more potent spell over the audience. Lord Beaverbrook and Averell Harriman, when they were here for the Moscow conference, attended a special performance of Swan Lake, and both were captivated by the twinkling toes and artful grace of Ballerina Ulanova. Admirers of her rival scoffed and told them, "But wait until you see Lepeshinskaya."

The opera is open, too; the moving-picture houses are crowded with the showing of the Russian-made Masquerade, and the picture London Can Take It is being shown here for the first time. It is true that audiences are usually eighty per cent feminine. The men of Moscow are at the front.

Yesterday Moscow took a holiday from the war to watch its own world series. At the big Dynamo Stadium the two best soccer teams in Russia met for the championship. It was Dynamo against Spartak, and the spectators behaved just as our own football fans behave. They yelled

(*Continued on page* 64)



SOVFOTO

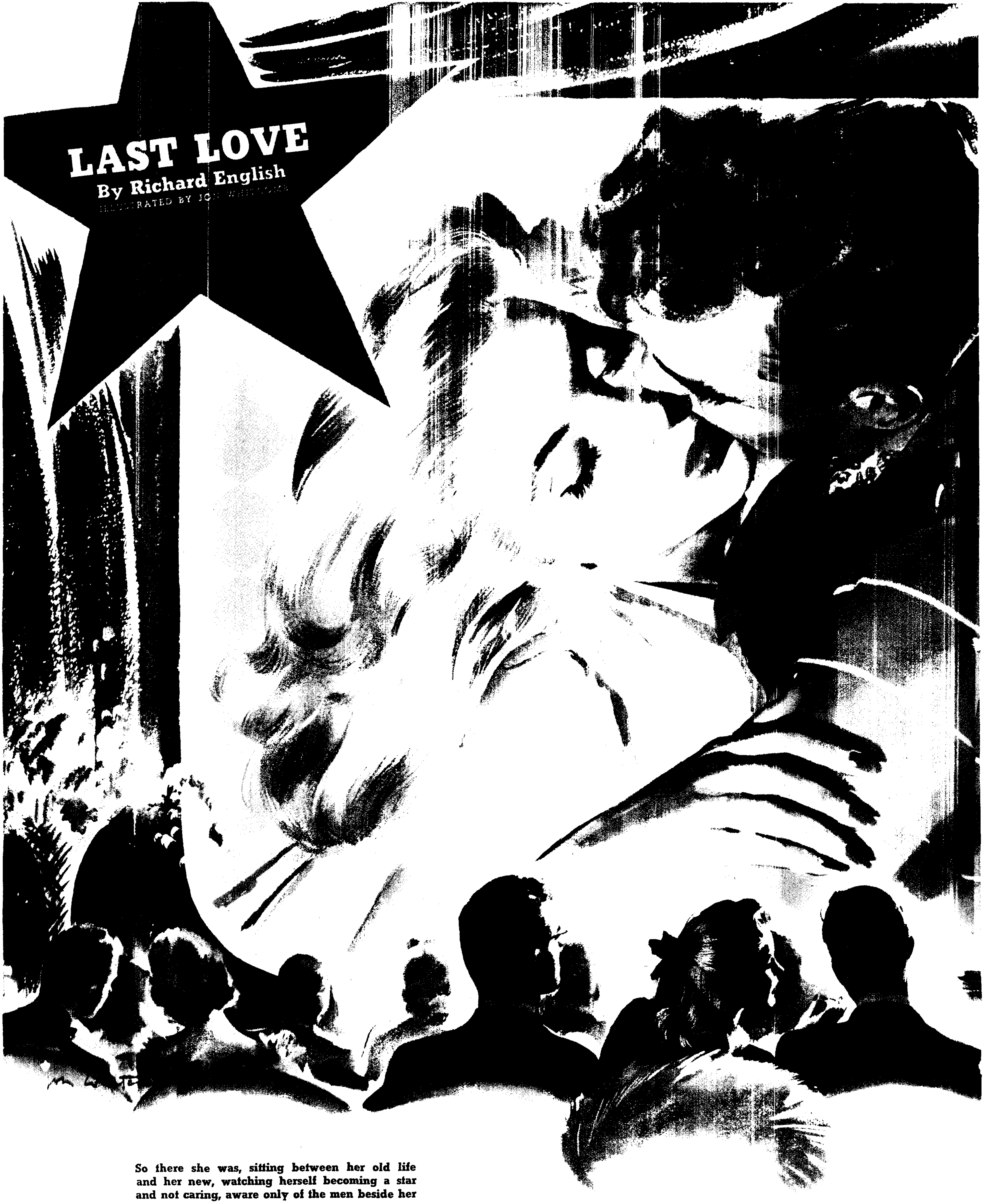
Moscow's favorite diversions, the state circus and the grand theater of the U.S.S.R., both played to full houses as the panzer divisions drove relentlessly on the city. Ballerina below is the great Lepeshinskaya

Red Army vs. Spartak. Stars of the Red Army team were recalled from the front to give Moscow its football

LAST LOVE

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



So there she was, sitting between her old life and her new, watching herself becoming a star and not caring, aware only of the men beside her

Success turned her head, but an old acquaintance reminded her of a few things she thought she'd succeeded in forgetting

THE night was stark and cold, with a gray rain slashing against the tenements. Somewhere along that long row of shabby houses a door had opened softly but no light showed from within. The door closed behind her and Julie Bruce pressed herself against the wall, holding her breath, feeling the rain on her cheeks. When there was no sound she forced herself on to the street, keeping to the shadows. A street light's haze revealed the pale blur of her face, fragile and terror-ridden. She reached the corner, hesitated, looking fearfully behind her. A police whistle cut shrilly through the night and she darted from sight.

Charles was waiting for her around the corner.

"We can go home now." She smiled, grateful for his presence and for the lights flaring up on the sodden street behind her; relieved by the bustling sounds that meant they were already striking the set. "And no more rain sets, Charles. That was the last take."

She was tired all the way through but she hid it, slipping her arm through his, making him accompany her toward her portable dressing room. It had not been the long hours nor the director's demands that had tired her but the set itself. Stealing her strength, taking her back too fast and too suddenly to other streets like that—the same shabby tenements and the elevated and the hopelessness of the people in those houses.

When she remembered those other streets there was no happiness or even pleasure in her own escape and brand-new stardom. Not even in the knowledge that this time tomorrow night her first première would be over and the verdict in. The verdict had been in for weeks anyway. Hollywood only premières pictures they are certain will be hits: calls premières what they rightfully are, "prestige shots."

"Perhaps I had better wait outside," Charles said. "If someone saw me . . ."

She smiled, thinking how different he was from the men in show business. No angles and nothing to remind her of those night-club wolves when she had been just another kid dancing her heart out, hoping for a break. Nor was he like those smooth products you met all day at the studio. He was simply an attorney and a good one, a junior partner in his father's firm. One of those nice, quiet people who had been born on the right side of the tracks and who showed it in the nice little things they did. Things that made you wish you could have finished school and had something to remember besides a drunken mother and a sweaty little flat on Tenth Avenue.

"It will be all right, Charles," she said. "I'll only be a minute."

He looked big and out of place, sitting there in her dressing room while she removed her make-up. His clean, blond ruggedness seemed to crowd everything else out of that tiny room, and maybe it would be that way with her memories too. Charles, pushing them away, helping her forget all the yesterdays. With Charles a love should last and for that security she would try and make him as happy and as proud of her as if she were one of those cool, gay girls that he had always known.

"You look tired," he said. "You've been working too hard."

With her make-up off she looked even younger and the blue eyes were enormous petals in the pale pool of her face. She had tawny-colored hair and a wide, sweet mouth but she could never like her face because those shadows in her eyes told too much. Her heart had put them there and only time would take them away. Stardom and a career lasted only so long and then you were finally free and had the money to see and do all those fine things you had always wanted to. The sort of things she could never tell a fan writer for fear they would make her sound a Cinderella, all ga-ga and chiffon.

"I feel fine, Charles," she said, knowing that she would, once they had left the studio and that tenement set behind them. "I feel like driving somewhere and having a nutburger."

She smiled, slipping on her camel's-hair coat. The coat hid her in its great, soft warmth, making her look more like a college girl than most of those who went there. Charles' car was parked outside the studio gate and as they made their way past the bulky shadows of the sound stages he smiled, his teeth white and even in the soft darkness.

"I have a surprise for you. I had some good news today."

It was a new car, a roadster, smart and black and expensive. But it was the sight of it and not its beauty that took her breath away. She had liked his modest coupé because it had seemed so solid and dependable, so much like himself, but it had reflected a shadow that held them both back. He had wanted that new car a long time but couldn't buy it as long as there was that shadow on his future.

"You found out?" she asked breathlessly. "For sure, Charles?"

He smiled. "They deferred me. Occupational necessity."

His father's firm was one of the attorneys for a big aircraft factory and so the board must have decided that he was more valuable in that capacity than as a soldier. They were right, too. No matter what anyone might think, they had been right. There were so many they could get for soldiers—men who weren't just getting started in their careers. It wouldn't have been right to ask him to give that up, any more than it would have been to ask her to wait, too.

"I'm glad," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "So glad!"

"I know," he said, and kissed her. It wasn't like Jeff, but then nothing was like a first love. Nor did you want any more of those soaring moments that could only end in aching despair. You wanted happiness and security, something that lasted all of your life. Something you could count on. You wanted Charles' arms holding you, to be able to rest your head against the rough tweed of his shoulders.

IT WAS almost three when the new car stopped before her little white house so high in the hills, looking down on the Strip and the narrow ribbon of light that was Sunset Boulevard making its way to the beach. Charles was taking her to the première, and they sat there a while, talking about it. It would be best, he decided, to pick her up about eight-thirty.

"By the way," he said, making it casual and as if it were of no real importance, "my father and mother have been wanting to meet you. They can't make the première because they have an opera date, but they're having a few friends in for a little supper afterward and they thought we might like to join them." He smiled. "Sound too stuffy, Julie?"

"It doesn't sound stuffy at all," Julie said, and all her hopes and all her hurts were in her eyes. "I want to meet them, too." . . .

Pat had left the light on in the living room for her, and Julie hesitated before turning it off, wanting to wake her up and tell her everything that had happened. All the things that had been holding them back were disappearing now and she could finally see the pattern of her life fitting into one smooth surface. Charles and being able to forget things that had hurt her too long.

But I won't tell Pat tonight, she thought. *She doesn't like Charles. She only likes show people, people she can understand. If I tell her about the deferment she'll look at me and light a cigarette and say it must be nice to have an important father. It will be the same as when I asked her if I should tell him about Jeff.*

Pat had been answering Julie's fan mail when she had asked her. She hadn't said anything for a minute, hadn't even looked at her. She kept slipping the autographed pictures into their manila envelopes and when she did speak her voice had been too casual: "That's up to you, baby. I imagine even Charles has known a woman."

Remembering that, Julie shut off the light and went toward her room. It was a small house with only two bedrooms and Pat's was next to her own. Pat's door was open and her bed lamp on, and Julie stopped in the hallway. Pat was on the phone, looking as if she had just waked up, and Julie stood there, smiling a little. For the last four years Pat had been her whole family.

SHE was older than Julie but she was still stage-struck. She had been a good hoofer, knocking herself out at every show as if she were never going to get to do another. She had worked in every chorus around New York, one of those girls who are always in the back line. A tall, plain girl with hair that needed touching up and with hazel eyes, though no one ever noticed them. When Julie had shown up, trembling and shy, at her first tryout, Pat had taken her under her wing. She had kept her there ever since; as long as she couldn't have a career of her own Julie's was the next best thing.

"Okay," she said patiently into the phone. "I got it, operator."

Julie was waiting, but Pat lit a cigarette before she looked at her.

"How's Charles?" she asked. "Still on the upbeat?"

She couldn't turn Julie that easily. "Who was it, Pat?"

Pat took her time, as if she were making up her mind how much to tell her. "It was the telegraph company," she said, finally. "You got a wire from Jeff. He's getting in in the morning and he wants to see you."

Julie swayed, closing her eyes as if she could shut out the words and her memories too. She hadn't seen him in a year, not since her last flying trip to New York, and they had been like strangers then. He had ribbed her a little about her success, but all that old casualness was gone from him. He wasn't Jeff Tyler, who had been the biggest musical-comedy star on Broadway.

It was another Jeff Tyler, one who was beginning to slip, whose last show had been a turkey from the opening night. She hadn't even heard of him in the last six months nor had anyone else. He had dropped out of sight.

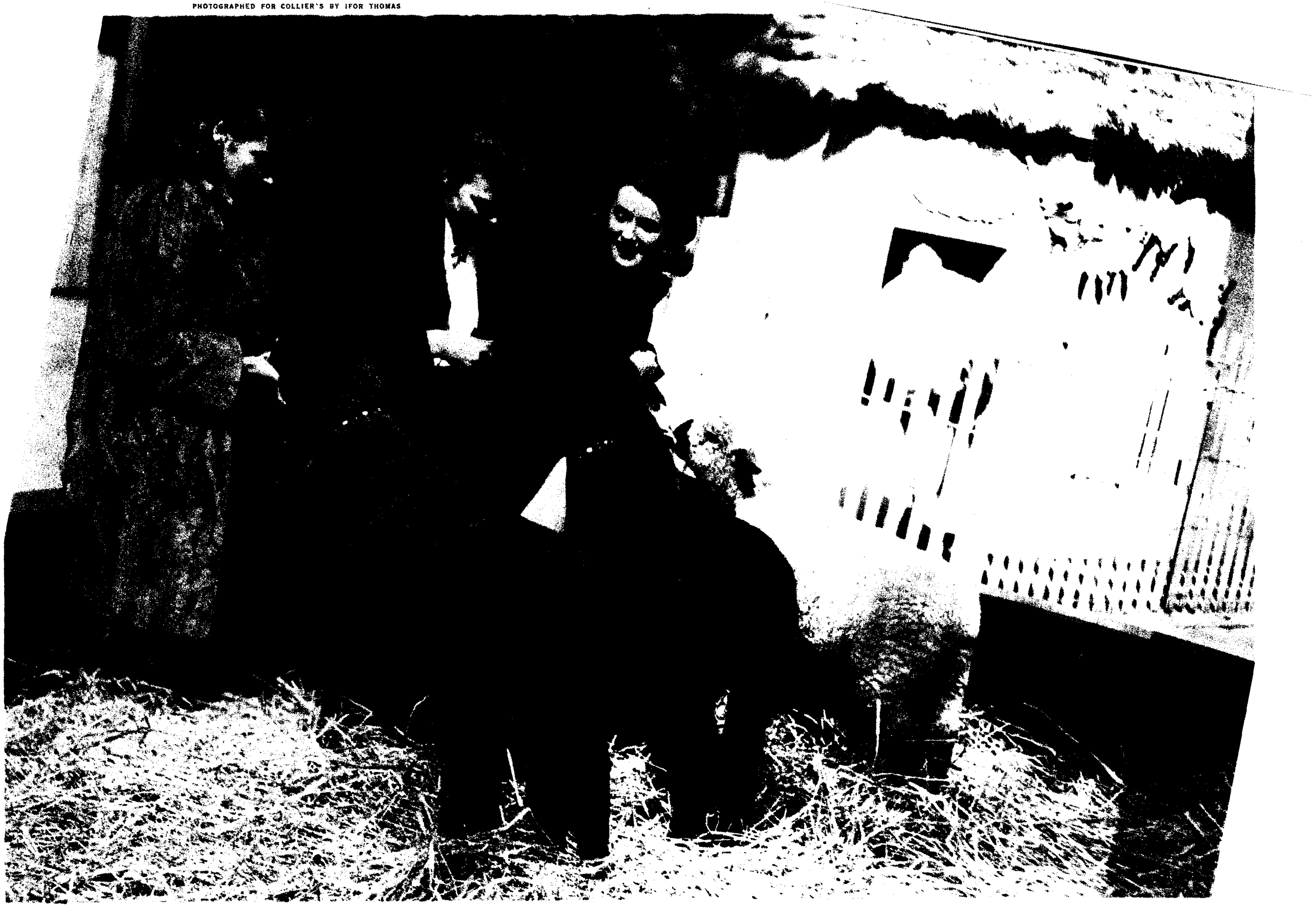
"He's only coming out for one thing," she said, her voice so tired that it might have been an old woman's. "He's looking for a rain check. He's washed up, Pat."

"I wouldn't be too sure," Pat said. "There's nothing wrong with him that one good show won't cure. He might be coming out just to see you, baby."

"Sure," Julie said wearily, "sure, Pat. I don't hear from him for six months and then he gets here just in time for the première. He'll expect me to take

(Continued on page 58)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



Left to right—gray sheared lamb, black sheared lamb and mouton coats go calling on their woolly lamb relatives in New York's Bronx Park Zoo

FUR MIRACLE

By Mona Gardner

For expensive-looking furs at bargain prices, consider mouton or American broadtail, which is nothing but the lowly lamb after a few magic touches

THE young secretary saw the two women in the elevator stare quickly at her coat and then engage each other in a silent argument of head-shaking. Out on the street the two strangers followed her, a little grim, more than a little intent. The girl grew uneasy. When a red traffic light stopped her, she heard one stranger pant: "Now ask her!"

The other leaned close and demanded: "Is your coat beaver or lamb?"

"Lamb!" the secretary gasped, and fled into the traffic.

"*However* does a lamb do it?" the woman on the curb puzzled loudly.

Obviously the lamb doesn't. Man does. It is one of his newest miracles. With shears and chemicals he has so adroitly transformed Mary's little lamb that it is going everywhere this winter—confidently and elegantly—an eye-fooling duplicate of beaver, nutria, and broadtail.

Fashion has chosen this kind of lamb as its newest favorite. More coats, jackets, muffs, and hats will be made of it this year than ever before. You'll see them on the campus, in aviators' cockpits, at parties, along ski trails, in submarines, and at the theater.

None of these will be a woolly, awkward, bulky lamb, the kind you saw ten years ago and even year before last. This year's lamb is sleek and lustrous. It's been shaved closer, the pelts made thinner, more supple, its dyes solid and even. All this at lowly lamb prices—dressy coats that begin at $75 and go to $100 and $145. Draped, full-length evening lovelies that stop at $500.

There are two types of this new lamb—mouton and processed broadtail. Mouton, which is the French word for sheep, means the shaved pelt of the wool-bearing merino processed with chemicals and dyes until it resembles beaver or nutria. Broadtail is the distinctive ripple-waved pelt of a Lincoln lamb, also shaved, also dyed, until it is a close duplicate of the scarce and expensive Russian broadtail.

Heretofore the wool lamb has been the ugly duckling of the fur trade. Most furriers wouldn't admit it was a fur. A matted fleece, they hissed, all right for bedroom slippers, ear-muffs, and the like. But certainly not to be mentioned in the same respectful breath with its glossy, hard-haired cousins, the broadtailed karakuls of Persia and southern Russia.

The hisses have stopped abruptly. About 60,000 broadtail type coats are on racks all over the country. More than 70,000 of the beaver and nutria-type have been sold already. Another 30,000 are in the stores now.

The United States defense program calls for $10,000,000 in sheepskins for 1941-42. The skins used by the United States Army Air Corps are not mouton but beige-dyed sheepskins having a special backing.

Mouton supply is inexhaustible. Skins come from enormous merino flocks thriving in our own Southwest, from the Argentine, Uruguay, and southern Chile in South America, from Australia, and from the Union of South Africa. Additional thousands come from Chicago and Kansas City packing houses.

For years chemists in this country and Europe tried to unkink the shaggy corkscrews. Nothing seemed to do the trick. Chemicals either left a barnyard odor, washed off in rain, oxidized in strong light, or peeled the hair. Also there was collagen trouble—collagen being a gelatinlike protein occurring in vertebrates. With an 85 per cent collagen content in these lambskins, an ordinary hot dye simply turned the pelts into jelly.

A Hungarian chemist finally worked out a successful formula. He sold it four years ago to an American company which has been improving it ever since.

Right now it takes ninety-five different operations and six weeks to put a merino lambskin through the wonder-working process which turns it into near-beaver or near-nutria. But when it's turned, it's turned.

The combination of physical and chemical treatments that converts one natural into another and different natural doesn't go into reverse—come rain,

(Continued on page 63)

Return from Maracai

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGG

A quick sword and a gallant tongue carried the Chevalier de
pré far, but after they had failed he made his greatest

ONCE, perhaps two or three years before he left France for the islands of the Western Ocean, Jean Antoine de Beaupré read in the book of a philosopher: "In the wars of the spirit there is no defense but to attack." This he stored in his orderly mind, along with certain other well-phrased but generally rather impracticable notions of the proper behavior of the soul under conditions of stress. In that period—before his departure from France—Jean Antoine, Chevalier de Beaupré, brooded a great deal of the day and was given to speaking in metaphors. He was the despair of his family. They sensed a budding inclination for the making of verse, then a profession held in remarkably low repute.

In the course of affairs, however, Jean Antoine de Beaupré met the young wife of Commodore Fernand Coicou. His whispers contained an indiscretion; the commodore, having been informed, addressed him bluntly. This led to an encounter with swords in the woods near Fontainebleau, and the commodore did not survive it.

Within twenty hours the Chevalier de Beaupré was standing in the rain on the deck of a ship watching the coast of France drop under the gray sea's rim. He clutched the rail with his fine brown hands and told himself that he regretted nothing. The commodore had been a pompous fool and had paid no more than the price of pomposity. And as for the commodore's young wife—

Why, he demanded, lifting his eyes to the clouds, must women forever be realistic in matters of pure, abstract poetry?

Then, the question unanswered, he went below to his cabin and ate heartily.

On the morning that the ship anchored in the harbor of Cayona, principal town of the island of Tortuga, lying a few miles north of Hispaniola in the Greater Antilles—a place of alternate hot sun and wild rain—Jean Antoine de Beaupré slept late. But members of the crew, ashore soon after the dawn, talked without discretion in the wineshops, and so it happened that the chevalier's reputation preceded him.

The gossips' story of the affair in Paris and in the woods near Fontainebleau was fragmentary, naturally; but it was lively and for the most part convincing. It raced across the town like fire.

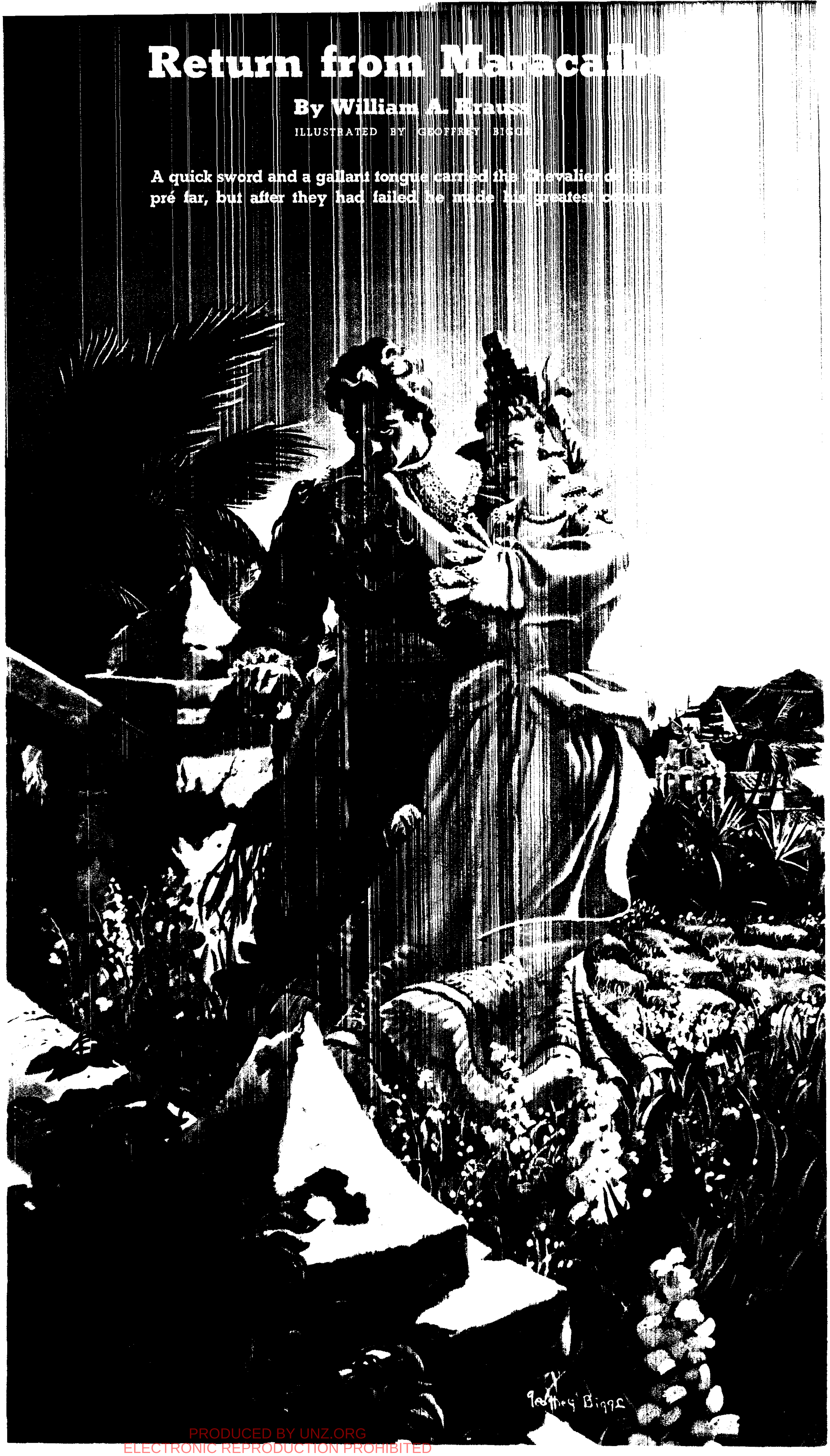
THE chevalier, arising tardily, arranged his luggage, broke fast sparingly (the food had become intolerable aboard), and was rowed ashore. He stood for a few minutes on the wharf in the brilliantly blue and white tropical morning; and he observed that opinion, in the space of those several early hours, had become rather sharply divided about him.

He was a quick-witted young man, of sensitive perception. He took rapid stock of the opposing schools of thought. Before the day was out, two obvious conclusions had forced themselves upon him. First, there were a score or so of gentlemen prepared, even anxious, to welcome him. There were the gentlemen who hunted wild boar along the forested upper ridges with an almost religious zeal, whose most serious thought concerned the quality of their brandy.

And second, Madame Vilaire intended not to receive him.

Madame Vilaire was important in Cayona for other reasons than that she was the mother of Virginie—a reflected glory. She was wealthy almost beyond

(Continued on page 69)



He dropped his arms. "It isn't any good," he said, "I'll have to go away." "Of course you will," she said

The Story Thus Far:

IT IS ten-thirty o'clock in London, and German bombs are hurtling down upon the city. Two men, seated in the smoking room of their club, are carrying on a desultory conversation. They have never before met; they know virtually nothing of each other. They have declined to seek safety in the club's air-raid shelter.

One of the men is John Sidney Howard, a retired barrister. He is old—perhaps seventy. Like his companion, who is much younger, he has ordered a glass of Marsala. When the wine comes, the old man, encouraged by his companion, begins a strange story:

Shortly before the Germans had driven into France, he had found himself restless, lonely and, for certain reasons, very much depressed. His daughter, married to an American, had returned to the States; life in England had somehow lost its savor.

Obeying a sudden impulse, he had left England and gone to Cidoton, a French village in the Jura, where he had spent many happy days. There, at the little hotel presided over by Madame Lucard, an old friend, he had received a rousing welcome. Madame had chattered of this and that; she had told the old man that her husband was with the *Chasseurs Alpins*—fighting for France. Then she had asked about Howard's son.

Simply, quietly, with an attempt to show no emotion, the old man had told her that his son—John, whom he had idolized—had been killed in an R.A.F. plane over Heligoland Bight. . . .

Howard—fishing, fraternizing with the simple folk around him—is at peace. Life in the village moves along serenely. Then, on the 28th of May, 1940, King Leopold of the Belgians surrenders. After that comes Dunkirk. And Howard, although he feels sure that France is in no real peril, decides to return to England. Learning of this, a Mr. Cavanagh—an Englishman who is an official of the League of Nations in Geneva—asks him if he will take his two children (Ronald and Sheila) to England with him.

Unable to say no, but full of trepidation, the old man promises to escort the children across the Channel. Then, early the following morning, he bundles the young people (who are overjoyed at the prospect of taking a long trip) into a car; and, following the leave-takings (short and awkward, for Cavanagh and his wife are on the verge of tears), they start in the direction of their first stop: Saint-Claude.

II

THREE hours after leaving Morez, Howard had to rouse Sheila from a heavy slumber as they drew into a little country station where they had to change. She woke up hot and fretful and began to cry a little for no reason at all. The old man wiped her eyes, got out of the carriage, lifted the children down onto the platform, and then got back into the carriage for the hand luggage. There were no porters on the platform, but it seemed that that was inevitable in France in wartime.

He walked along the platform carrying the hand luggage, with the two children beside him; he modified his pace to suit their rate of walking. At the Bureau, he found a stout, black-haired stationmaster.

Howard inquired if the *Rapide* from Switzerland was likely to be late.

The man said that the *Rapide* would not arrive. No trains from Switzerland would arrive.

Dumfounded, Howard expostulated. It was intolerable that one had not been told that at Saint-Claude. How, then, could one proceed to Dijon?

The stationmaster said that Monsieur might rest tranquil. A train would run from the frontier at Vallorbes to Dijon. It was incessantly expected. It had been incessantly expected for two hours.

Howard returned to the children and his luggage, annoyed and worried. Sheila, he observed, was peevish and fretful. The old man tried a variety of ways to rouse her interest, without a great deal of success.

An hour and forty minutes later, when he was thoroughly worn out, the train for Dijon pulled into the station. It was very full, but he managed to find one seat in a first-class carriage and took Sheila on his knee, where she fell asleep again before so very long. Ronnie stood by the door looking out of the window, chattering in French to a fat old woman in a corner.

The station at Dijon was a seething mass of soldiers. With the utmost difficulty Howard got the children and his bags out of the train. He had an attaché case and a suitcase and a tin tube that held his rods with him in the carriage; the rest of his luggage with the little portmanteau that held the children's clothes was registered through to Paris. Carrying Sheila in his arms and leading Ronnie by the hand, he could not carry any of his luggage; he was forced to leave everything in a corner of the station platform and thrust his way with the two children through the crowd toward the exit.

The square before the station was a mass of lorries and troops. He threaded his way through and across the road to the hotel he had stayed at before, startled and bewildered by the confusion of the town. He forced his way through to the hotel with the children; at the desk the girl recognized him, but told him that all the rooms were taken by the military.

"But, mademoiselle," he said, "I have a sick child to look after," he explained.

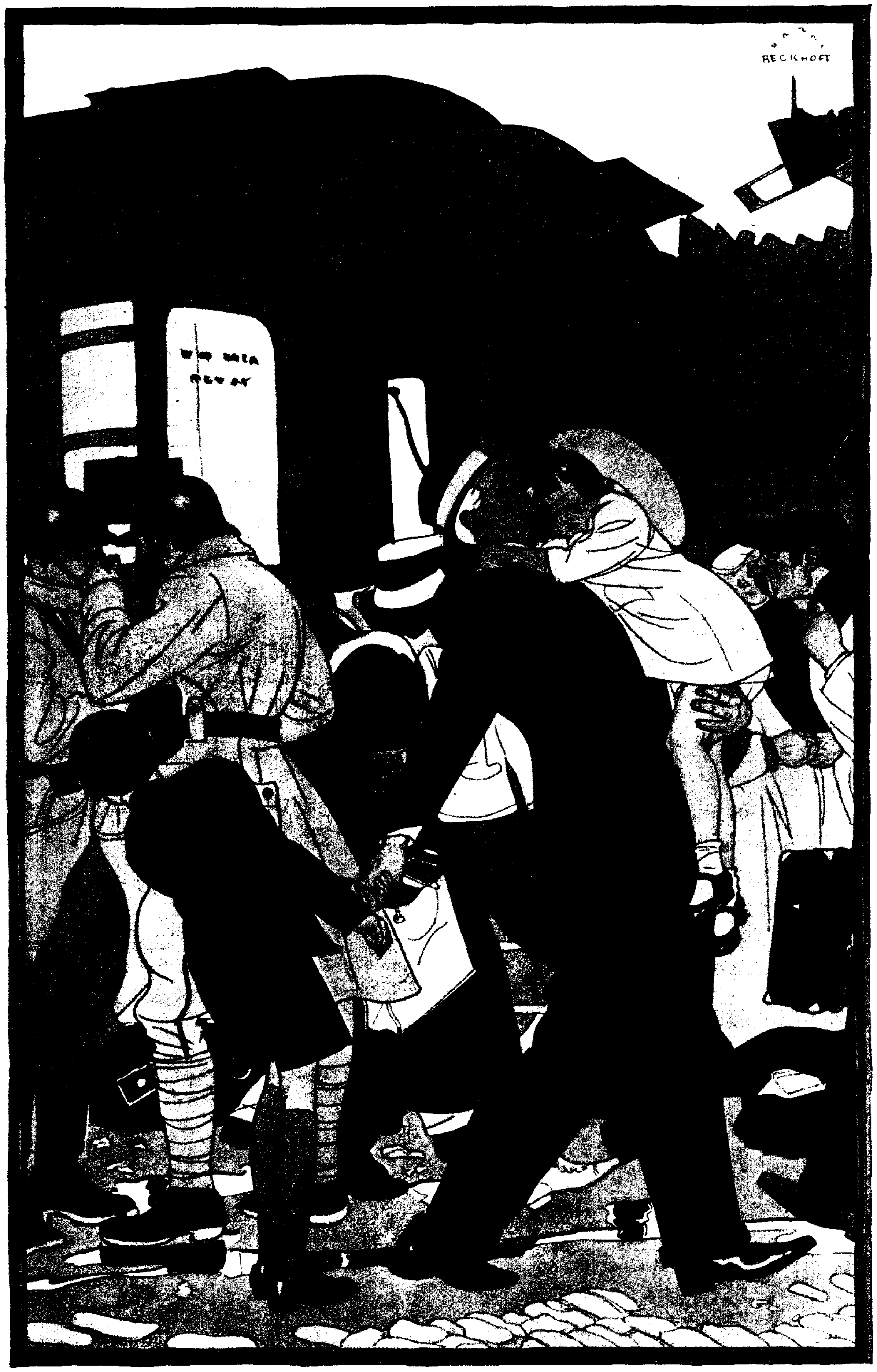
The girl said, "It is difficult for you, m'sieur. But what can I do?"

He smiled slowly. "You can go and fetch Madame, and perhaps it will be possible for us to arrange something."

Twenty minutes later he was in possession of a room with one large double bed, and apologizing to an indignant French subaltern whose *capitaine* had ordered him to double up with another officer.

The maid, a stout, untidy woman bulging out of her clothes, bustled about and made the room tidy. "The poor little one," she said. "She is ill—yes? Be tranquil, monsieur. Without doubt, she has a little chill, or she has eaten something bad. All will be well, two days, three days,

(Continued on page 31)



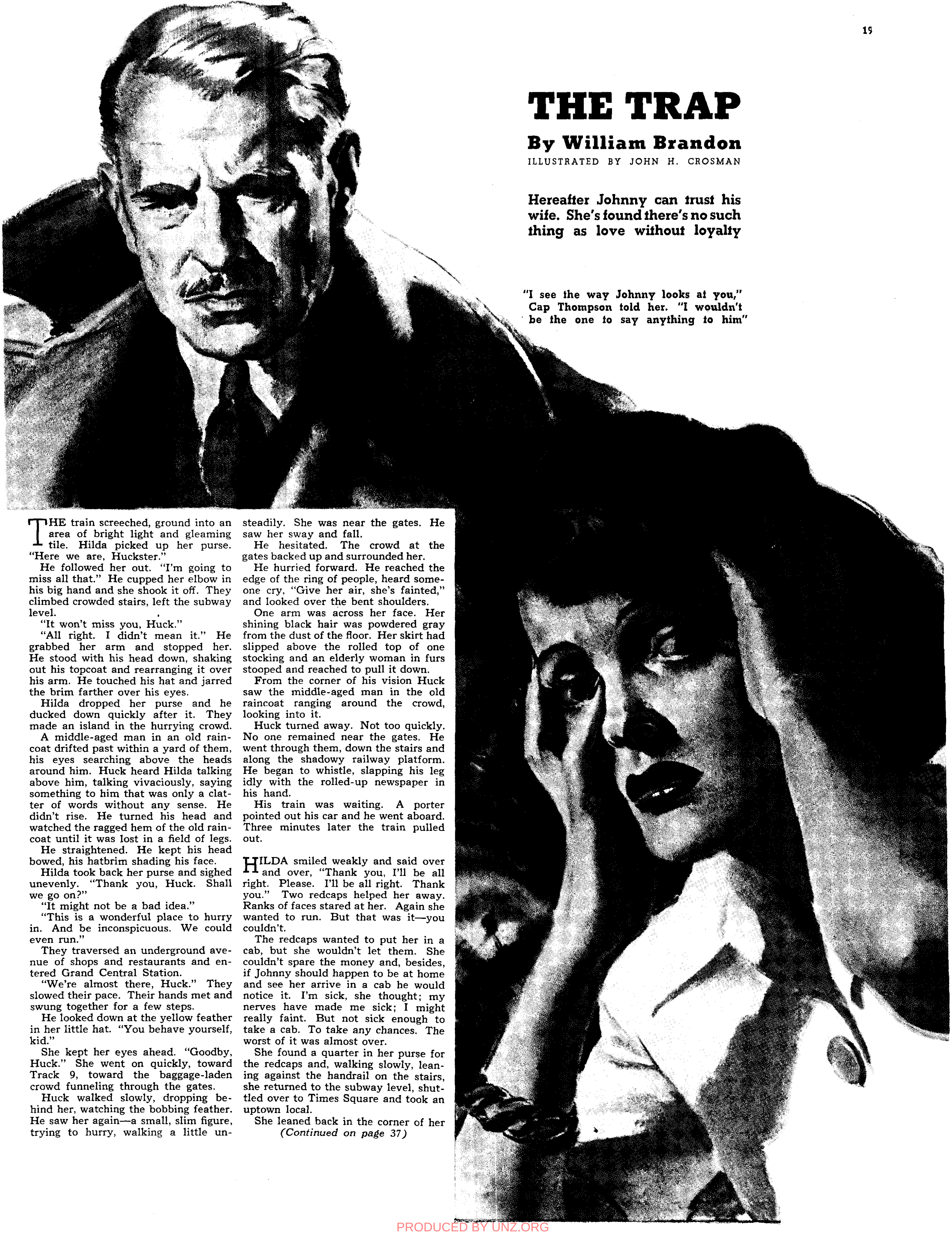
He was forced to leave everything in a corner of the station platform and thrust his way with the two children through the crowd to the exit

THE TRAP

By William Brandon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

Hereafter Johnny can trust his wife. She's found there's no such thing as love without loyalty



"I see the way Johnny looks at you," Cap Thompson told her. "I wouldn't be the one to say anything to him"

THE train screeched, ground into an area of bright light and gleaming tile. Hilda picked up her purse. "Here we are, Huckster."

He followed her out. "I'm going to miss all that." He cupped her elbow in his big hand and she shook it off. They climbed crowded stairs, left the subway level.

"It won't miss you, Huck."

"All right. I didn't mean it." He grabbed her arm and stopped her. He stood with his head down, shaking out his topcoat and rearranging it over his arm. He touched his hat and jarred the brim farther over his eyes.

Hilda dropped her purse and he ducked down quickly after it. They made an island in the hurrying crowd.

A middle-aged man in an old raincoat drifted past within a yard of them, his eyes searching above the heads around him. Huck heard Hilda talking above him, talking vivaciously, saying something to him that was only a clatter of words without any sense. He didn't rise. He turned his head and watched the ragged hem of the old raincoat until it was lost in a field of legs.

He straightened. He kept his head bowed, his hatbrim shading his face.

Hilda took back her purse and sighed unevenly. "Thank you, Huck. Shall we go on?"

"It might not be a bad idea."

"This is a wonderful place to hurry in. And be inconspicuous. We could even run."

They traversed an underground avenue of shops and restaurants and entered Grand Central Station.

"We're almost there, Huck." They slowed their pace. Their hands met and swung together for a few steps.

He looked down at the yellow feather in her little hat. "You behave yourself, kid."

She kept her eyes ahead. "Goodby, Huck." She went on quickly, toward Track 9, toward the baggage-laden crowd funneling through the gates.

Huck walked slowly, dropping behind her, watching the bobbing feather. He saw her again—a small, slim figure, trying to hurry, walking a little unsteadily. She was near the gates. He saw her sway and fall.

He hesitated. The crowd at the gates backed up and surrounded her.

He hurried forward. He reached the edge of the ring of people, heard someone cry, "Give her air, she's fainted," and looked over the bent shoulders.

One arm was across her face. Her shining black hair was powdered gray from the dust of the floor. Her skirt had slipped above the rolled top of one stocking and an elderly woman in furs stooped and reached to pull it down.

From the corner of his vision Huck saw the middle-aged man in the old raincoat ranging around the crowd, looking into it.

Huck turned away. Not too quickly. No one remained near the gates. He went through them, down the stairs and along the shadowy railway platform. He began to whistle, slapping his leg idly with the rolled-up newspaper in his hand.

His train was waiting. A porter pointed out his car and he went aboard. Three minutes later the train pulled out.

HILDA smiled weakly and said over and over, "Thank you, I'll be all right. Please. I'll be all right. Thank you." Two redcaps helped her away. Ranks of faces stared at her. Again she wanted to run. But that was it—you couldn't.

The redcaps wanted to put her in a cab, but she wouldn't let them. She couldn't spare the money and, besides, if Johnny should happen to be at home and see her arrive in a cab he would notice it. I'm sick, she thought; my nerves have made me sick; I might really faint. But not sick enough to take a cab. To take any chances. The worst of it was almost over.

She found a quarter in her purse for the redcaps and, walking slowly, leaning against the handrail on the stairs, she returned to the subway level, shuttled over to Times Square and took an uptown local.

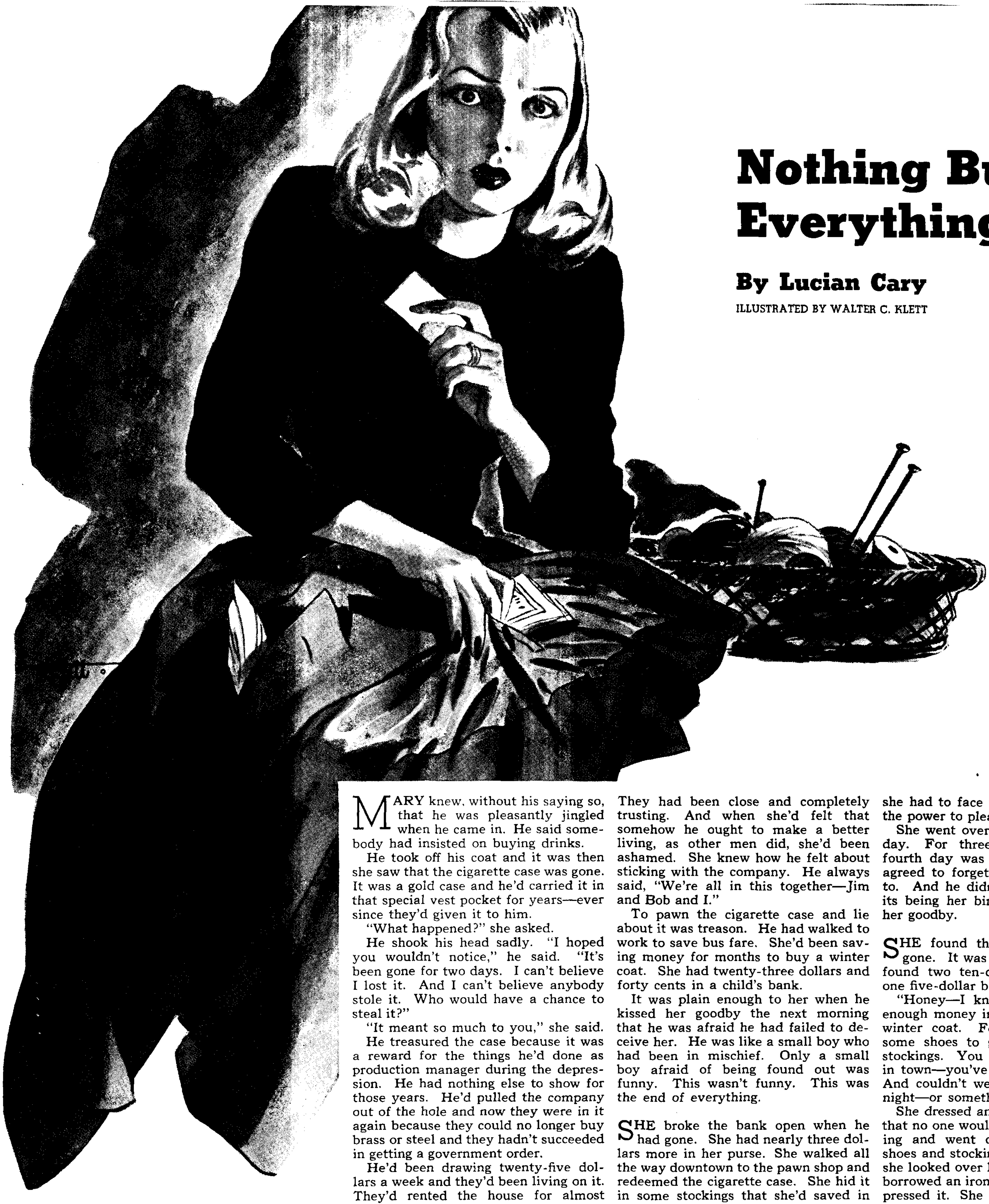
She leaned back in the corner of her

(*Continued on page 37*)

Nothing But Everything

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

It was after he'd gone to sleep that she found the pawn ticket. The ticket told the whole story. He'd hocked the cigarette case for twenty-five dollars that day

MARY knew, without his saying so, that he was pleasantly jingled when he came in. He said somebody had insisted on buying drinks.

He took off his coat and it was then she saw that the cigarette case was gone. It was a gold case and he'd carried it in that special vest pocket for years—ever since they'd given it to him.

"What happened?" she asked.

He shook his head sadly. "I hoped you wouldn't notice," he said. "It's been gone for two days. I can't believe I lost it. And I can't believe anybody stole it. Who would have a chance to steal it?"

"It meant so much to you," she said.

He treasured the case because it was a reward for the things he'd done as production manager during the depression. He had nothing else to show for those years. He'd pulled the company out of the hole and now they were in it again because they could no longer buy brass or steel and they hadn't succeeded in getting a government order.

He'd been drawing twenty-five dollars a week and they'd been living on it. They'd rented the house for almost enough to carry it and put the car in dead storage and taken this furnished room and made a game of getting their dinners at a cafeteria for thirty-seven cents apiece. And when things were worst he always reminded her of the cigarette case. The gold in it was worth sixty or seventy dollars. It was their safety fund.

It was after he'd gone to sleep that she found the pawn ticket. She was mending a slight rip in the pocket of his old suit. The ticket told the whole story. He'd hocked the cigarette case for twenty-five dollars—not two days before but that day.

She stayed awake almost all night. They had been close and completely trusting. And when she'd felt that somehow he ought to make a better living, as other men did, she'd been ashamed. She knew how he felt about sticking with the company. He always said, "We're all in this together—Jim and Bob and I."

To pawn the cigarette case and lie about it was treason. He had walked to work to save bus fare. She'd been saving money for months to buy a winter coat. She had twenty-three dollars and forty cents in a child's bank.

It was plain enough to her when he kissed her goodby the next morning that he was afraid he had failed to deceive her. He was like a small boy who had been in mischief. Only a small boy afraid of being found out was funny. This wasn't funny. This was the end of everything.

SHE broke the bank open when he had gone. She had nearly three dollars more in her purse. She walked all the way downtown to the pawn shop and redeemed the cigarette case. She hid it in some stockings that she'd saved in spite of the fact they were full of runs. She wasn't ever going to let him know. No, she'd act the same as before. She knew how to act.

And then she knew what hurt most. She had known it all the time. She could stand his failing. What if he had got tired of never having any money to spend and used the cigarette case to get a few dollars? It was like him to want money so he could pay for a lunch or a drink. But he wouldn't have done it if he still loved her. She hadn't complained about giving up the things they'd always had because she wanted to please him. She cared more about pleasing him than anything else. Now she had to face the fact. She had lost the power to please him.

She went over and over it, day after day. For three days anyway. The fourth day was her birthday. They'd agreed to forget birthdays. They had to. And he didn't say anything about its being her birthday when he kissed her goodby.

SHE found the envelope after he'd gone. It was addressed to her. She found two ten-dollar bills inside and one five-dollar bill. The note said:

"Honey—I know you've got almost enough money in that kid's bank for a winter coat. For heaven's sake buy some shoes to go with it—and some stockings. You have the prettiest legs in town—you've got to have stockings. And couldn't we go to the movies tonight—or something?"

She dressed and made up her face so that no one would know she'd been crying and went downtown and bought shoes and stockings. Back in her room she looked over her old coat. Then she borrowed an iron from the landlady and pressed it. She had five dollars left—enough for dinner at the place they liked best and hadn't gone to for months. She'd have enough for the movies too.

She clung to him when he came home. And then he admired the new shoes and the new stockings.

"What about the coat?" he asked.

She sat on the arm of his chair with one arm around his neck. With her free hand she put the cigarette case back in the pocket he'd made for it.

He looked up at her. For a long minute she looked into his eyes. And then she put her cheek against his.

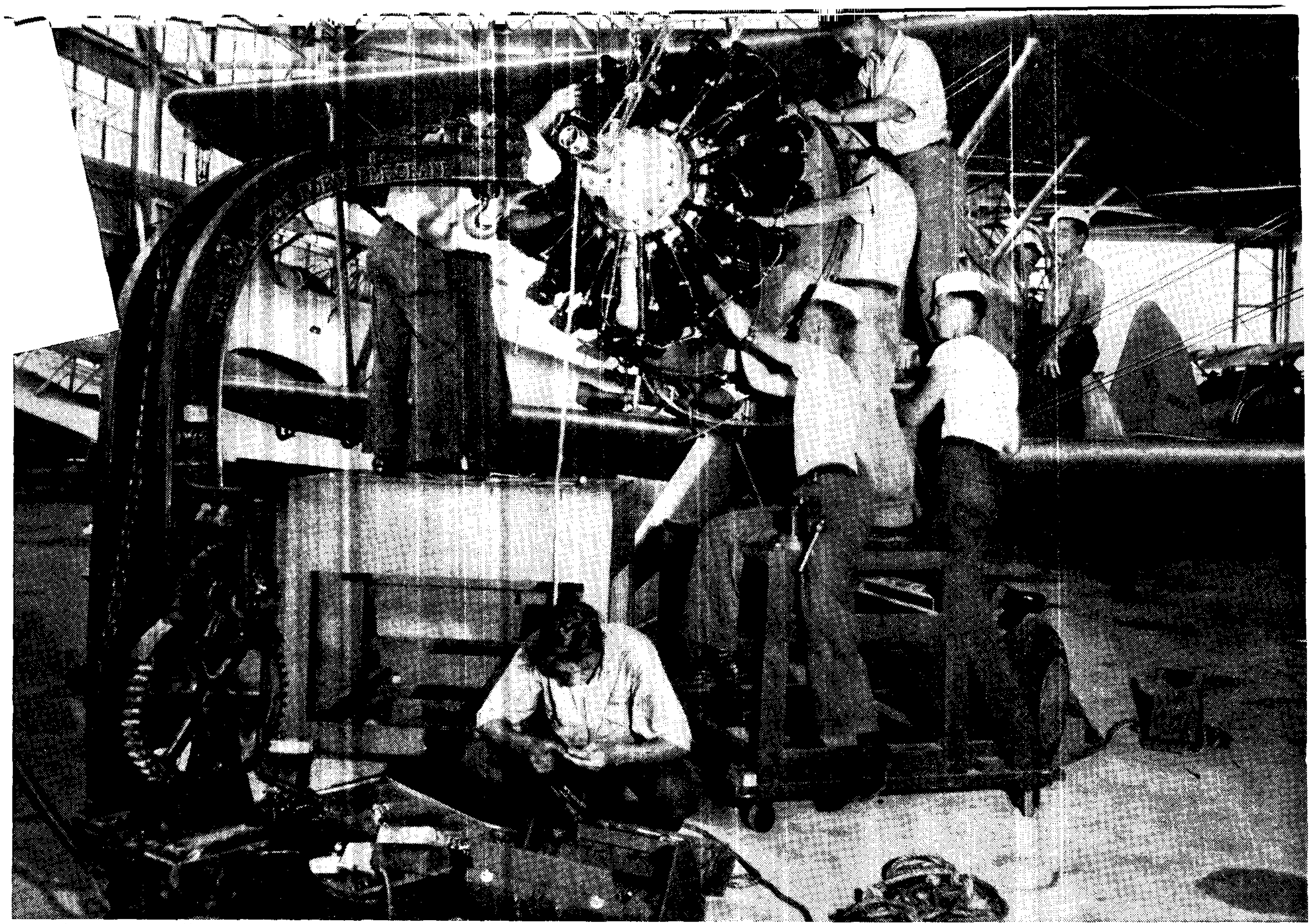
"But honey," he said, "I haven't given you anything."

"Oh, haven't you!" she said.

Keep 'em Flying

By Dudley Haddock

Besides its flying crew every Navy plane needs up to ten ground experts to service it. That's the reason for the aviation trade school in Jacksonville, the largest in the world



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

JOHN CITIZEN beams as he learns of the constant stream of planes and pilots being produced for the Navy's air fleet, because he is convinced that if the Navy has plenty of both to supplement its surface craft an enemy would find it difficult, if not impossible, to get within bombing or shooting range of his front yard.

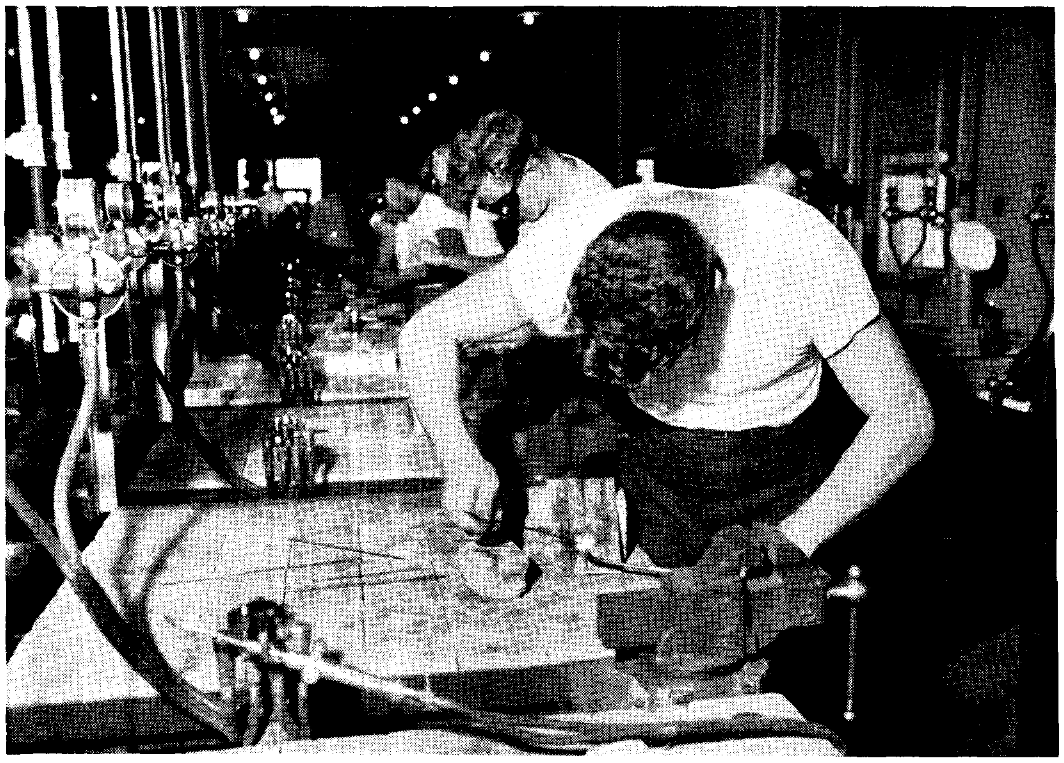
But John overlooks something when he assumes this will complete the Navy's air-defense job. It is merely the beginning. Up to ten highly skilled specialists are required to maintain each plane in active service, and because of their scarcity the Navy is manufacturing them. It is drawing upon its enlisted men for raw material, and youngsters are being poured into the machine which converts them into the finished product.

The Navy is operating at its mammoth air station at Jacksonville, Florida, the largest aviation trade school in the country, and this means the world. Small groups of sailors are receiving training at stations elsewhere but here the job is being done on a colossal scale and at top speed. Literally thousands of aviation machinist mates, aviation metalsmiths, aviation ordnance men and aviation radiomen are coming from the mill. Just how many is Navy's secret, but the mess halls are being increased to seat more than 4,000 men and there's a turnover of the student body every sixteen weeks. And, as a side line, the school also is training aviation craftsmen for the Marine Corps, and lads from the Royal Air Force are there being converted into radiomen—"wireless operators" the British term them—as an aid to Britain's war effort.

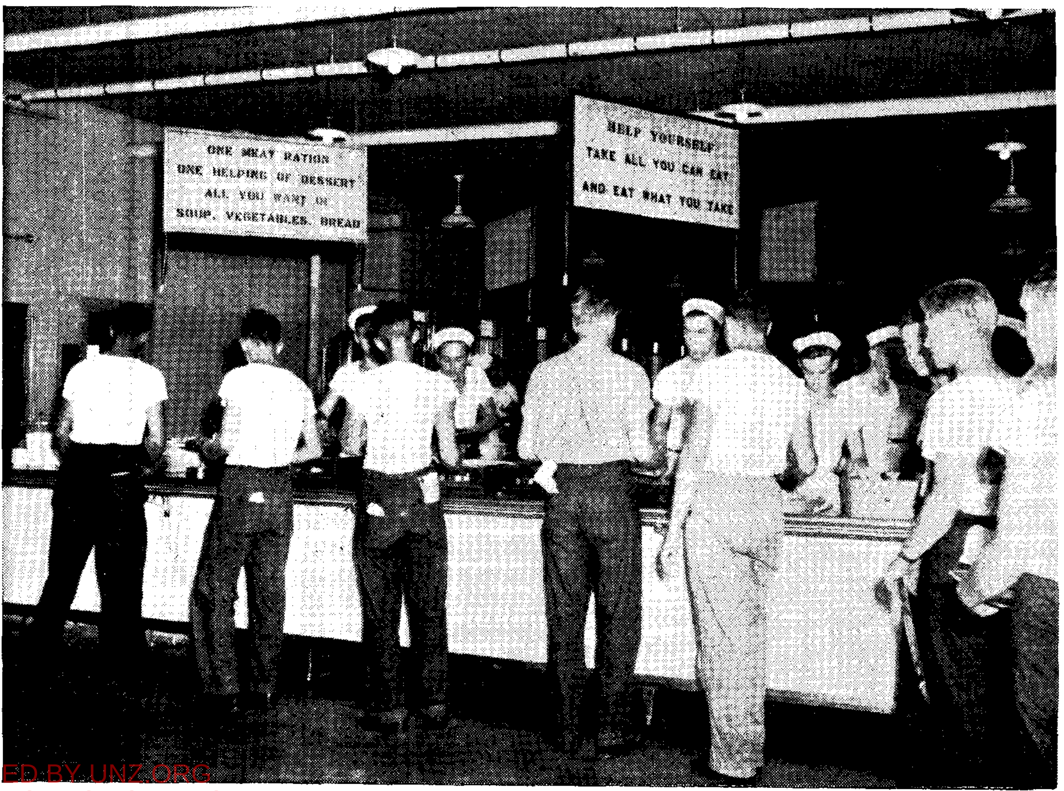
But lest the impression be given that Jacksonville is training only craftsmen, it should be pointed out that it is producing pilots in flocks and droves, as at Corpus Christi and Pensacola. Its job is identical with that of the other two great naval flying schools, but it is going them one better because it also is producing the men to keep the pilots in the air.

It is difficult to grasp the magnitude of the craftsmen's academy. There's a welding school with probably the largest single installation of gas-welding equipment in the country and the metal-plating school could care for all the plating business of a fair-sized city. The engine classroom resembles a corner in the Wright engine plant and a glimpse of one of the half-dozen radio classrooms would lead one to assume the Navy is training its entire personnel as operators.

The engine class works in a shop that is equipped with every type of naval aircraft power. Planes as well as engines are torn down and reassembled under instruction



Show place of the Jacksonville station is the superb welding shop, where the budding naval metalsmiths regard their daily stint as recreation rather than labor



Meals are served in cafeteria style. Students are restricted to a single serving of meat and one dessert for the sake of a balanced diet. There are no restrictions on other foods

The graduate will re-enter civil life after his Navy stint a thoroughly trained craftsman, for there are so many supervisors, Navy and civilian, that the student receives the equivalent of individual instruction. He works six days weekly from early morning until 4 P. M. and is required to devote four nights each week to textbook study. There's release from textbook work Wednesday and Saturday nights but the Wednesday-night recess is for something else—he must scrub his gear and write the folks at home.

Navy is hand-picking its student craftsmen—they average twenty years of age—and that it may have plenty of timber from which to make its selections it recently began to admit to the school lads who enlist in the Naval Reserve for four years which, of course, includes active service for the duration, and boys of seventeen who sign up for active service until their twenty-first

(Continued on page 44)

He had a show on in Bond Street and there was one of his pictures in Manchester and one in Leeds. I went to see them all

Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

CAROLINE CRALE learns that her husband—Amyas Crale, an artist—is infatuated with Elsa Greer, a beautiful girl whose portrait he is painting while she is his house guest. A short time later, Crale is found dead in his garden. An investigation reveals that he has been poisoned with coniine, *apparently* administered in a glass of beer by his wife!

Mrs. Crale is arrested, charged with the crime, tried, convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. One year later, she dies—leaving behind a letter, to be read by her daughter, "Carla," when the girl reaches the age of twenty-one. In the letter, she asserts her innocence. . . . Sixteen years later, Carla reads the letter; after which, she employs Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator who is living in London, to dig up what he can about the case.

Setting to work, the little Belgian unearths this interesting fact. On the day before the murder, someone had stolen a bottle of coniine from Meredith Blake, a neighbor of the Crales; and that "someone" might have been any one of the following persons: Mrs. Crale; Blake's brother, Philip; Elsa Greer; and Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's half sister.

The Blakes are still living. Poirot interviews them. Both promise to set down, in writing, all that they can remember of the celebrated affair. Among others whom the detective questions is Elsa Greer (who, after several marriages, has become Lady Dittisham). The woman, still beautiful at thirty-six, has little of value to offer; but she insists that Caroline Crale had poisoned her husband. . . .

The Blakes give Poirot their "narratives." In Philip's, he states that, on one occasion, he had overheard Caroline Crale say to her husband: "You and your women! I'd like to kill you. Some day I *will* kill you—I mean it, Amyas!"

But Meredith Blake, in his account of what had happened, states that, having given much thought to the matter, he is inclined to the belief that Amyas Crale had committed suicide (as Caroline had claimed at her trial). Nevertheless, he admits that, in the course of a talk with Caroline—a talk devoted to the relationship between Amyas and Elsa Greer—Caroline had exclaimed to him: "I'm a very primitive woman, Merry. I'd like to take a hatchet to that girl!"

VIII

I TOLD her that the child probably didn't understand in the least what she was doing. She had a great admiration and hero worship for Amyas and she probably didn't realize at all that Amyas was falling in love with her.

Caroline just said to me, "Dear Merry!" and began to talk about the garden. I hoped that she was not going to worry any more about the matter.

Shortly afterward Elsa went back to London. Amyas was away too for several weeks. I had really forgotten all about the business. In fact, I thought there wasn't anything to worry about. And then I heard that Elsa was back again at Alderbury in order that Amyas might finish the picture.

I was a little disturbed by the news. But Caroline, when I saw her, was not in a communicative mood. She seemed quite her usual self—not worried or upset in any way. I imagined that everything was all right.

That's why it was such a shock to me to learn how far the thing had gone.

I have told you of my conversations with Crale and with Elsa. I had no opportunity of talking to Caroline. We were only able to exchange those few words about which I have already told you.

I can see her face now—the wide, dark eyes and the restrained emotion. I can still hear her voice as she said, "*Everything's finished. . . .*"

I can't describe to you the infinite desolation she conveyed in those words. They were a literal statement of truth. With Amyas' defection everything was finished for her. That, I am convinced, was why she took the coniine. It was a way out. A way suggested to her by my stupid dissertation on the drug. And the passage I read from the Phaedo gives a gracious picture of death.

Here is my present belief: She took the coniine, resolved to end her own life when Amyas left her. He may have seen her take it or he may have discovered that she had it later.

That discovery acted upon him with terrific force. He was horrified at what his actions had led her to contemplate. But, notwithstanding his horror and remorse, he still felt himself incapable of giving up Elsa. I can understand that. Anyone who had fallen in love with her would find it almost impossible to tear himself away.

He could not envisage life without Elsa. He realized that Caroline could not live without *him*. He decided there was only one way out—to use the coniine himself.

ALL this, alas, is not what you asked me for—which was an account of the happenings as I remember them. Let me now repair that omission. I have already told you fully what happened on the day preceding Amyas' death. We now come to the day itself.

I had slept very badly—worried by the disastrous turn of events for my friends. After a long wakeful period, while I vainly tried to think of something helpful I could do to avert the catastrophe, I fell into a heavy sleep about 6 A.M. The bringing of my early tea did not awaken me, and I finally woke up, heavy-headed and unrefreshed, about half past nine. It was shortly after that that I thought I heard movements in the room below, which was the room I used as a laboratory.

I may say here that actually those sounds were probably caused by a cat getting in. I found the window sash raised a little way, as it had carelessly been left from the day before. It was just wide enough to admit the passage of a cat. I merely mention the sounds to explain how I came to enter the laboratory.

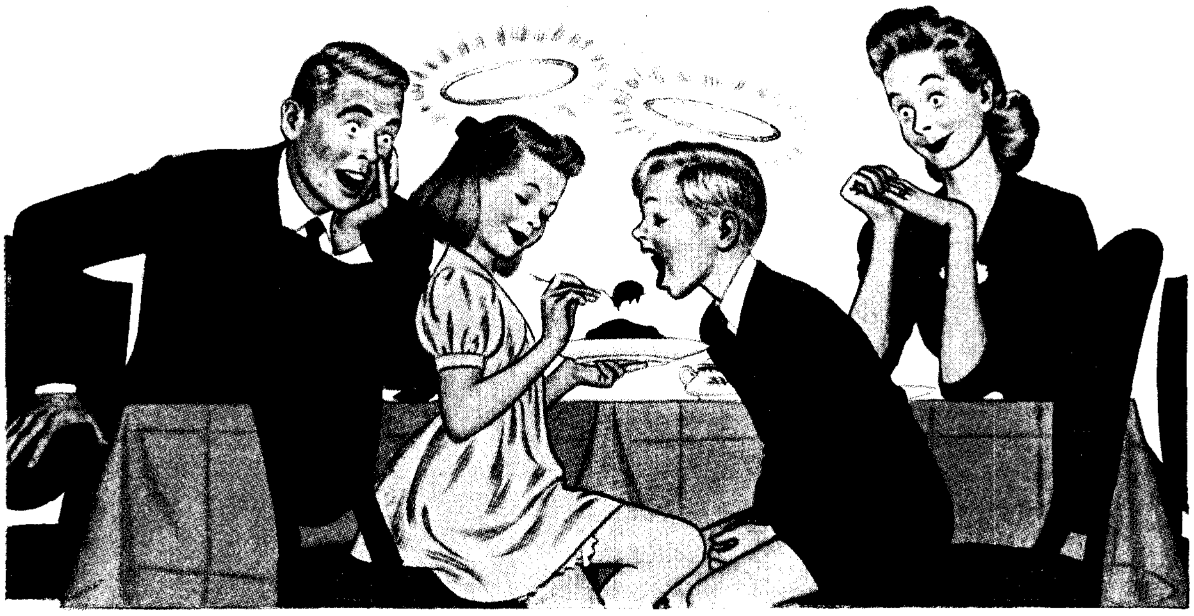
I went in there as soon as I had dressed and, looking along the shelves, I noticed that the bottle containing the preparation of coniine was slightly out of line with the rest. Having had my eye drawn to it in this way, I was startled to see that a considerable quantity of it was gone. The bottle had been nearly full the day before, now it was nearly empty.

I shut and locked the window and went out, locking the door behind me. I was considerably upset and also bewildered. When startled, my mental processes are, I am afraid, somewhat slow.

I was first disturbed, then apprehensive, and finally definitely alarmed. I questioned the household, and they all denied having entered the laboratory at all. I thought things over a little while longer and then decided to ring up my brother and get his advice.

(Continued on page 46)

Take a leaf...*any* leaf... of this Marvelous Spinach!

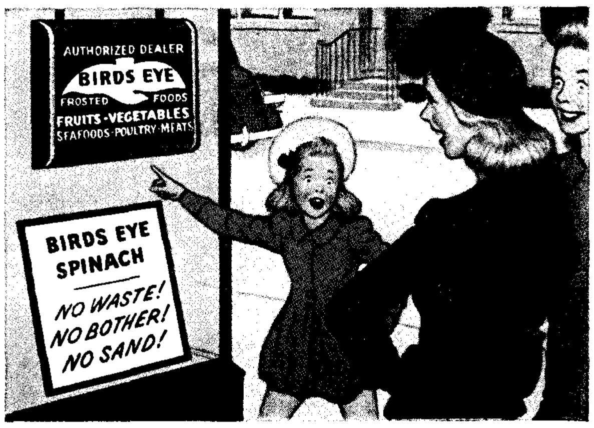


1. Leaf for deep-green leaf, there's just no other spinach like Birds Eye Spinach!

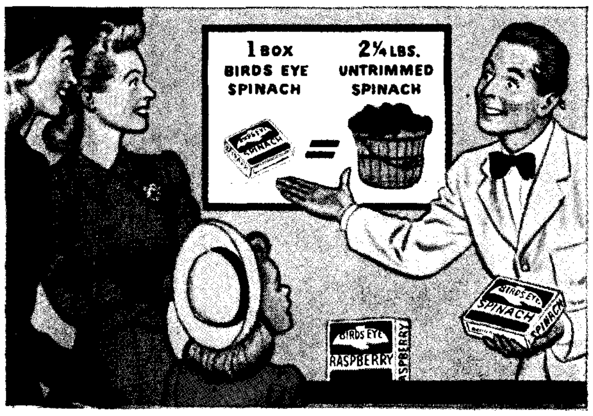
Right today its rich flavor will match that of the best-tasting spinach in summer! Yep, you'll be amazed at its garden-freshness . . . the cool, crinkly-freshness of spinach just picked! But then . . .

AY 1941
BIRDS EYE
SPINACH

2. Birds Eye just doesn't believe in indifferent spinach. So we grow *only* spinach that's famous for zestier flavor . . . in soil spinach takes to best! We know how you *hate* sandy spinach. So we bathe every pound of Birds Eye Spinach in gallons of clear, spring water! Above *all* . . .


AUTHORIZED DEALER
BIRDS EYE
FROSTED FOODS
FRUITS·VEGETABLES
SEAFOODS·POULTRY·MEATS
BIRDS EYE SPINACH
NO WASTE!
NO BOTHER!
NO SAND!

3. We worship and cherish *garden-freshness! 4 hours after it's picked* . . . this spinach is Quick-Frozen! Flavor, freshness, vitamins are captured . . . snugly *held in* till you're ready to eat! Open the box, cook and serve! A trouble-free spinach, if ever you saw one!


1 BOX BIRDS EYE SPINACH
=
2¼ LBS. UNTRIMMED SPINACH
BIRDS EYE SPINACH
BIRDS EYE RASPBERRY

4. And, Birds Eye Spinach is a budget joy! You pay for no *wasteful*, stringy leaves! Every wholesome ounce is eatable! Thus, one box of Birds Eye Spinach equals 2¼ lbs. of untrimmed spinach! That's the economy . . . you'll enjoy in all the grand Birds Eye Foods!

Specials!

November 3-8

BIRDS EYE SPINACH*

BIRDS EYE SCALLOPS

*(Try it in this luscious Spinach Ring . . . surrounded by tasty Birds Eye Scallops.)

Buy these other grand Birds Eye Foods!

Broilers • Cut Corn

Chopped Steak • Strawberries

Important! Birds Eye Spinach recently received the Seal of Acceptance of the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association!

To Avoid Disappointment: Look for the Birds Eye on the window and on the package. Over 60 waste-free Birds Eye Foods . . . GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK! Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. (Also grown, packaged and distributed in Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company, Montreal.)

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CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

● *Actual color photograph—Frank Brown shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"YOU'D EXPECT the milder, better-tasting tobacco to cost more—and it does!" says Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C. "But that's the kind of leaf Luckies want, and Luckies pay the price to get it!" ● Smokers . . . in any cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. The better the tobacco, the better the smoke!

That's why independent tobacco experts prefer Luckies by a majority of 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. ● As auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, they see the kind of leaf Luckies buy, and the prices paid . . . and to these men, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco! Isn't that what you want in *your* cigarette—fine tobaccos?

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Death of a Dutch Town

Continued from page 12

something to do with those soldiers. But they are German, too, of course. Every well-to-do family has a German maid."

Mynheer Hootse walked rapidly through his house into the garden. He crossed the small plot of land, opened a door in the stone wall and emerged in an alley between two rows of small gardens, and then he ran. In five minutes he was panting up the steps of the town hall. He burst into the council chamber. "Burgomaster," he blurted out. "Where is the burgomaster?"

"His Worship is having a cup of coffee at the club," said the councilman Hakkert to him. "Why are you so excited?"

"The Germans are in town!" panted Hootse.

"In which town?" asked Hakkert.

"In this town, here in Gorcum!"

"Hootse, dear fellow, if I did not know you to be a teetotaler, I would say you are drunk. Go home, my good man."

"But I can't go home, my street is full of Germans," protested Hootse.

A Village Makes Its Fight

While they were speaking another citizen burst into the doorway. "Town is full of Germans," he cried. "They are coming out of the ships moored at the quays. German maid servants are directing them. They have taken the River Shipping Exchange Building. Give me a gun. Let me get at them!"

"Now what's all this? Why this commotion?" came the voice of the burgomaster, who had just returned from his cup of coffee.

"These citizens say," explained Councilman Hakkert, "that the streets are full of Germans."

"Full of Germans? Why, the Germans are miles and miles away," shouted the mayor. "You are the victims of optical illusion, or of drink, citizens."

"The Germans are in Gorcum!" screamed Hootse.

"The Germans don't drop from the sky!" roared the mayor.

But here was Cornelius Meurs, the policeman. He saluted the burgomaster humbly. "It's true, Mynheer the Burgomaster," he said. "They are here. They are in the streets. My colleague Van Pelt has been killed. Others have fallen. There is severe fighting going on at the prison. The fishermen of the Visschersdyk (one of the slum quarters of Gorcum) went at the Germans with knives. . . ."

"Telephone the military," exclaimed the burgomaster.

"The lines are cut all over town," the policeman said. "There are Germans at the town gates."

"But how did they get there?" asked the mayor.

"They are dropping from the sky with parachutes," said the policeman. "The sky is full of floating parachutes above the road to Dort. . . ."

Another citizen came in. "Burgomaster," he said calmly, "two German airplanes have landed on the parade ground."

"On the parade ground, right between the army barracks?" asked the mayor in amazement.

"Right there!"

"But, but . . ." faltered the mayor, "the troops, our soldiers, what?"

"Our soldiers rushed the airplanes, but were cut down by machine-gun fire. . . ."

Dutch soldiers interrupted the councilors and citizens. They had entered the town hall by the rear door. One of their officers requested the burgomaster to evacuate his chambers and all the rooms with windows looking on the square at once.

"They are in the guardhouse," he said curtly, referring to a medieval building which stood opposite the town hall. "And," added the soldier, "we are going to blast them out!" Infantrymen were now pouring into all the rooms. The clatter of breaking glass was heard and soon every window had its machine-gun nozzle pointed in the direction of the guardhouse.

The firing lasted all afternoon and through the night. In the morning the Dutch troops stormed the guardhouse and took it at the point of the bayonet. Good news came also from near-by villages. The squads of parachutists who had dropped at Hardinxveld and Werkendam in the proximity of the great railway bridge of Sliedrecht had been rounded up or destroyed. Those who had landed by airplane in Gorcum's barracks square had been annihilated, while the enemy detachment which had seized the prison had, too, been overpowered.

The Devil Declares War

The first night passed without an incident in Gorcum itself, but the news from the front and from The Hague and Rotterdam continued to grow steadily worse. Through the radio it was learned that while a battalion of marines and a company of sappers had been drawn up in one of the city's parks, located on the shore of one of Rotterdam's many inner waterways, and just when the men were receiving final instructions from their officers, they had been raked by a burst of machine-gun fire from a Swedish steamer, which was quietly riding at anchor a short way from the shore. Suddenly the portholes of this ship had opened and from a dozen apertures the rattlers had started to spew death.

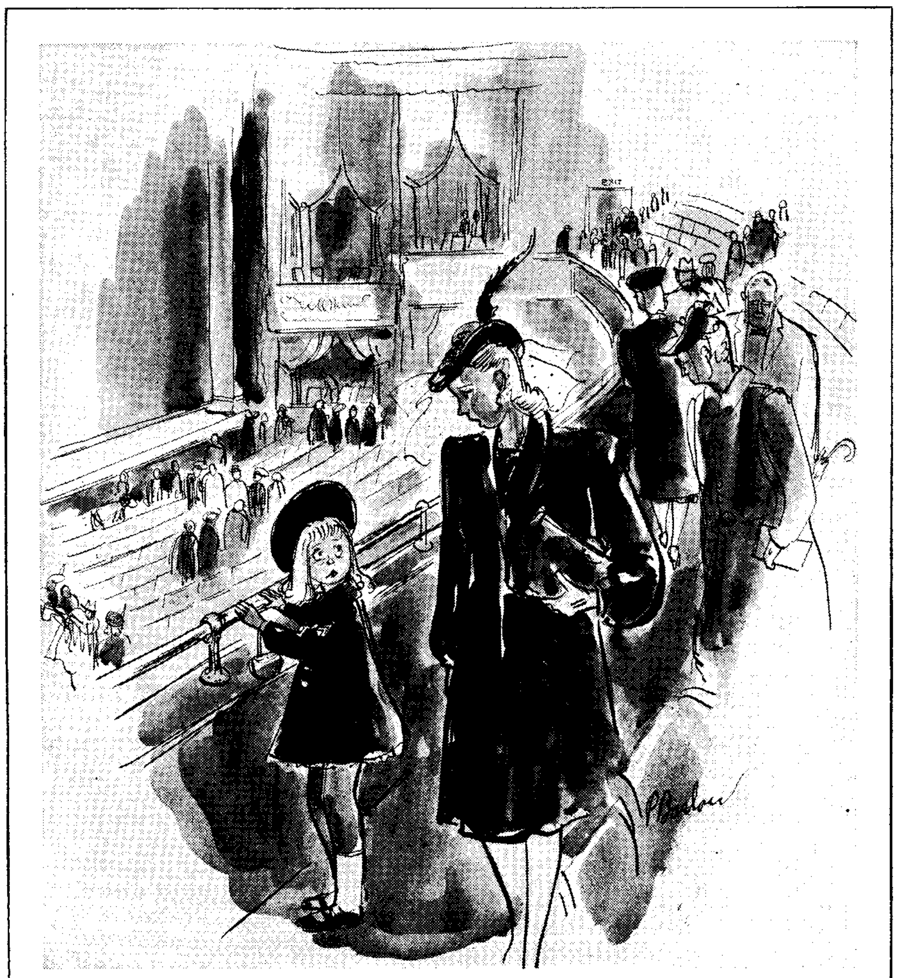
When news of this treacherous incident reached Gorcum, the indignation of the citizens knew no bounds. "This is not war they are waging on us," said Ary Stam, a giant fisherman, sometimes called Ary the Devil by his neighbors when on a drinking bout he terrorized the whole neighborhood. "This is not war, this is vile trickery! Who will guarantee us that there are no German sharpshooters hidden in those fine houses on High Street?"

"Ary," called out his wife, who stood in the crowd that had gathered around the fisherman. "Ary, shut your big mouth! Don't you dare to say anything more. We know whom you mean when you talk about the Germans in The Hague. Shut up, I tell you."

But Ary would not listen. "I have my knife," he said, drawing a wicked-looking curved blade from his pocket. "I have sliced open thousands of salmons and sturgeons in my day. I'd just like to try it on one German. I just want to see if their blood is red, that's all."

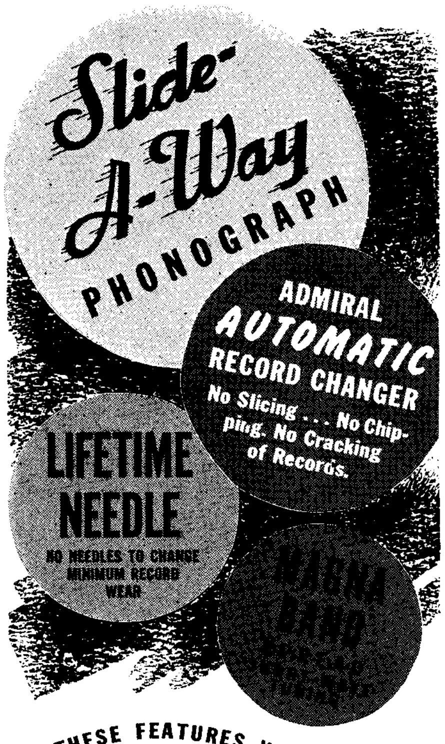
With those words he walked off, followed by a crowd of his cronies, the gang that always stood by his side in street battles with fishers from another street and with the police.

On the way to Baron von Krass' residence, those men must have forgotten the errand upon which they set out. They must have stopped in one of the numerous drinking dives in the neighborhood and changed their plans, for they were found half an hour later battering in the door of a man named Otto Glatzker, a barber, who had settled in Gorcum at the time of the inflation in Germany. After entering the house, they found Glatzker crouched in a cup-



"All right, but very softly. It's a little late now for 'bravos'"

PERRY BARLOW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ADMIRAL AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER
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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS

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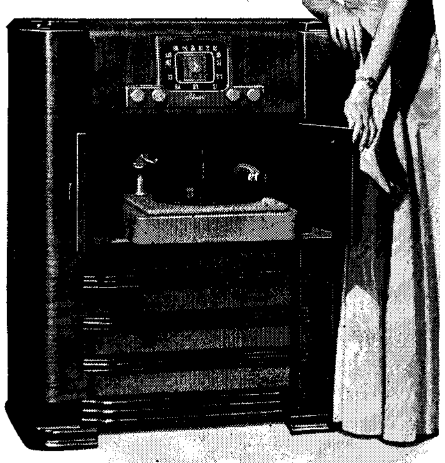

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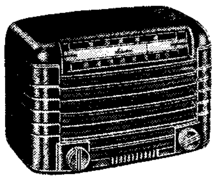
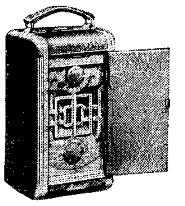
4201-B6—Has "TILT-TUNING" slide rule dial and luminous pointer. Triple-tuned R. F. converter circuit gives maximum sensitivity . . . eliminates background noises. Super Aeroscope antenna.



3-WAY (AC-DC BATTERY) BANTAM



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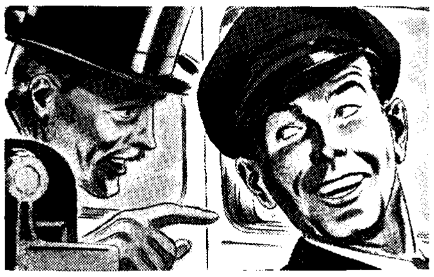
ADMIRAL—AMERICA'S SMART SET

"Lookit the back I won in an argument!"

1. How come I'm driving a town car instead of a taxicab? Well, one night a guy in a top hat and tails hailed my cab. He looks pretty grouchy, and the gal with him is bawling him out something fierce.

2. From the way she's yelling at him, I gather she's his wife, and she's sore because he went to sleep at a party. He knows better than to talk back, and all he says is: "You know I didn't sleep a wink last night!"

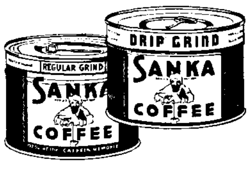
3. "Of course you didn't sleep last night!" she yelped. "You drank coffee at dinner. Won't you ever learn that coffee keeps you awake?" This is where I started feeling sorry for the guy. "Lady," I said, "he should drink Sanka Coffee!"



4. "I had to quit coffee myself," I explained. "Caffein in it wouldn't let me sleep. Then I found Sanka Coffee. It's real coffee...but it's 97% caffein-free, and *can't keep you awake!*" She just sniffs, but the guy says: "Can you prove that?"

5. I said: "Sure! The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' " The gent says: "Sounds great... I'll try it!"

6. A few days later, he hailed me again. Thanked me for telling him about Sanka Coffee, and claimed he's sleeping swell. He said: "My chauffeur quit... how'd you like the job?" So here's me driving a swell town car... at a steady salary!



SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN . . . . . . two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: *Tuesday night:* **"We, the People"** • *Sunday afternoon:* news by **William L. Shirer,** the famous author of "Berlin Diary." See your local newspaper for times and stations.

board, alternately weeping and whimpering that he had been naturalized, that he was a loyal subject of the queen.

But Ary Stam cut him short: "Where were you the day before yesterday when those umbrella men dropped into Gorcum to murder us? I did not see you with us when we butchered them at the prison! Come on, where were you, Glatzker?" While he spoke Ary was caressing that ugly knife of his. Others held the frightened barber. Then Ary gave the order to take Glatzker to the Dalem Gate, a structure dilapidated and half-ruined from the Middle Ages, the upstairs chambers of which the fishers used for drying their nets.

"We are going to round them all up," Ary said, "and at the sight of the first umbrella man coming down into our streets, it's going to be the night of the long knife for you, Glatzker."

But on the way to the Dalem Gate the crowd of fishermen and their prisoner ran into Kees Boon and Jan Trouw. Kees Boon was a smith, a giant as big as Ary Stam, who walked with a springing step and an inner fortitude. He always went bareheaded. He was in fact a most singular person: although the son of extremely poor parents—his father had been employed at a livery stable—he had acquired a liberal education by omnivorous reading. He wrote pieces for radical newspapers. Jan Trouw was his friend. Trouw was a lay preacher for a sect known as the Darbists, but he was a follower of Tolstoy and a proponent of nonviolence as well. Trouw exercised the trade of house painter on week days. On Saturday nights and on Sundays he preached in a hall in the worst part of town.

Boon and Trouw seemed to have learned that day what was up, for they met the crowd of fishers, most of them staggering drunk, and with Ary Stam at their head, near the Dalem Gate.

"Stop!" cried Kees Boon. "What do you men intend to do?"

"If you must know, Poet," said Ary in a whining voice, "we are going to string him up in the Dalem Gate and when he hangs I am going to cut his . . ."

"Coward!" said Boon. "You are all cowards," he turned to the fishers, "you are not worthy of the name of men."

"We are Dutchmen," screamed back Ary Stam. "We are defending our country against these German traitors."

"You are Dutch cowards then," came back Boon. "You are not men!"

"If you say that again I will stick my knife into you!"

Jan Trouw Saves a Life

For answer the smith knocked the fisher down with one blow of his iron fist. Ary's knife went flying onto the cobblestones. Boon picked it up. But the infuriated fisher, taking off his wooden shoes, rose quickly and came for the smith with a shoe held over each fist like a pair of awkward, clumsy boxing gloves.

But now it was the turn of Jan Trouw to intervene. "Brothers, brothers," he called out. "Let us not fight each other. We do not know what hangs over our heads. . . . Rotterdam has just been bombed. Thirty thousand men and women and children of our people have died this afternoon in one terrible half-hour. Shall we do the same? To kill is so easy, Ary! To make men live and love and laugh in the sun, that is what Jesus wanted. To see little children grow up . . ."

"Shut up about your Jesus!" cried out Piet de Bot, who was one of the men holding the captive Glatzker, "we have heard enough of Him."

"Shut up yourself." Ary turned around in sudden anger. "Jesus is one of us. Leave Jesus out of this. . . ."

"That's right, Ary, He is one of us," said Trouw. "He is our friend, the friend of fishers and . . ."

"But these Germans are murdering our kind," Ary interrupted.

"Does that mean that we should do the same to them? Let us show them that we are Christians, Ary, the friends of Jesus. Would Jesus approve of it if we hanged this man? Let him go home to his wife and children. Let one man go home to his children. Thousands of others will not go home any more. . . . Let us not stain our hands with blood."

The fishers let Glatzker go. But as the barber scampered off, he called back: "I vill make you a grafe complaint for all of you!" At which the whole crowd laughed heartily.

Curiosity Overcomes Hatred

In the night that followed Gorcum was occupied.

Although the German authorities had appealed to the people in the occupied areas to co-operate with them in trying to restore order as quickly as possible, not a single one of Gorcum's inhabitants had ventured outdoors during the first forty-eight hours after the town's investment.

It was through the children that the inhabitants first regained something of their peace of mind and their composure. The youngsters would walk out of the houses, quite shy of course, and even turning their eyes away from all those strangers they saw in the streets. But finally some of them would stand still, fascinated by all the unwonted bustle and the color and the animation in the streets. German soldiers would make friendly gestures to the youngsters, call them over, ask them their names or give them a piece of candy. Soon the shyness would vanish and in the end the soldiers and the children would make friends. Then the parents, too, would take a peep outdoors. Father would stand in the doorway, or saunter up the street a short way, his hands in his pockets, as if he were not concerned about anything in the world, looking at the sky or casually filling his pipe. Then perhaps he would cast a glance at a piece of artillery and at the German soldiers cleaning it. And one of the soldiers would run forward and hold a match for him and Father would say: "*Nein, danke schoen,*" at first, but the soldiers would not grow angry in the least. I mean they would not take father's refusal as an insult, but go about their work as if nothing had happened. In this way and in similar ways the one citizen after the other would become reassured that no immediate danger was threatening and that it was quite safe to walk about. People would say that you could not blame those soldiers for anything, that they had merely carried out orders, that they were quite human and did not even behave arrogantly as victors are expected to do. The one citizen learned from the other that the strange soldiers were behaving quite correctly, in friendly fashion even.

In the taverns and the taprooms, which had been the first to reopen, the German soldiers were no longer sitting or standing alone in small isolated groups. They would ask some loitering fisherman to sit down and have a drink with them and if he accepted they would say, "*Gesundheit!*" and the Dutchman would answer: "*Gezondheid!*" or he would say "*Prozit!*" to show that he was not altogether ignorant of the world and that he knew a word or two of German himself. And then all would laugh and have another drink. And so contact between the invaders and the townspeople was gradually established, so that on the ninth or tenth day of the occupation when a German regimental band gave a concert in the market square there were not only German soldiers listening, but demobilized Dutch soldiers as well as many civilians. And if you had looked about sharp on that occasion you would have noticed, too, that some of the Dutch girls had begun to smile back at those yellow-haired Bavarian or Saxon farm boys in uniform, who strolled about in pairs and who looked for all the world like lads from the neighboring villages of Gelderland.

Yes, it was not long before you could hear some people say that it made very little difference to them who was sitting in The Hague, the former ministers or the new German governor-general.

Gyse, Who Didn't Understand

The newspapers also began to sing a different tune. The Germans had not come to oppress the Dutch. To the contrary: the Dutch were Aryan brothers who were destined to play a high role in the new Europe.

In the course of the fighting in and around the prison house where the German troops from the river barges had barricaded themselves and whence they were promptly dislodged by the resolute action of the townsmen, there had been killed a policeman by the name of Cornelius Meurs. This Meurs had a brother, named Gyse, a feeble-minded individual who earned his living by beating carpets and by begging pennies at the church door. Gyse was not taller than the average boy of nine or ten, as I remember well, but he had the torso and chest expansion of a giant, while the strength of his hands was such that it had almost become a byword in the community. I knew both the Meurs boys well in my youth, for Cornelius had visited that Bible school where I was a pupil myself for the better part of seven years. Their family was extremely poor, but at one time it had been one of the best known in all Holland. The ancestors of those two boys had been bell casters, and till this day you can find the name of one or the other of the Meurs artisans inscribed on the bells of dozens of towns and villages in the southern part of Holland.

Although the dwarflike Gyse did not go to school, it must not be supposed that he was absent from our games. Gyse followed his brother Cornelius wherever he went. He accompanied him as far as the school door in the morning and was waiting for him again when classes were dismissed in the afternoon, and that, winter or summer, rain or shine. The two were in fact inseparable. And this, I think, for the very good reason that Cornelius was the only human being who could understand his brother's speech, which consisted of a variety of animalistic grunts and groans pitched in different tones to express different emotions.

In the sham battle that we waged in the forests of reed along the Merwede River's edge far outside Gorcum's walls, Gyse Meurs served as our one-man supply column. He carried whatever you gave him to carry. But you could communicate to Gyse only through his brother Cornelius.

The relationship between the two brothers had become even closer with the death of their parents and with the passage of years. They occupied a small cottage in some back alley. Of an evening Gyse could be seen sitting on the stone threshold looking down the alley, patiently waiting for his brother to come off duty. When he saw the familiar figure swing around the corner, Gyse would jump up, run as fast as his short legs could carry him and happily throw his arms around his brother. Cornelius would stoop down to kiss the dwarf and, with his hand resting on the shorter man's shoulders and Gyse holding on to Cornelius' coat, the two would walk the rest of the way home together.

On the afternoon of the invasion, some neighbors brought the body of Cornelius Meurs back on a pushcart to the place he had always called home. The dwarf brother was not in at the time, so the neighbors placed the body in the bed, a sort of cupboard in the wall that served the two men as a sleeping place. I do not think it was anyone's intention that Gyse should go in there unwarned of the death of his brother. But that is the way it happened. He came home, stumbled into the front room of the cottage but was back in the alley in a minute, screaming his grief in a frightened and pitiful voice. The neighbors tried to quiet him by patting him on the head and speaking kind and reassuring words to him, but nobody could really make it clear to the dwarf what had happened to his brother. He wailed like a possessed soul and kept it up for days. Only after the body had been removed and the funeral had taken place did he grow quiet again. He sat on the doorstep staring straight ahead or sauntered to and fro in front of the cottage, his hands clasped behind his back and his head bent on his chest, as if immersed in deep thought. By and by he walked out into the streets again, too, and he made his appearance again at the back doors of the homes where he had formerly been given small jobs to do.

As he resumed his wanderings through the town and he saw the changes that had occurred—the blackened ruins of the arsenal were not far from his alley—and he saw above all the many strangers in uniform, it must have slowly dawned upon him that there was some connection between these newcomers and the death of his brother.

I have a letter from Gorcum written since the German occupation, wherein the writer remarks that the only person to be unmistakably annoyed by the presence of the Germans was Gyse Meurs. He would, in fact, (I learned) walk up to a German soldier or officer, stand boldly in his path, shake his huge fists and bark those strange, incomprehensible growls at the man until he was frothing at the mouth.

A Dwarf Makes a Plan

At one end of Gyse's alley, separated from the rows of humble cottages that made up the neighborhood and towering over it like some mighty castle, stood an old windmill. In my youth, I recall, the wings of this mill had become unsafe and had been removed. But it had still been in use thereafter. When the doors of the mill stood open you could see how it was operated by a blindfolded horse. The horse walked around in a circle of sawdust on the outside of a complicated system of creaking beams and crossbeams. These beams met prismlike in the center of the ground floor and there turned on a thick metal point as in the old-fashioned merry-go-rounds that were to be seen until a few years ago at the fairs of Flanders and Holland. But the millstones, which ground the corn, were invisible. They were on the story above. You could hear them rolling about with thunderous rumble on the oaken floor above.

For some reason, probably because the mill's outside gallery projected above the city walls and could be used as a military observation post, the Germans a day or so after the occupation of Gorcum requisitioned the building. Troops were quartered in it and some of the men even slept between the giant millstones.

For days on end Gyse Meurs could be seen sitting on the grass of the earthen wall watching the goings on at the mill,

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Barbara: Who are *you* to say I haven't any *pep appeal!*
Auntie: Dear! Dear! A little job for me.

Auntie: *Good* morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking how *delicious* a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED

Auntie: Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in *two of the most important ones*—vitamins B_1 and D.
Bob: Saay! This PEP *tastes* swell!

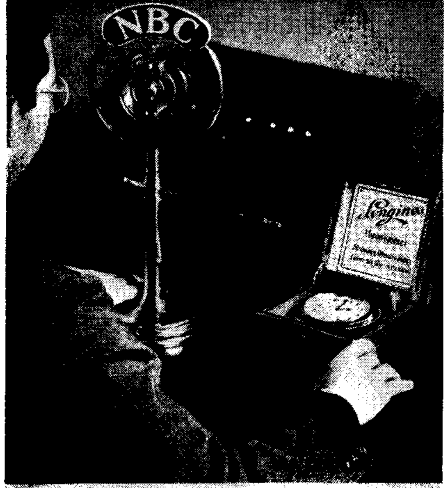
Barbara: Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become your "pep appeal" girl.
Bob: *Sweetie, I can hardly wait!*

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

LONGINES
the most honored watch
in Radio



THE FIRST RADIO time signal ever broadcast was read from the face of a Longines Chronometer by an announcer on N.B.C.'s Station WJZ in February, 1927. That Longines Chronometer was an important instrument in broadcast station operation. To switch programs from one studio to another or to join several stations in a hook-up—in 15 seconds or so—the watches in each place had to agree to the second with all other watches in the system. This was a major time problem. The problem was solved through the use of Longines Navigational Chronometers, hundreds of which went into broadcast station service. Then, the broadcast stations bought hundreds of Longines 1/5 second timing watches to measure radio programs bit by bit, so that they would fit to-the-second into the time allotted for them. Truly, in radio broadcasting also—Longines is the most honored watch.

Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

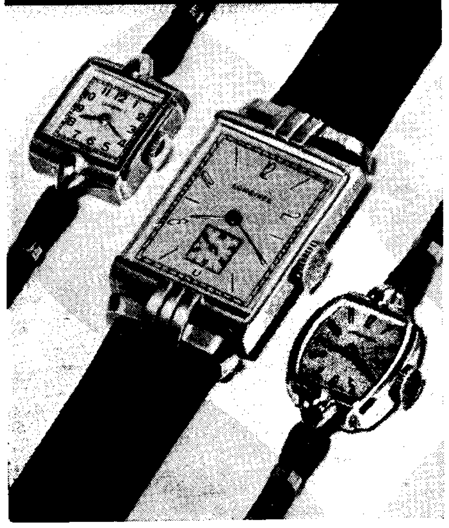
For seventy-five years Longines has concentrated on the single problem of making fine watches, better and better; watches for radio broadcasting, watches for the navigation of airplanes and battleships; and millions of watches for the service of discriminating men and women throughout the world.

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece.

Longines jewelers now show the 75th Anniversary Longines Watches representing the peak of Longines perfection, priced $44.* upward; also Wittnauer Watches from $27.50,* products of—Longines Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. and Montreal, Canada.

*Federal tax included

LONGINES
75th Anniversary Watches
WORLD'S FAIR SERIES, EACH WATCH $65.*



the soldiers coming and going, the bread and supplies being delivered and all that. Nobody disturbed the half-witted dwarf, who did not come near enough to be in anybody's way, and the Germans soon grew accustomed to seeing him there with his knees drawn up level with his chin, staring at them as if he were mesmerized. For three weeks, night and day, Gyse Meurs never left his observation post and thoroughly familiarized himself with the habits of the soldiers quartered in the place.

The Vengeance of Gyse

On the night of June 12th he struck and his vengeance was something like Samson's last performance in the temple of Dagon of the Philistines. Around ten o'clock of that day he noticed the soldiers returning from the taverns in town and that they were accompanied by women. He could hear their subdued, secret laughter as they walked up the cobblestoned pathway leading up to the mill. No sooner did he hear the heavy oaken door slam shut than he crawled out of his hiding place. He then approached the mill with a long ladder which he placed against the gallery. He climbed the ladder, scaled the railing of the gallery and, moving stealthily forward, lifted himself to one of those narrow slits that served to let in the daylight in the upper story. What he saw inside apparently steeled him with resolution to carry out the rest of his design. Like a cat he slid down the ladder once more and raced for the door. He tried the latch and it opened. Gyse Meurs was inside the mill. It seemed that his eyes could penetrate the Stygian darkness of the wide room, for he ran with unfailing step around the machinery toward the small door that gave access to the narrow stairway leading upstairs. Noiselessly he slipped the heavy iron bolts into their locks—the German soldiers were locked in, except for the door upstairs that opened on the gallery. Again Gyse ran through the darkened mill room, came outside and raced up the ladder.

On the gallery he took hold of the great metal wheel which had formerly, in the times when the mill was still equipped with wings, been used to set the hood or roof of the mill to the wind. With an effort that made him gasp, Gyse lifted the wheel and carried it to the side where the door was located and then wedged it tightly between the door and the railing of the narrow gallery. The wood creaked, but the dwarf worked on as if he had not heard anything. When he had the wheel in place, he lifted himself once more to one of the windows and looked inside. Almost at once he dropped back. One of the soldiers had seen something move against the glass of the ten-inch-wide aperture in the wall and had walked over to look out. But Gyse was gone. He slid down the ladder and entered the dark mill room once more. For a moment he stood still to listen. He could hear footsteps upstairs and voices. One man was coming down the stairs; his feet could be heard stumbling uncertainly on the narrow wooden stairway.

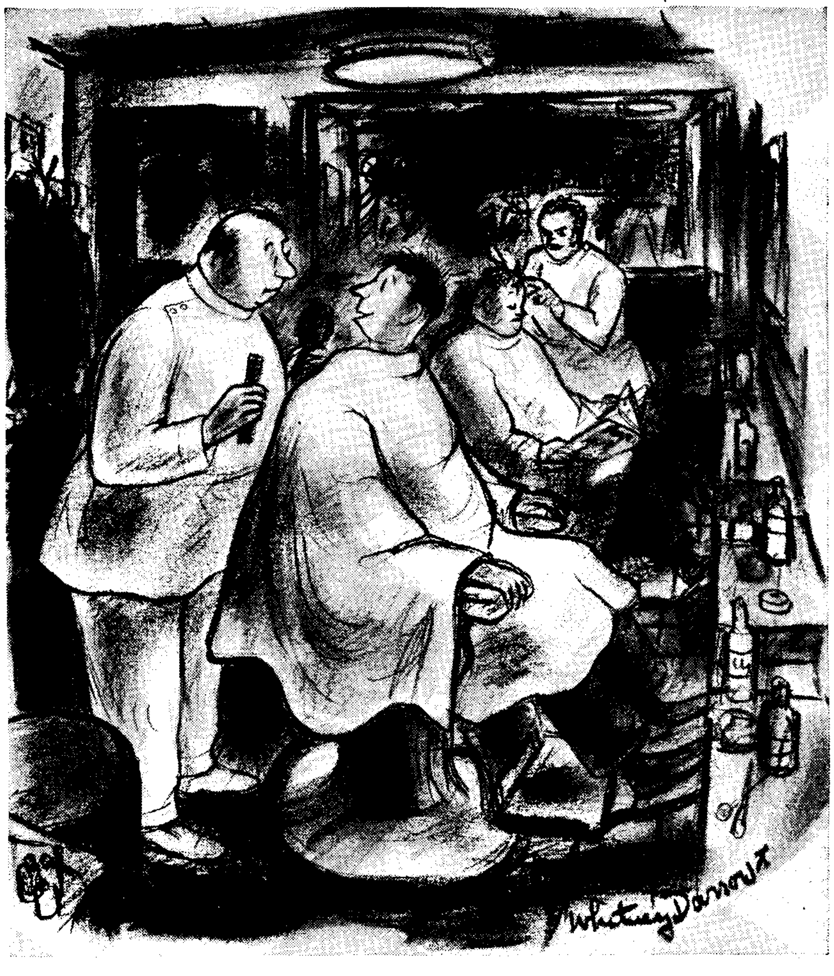
Then Gyse seized hold of the wooden beams at the place where the horse used to be harnessed to the machinery and, planting his feet in the sawdust, he heaved with all his might. It was as if the whole structure were about to crack. The machinery grated and creaked, but slowly it came into motion. Gyse kept on walking and pushing. Above his head he could hear the millstones go into motion and above their rumble the cries and shouts of the trapped soldiers. Faster and faster he walked, knowing perhaps that if he could come to a trot, that is exceed the normal pace of a horse, the millstones would be torn loose from their moorings and go careening over the floor above. Whether he knew that this would happen or not, this did as a matter of fact occur. But what he could not see was that an oil lamp was upset upstairs and that the burning oil was spreading over the floor, which was as dry as tinder. In five minutes the mill was a huge flaming torch that threw a ruddy glare on the water of the river and that could be seen for miles around. But then also the alarm had been given and the volunteer fire department of Gorcum was on the way. Soldiers were hacking at the door with axes and picks but could not break it down. Burning timbers were falling from the gallery and from there on the firefighters below. Finally a hole was chopped into the door large enough to let in one man. As this man pushed through the opening Gyse saw him by the light of the burning woodwork of the ceiling and he rushed forward. Before the impact of the dwarf the German soldier went down like a sack with Gyse on top of him, throttling the life out of him with his strong fingers. Then the building crashed.

The bodies of thirteen German soldiers were removed from the ruins the next day. But also the charred remains of two unrecognizable females. The German high command, after a thorough examination of the building, reached the conclusion that the dwarf who was found with his fingers buried deep in the throat of the dead German soldier was responsible, but that he must have acted with the connivance of others and the announcement was made that unless the citizens of Gorcum would come forward voluntarily and denounce the accomplices of Gyse Meurs, thirteen citizens, chosen by lot, would have to pay with their lives for the crime committed against the German army.

The selection of the persons to be executed in retaliation for the dwarf's insensate action of revenge had been left to the discretion of the Gestapo's representative in Gorcum, Parteigenosse Erich Schwartz. This individual, a tall, cadaverous type, who had earned his spurs in the early days of the Nazi regime by his iron nerve in administering the most atrocious tortures in the concentration camp of Oranienburg, had not taken long in making up his mind as to who should expiate for Gyse Meurs' crime. From the moment of his arrival in the town, simultaneously with the troops of the Third Prussian Regiment of Death Head Hussars, he had quietly proceeded with the arrest of those Dutch citizens whose names figured on the lists supplied him by the Ausland Amt—that is to say, the branch of the German Secret Police that keeps on file the names, addresses, past activities, business and family relationships of every individual in every city, town and village of the whole world who is either an active or a potential opponent of German fascism.

For "Political Education"

With the aid of certain sympathizers of the Nazi cause in Gorcum—half a dozen men who made up the local membership of the National Socialist Bund—Parteigenosse Schwartz had not experienced any difficulty in locating those individuals whom Berlin considered more dangerous than armed troops. He had not proceeded with their arrest in one single wholesale raid. He had these men placed in custody one by one. So as not to arouse popular indignation or to cause a sensation, they had been quietly removed from their homes in the dead of the night. In this way few in Gorcum were aware of the number of those arrested and fewer still knew where they had been taken. The usual commentary on these nocturnal disappearances was that such and such a person had been moved to Germany for a more or less lengthy period of "political education." The relatives of these men, who went to inquire at the Toll Barracks, a very old building which

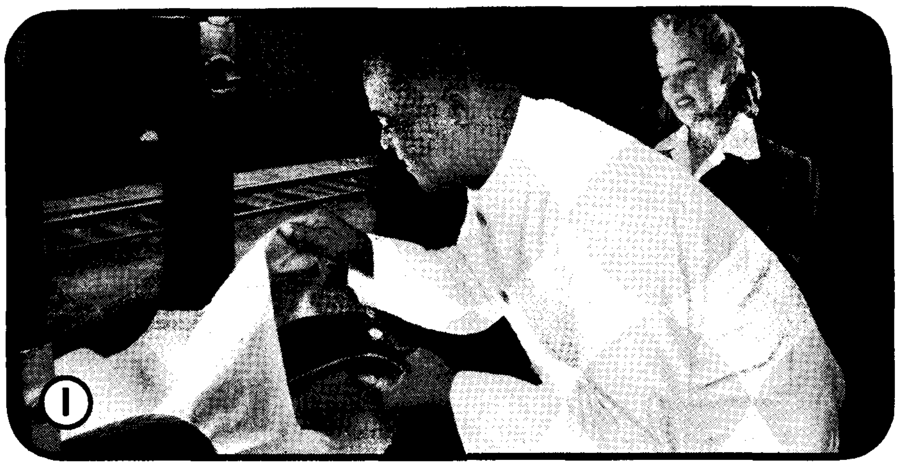


"Never mind combing it—I'm going right home to bed"

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

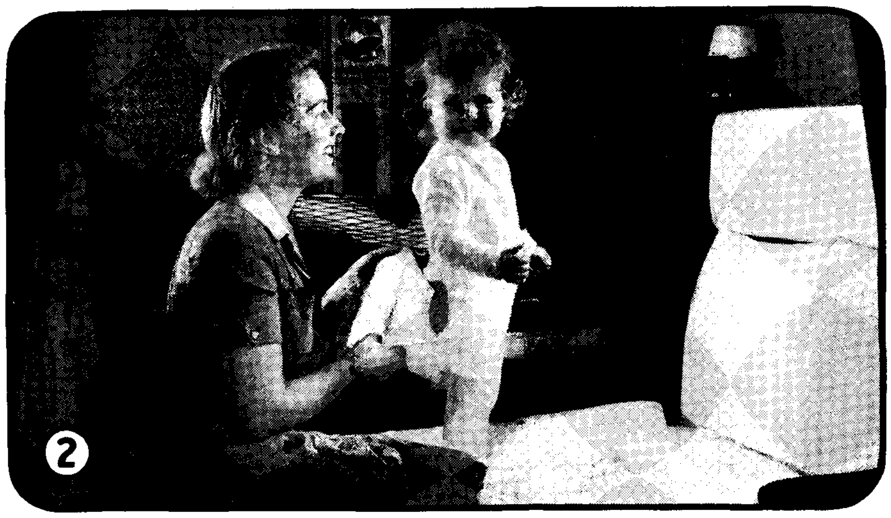
Try this Pullman QUIZ

HERE are five illustrated questions about Pullman service and the modern Pullman car. Whether you're a seasoned traveller, or whether you have yet to board a Pullman for the first time, you'll find it entertaining to see how well you "know the ropes". And you'll find, incidentally, that "knowing the ropes" will help you get more enjoyment out of that most enjoyable way to travel . . . by Pullman.



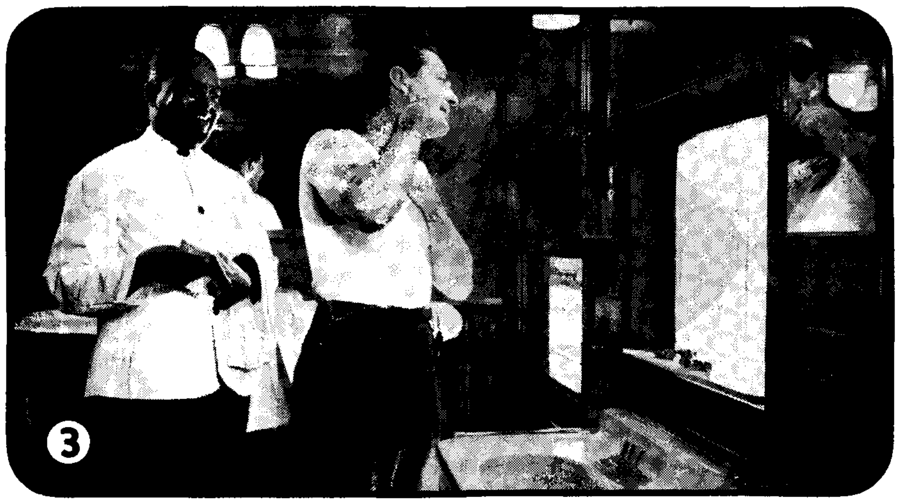
QUESTION: *All Pullman porters are carefully trained in the duties of: (1) A bed maker . . . (2) A valet . . . (3) A night watchman . . .*

ANSWER: All three. Your Pullman porter is expert at making up your bed so it's smooth and comfortable. He brushes your clothes, shines your shoes, performs a host of helpful personal services. At night, there's always a porter on call . . . to bring you, for example, a drink of water or an extra blanket.



QUESTION: *Approximately how wide and how long is your bed in a Pullman lower berth? (1) 30 in. wide by 5 ft. 10 in. long . . . (2) 33 in. wide by 6 ft. long . . . (3) 35 in. wide by 6 ft. 2 in. long . . .*

ANSWER: 35 in. wide by 6 ft. 2 in. long. For, in every way, the Pullman berth is designed to give you *home* comfort. The mattress is soft and restful; the sheets are crisp and clean; the pillows—*two* of them—are full size. Within easy reach are *two* bed lamps, coat hangers, and a shelf for your belongings.



QUESTION: *What* one *of these 14 things is* not *found in a Pullman washroom?*

1. *Washbowls*
2. *Tooth-scrubbing bowl*
3. *Mirrors*
4. *Soap*
5. *Hamper for used towels*
6. *Individual towels*
7. *Hot water*
8. *Slot for used razor blades*
9. *Outlet for electric razor*
10. *Comb and brush*
11. *Toilet*
12. *Shelf for toilet articles*
13. *Coat hangers*
14. *Lounge seats*

ANSWER: No comb and brush, for obvious sanitary reasons. But there's little else you could ask for that isn't in the spic-and-span Pullman washroom.

QUESTION: *When you have a Pullman ticket, how much extra does it cost to enjoy riding in the luxurious lounge car? (1) $1.00 extra . . . (2) Nothing . . . (3) 50% more than your Pullman space . . .*

ANSWER: Nothing. The use of the lounge . . . with its deep-cushioned chairs, convenient writing desk, racks of magazines . . . is a free privilege when you travel Pullman.

QUESTION: *What is the charge for a lower berth in a Pullman for a 300-mile trip? (1) $10.95 . . . (2) $7.50 . . . (3) $2.65 . . .*

ANSWER: $2.65. This is the Pullman charge for your space. Your first class rail fare cost is additional.

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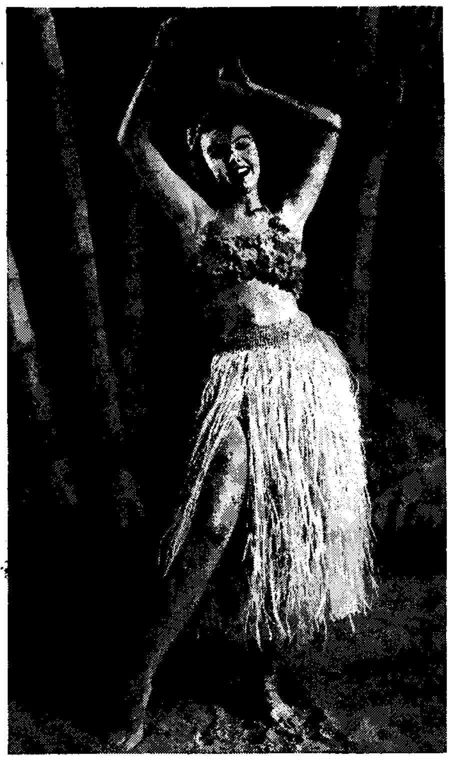
NOTE These questions and answers give you some idea of the comforts and conveniences that are yours when you travel by Pullman. Is there *any* other way to travel that offers you quite so much for so little? And that offers—in addition—peace of mind and the knowledge that you'll speed safely and surely to your journey's end.

FOR COMFORT, SAFETY AND DEPENDABILITY—GO PULLMAN

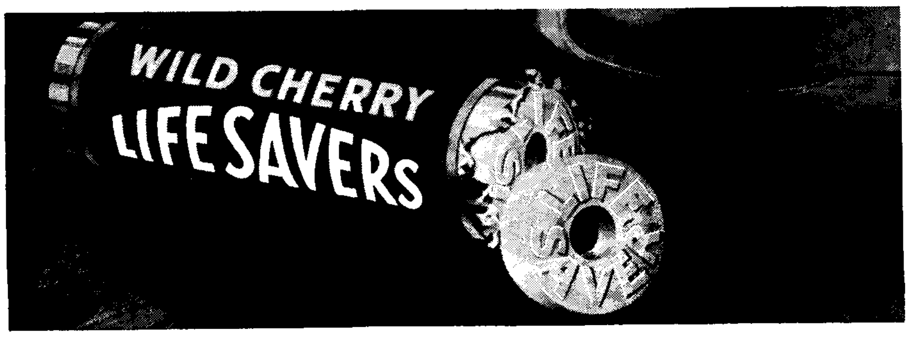
WILD CHERRY
LIFE SAVERS

"Have a Life Saver?"—a great way to start conversations. Keeps them pleasant, too, by keeping unpleasant breath in check. So have a package of friendly Wild Cherry Life Savers handy.

Fresh from the mint can describe a shiny new coin—or the way your mouth feels after cool, tingly Cryst-O-Mint Life Savers. Both are *most* agreeable.



You'll be wild, chérie, about Wild Cherry Life Savers. Delicious cherry flavor oozes from this dandy "candy with a hole." Get a pack today.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. *5¢.*

was the remnant of a huge castle and where the Gestapo had established its headquarters, were told that they would soon have their loved ones back. They had merely been sent away to receive instruction in the duties of the new European citizenship along with intellectuals and radicals from other countries occupied by the German armies.

What the relatives were not told, however, was the fact that their husbands, fathers and brothers were chained up to the walls of the old dungeons of the Toll Barracks and that day after day they were subjected to the brutality and mistreatment of the Gestapo men. It was curious, too, that in rounding up the so-called "dangerous" elements, Parteigenosse Schwartz had not paid attention to the types who might have been expected to fear a fascist conquest most.

So it was, for instance, that the only Communist member of the Town Council of Gorcum, who had also been the organizer of the local ironworkers' union, not only had not been molested, but had been placed in charge of the newly established section of the Arbeits-front.

The men who had been arrested were persons like Kees Boon, the smith and local poet, and his friend Jan Trouw, the house painter who preached on Sunday in the chapel of the Darbists. These two men, on whom even the most conservative and reactionary Gorcumers had looked in the past as harmless idealists, incapable of the least act or thought of violence, had been among the first to be taken into custody by the Gestapo. This leads one to think that the Germans entertained different notions on the subject of their innocence and harmlessness. As a matter of fact not the most vociferously patriotic citizens, those who had called for a fight to the death against the invader and who had always been in the forefront of nationalistic and patriotic endeavor, were regarded by the Germans as their most determined opponents, but rather, and strange it may seem, the men of peace at any price, the conscientious objectors, the followers of Tolstoy, the believers in nonviolence.

Tragedy for Three

The first to join Boon and Trouw in the dungeon of the Toll Barracks had been the president and officers of the district organization of "Kerk en Vrede" (Church and Peace), a young pastor from a near-by village and his colleagues from a small fortified town across the Merwede River. These men, whose fundamental idea had been the preaching of spiritual defense alone, who would have had Holland disarm completely, strip herself of army and navy, and face the world as naked as Isaiah of yore in an attitude of absolute defenselessness, they who were willing to face occupation of their country and subjugation of their people without offering the slightest opposition, in the belief that in so doing they carried out Christ's command not to resist evil, they were indicated as Germany's worst enemies. Their ideas had not had a wide following, but to the extent that their influence had made it felt, one may have expected that the Germans would have hailed them as comrades and collaborators in that they contributed something at least toward disrupting unanimity on the subject of national defense, on which Hitler's victory was partly conditioned. These were the men who had been thrown into jail. And it was out of their midst that Parteigenosse Schwartz selected the first three who were to pay with their lives for the burning of the mill and its soldier occupants.

At the last moment, the Gestapo agent changed his plans about having the execution take place in public. He could not keep up the pretense that his prisoners had been sent to Germany for political re-education and yet produce them at so short a notice before the firing squad in the town square or on the bowling green.

Parteigenosse Schwartz of the Gestapo had decided that the execution was to take place on the rifle range behind the Toll Barracks, an area that was closed to the public. The three men he selected were Sylvan de Wit, a plumber; Jan Trouw, the preacher-house painter; and a schoolmaster named Gerrit Jan Strang. The three were informed of their fate at noon, three hours before their death.

A request to see their wives and children for a last time, which Baron von Schwabenfels had granted, was later countermanded by Schwartz. The only witnesses of the execution were the inhabitants of those houses whose rear garden walls touched on the rifle range. Some of them watched the strange procession which came out of the iron cellar door of the Toll Barracks that afternoon. I have it from one of the spectators who stood behind the Venetian blinds in his room looking across his small garden through a pair of binoculars how his attention was drawn to the scene by the voices of the three condemned men themselves.

Hail to the New Order!

Their faces could be seen plainly. The three men looked grimy and unkempt. My old friend, Jan Trouw, was almost unrecognizable. His left eye was swollen horribly and the lower part of his face was covered with a heavy growth of beard. . . . They were chained together. Sylvan de Wit was weeping and had to be assisted by one of the soldiers as the party climbed the stone steps that lead to the rifle range. There were twelve soldiers in the squad. An officer preceded them, while the Gestapo agent, Schwartz, followed behind. The three were placed under an elm tree. Schwartz advanced to read something to them in German of which they did not understand a word, of course. The Gestapo man read quickly and in a monotonous tone of voice. Suddenly the sound of the carillon in St. John's tower disturbed the summer afternoon's stillness. Instinctively the faces of the three men turned in the tower's direction. And then, without paying any more attention to Schwartz reading the verdict, the three of them fell in with the tune, singing the words with broken voices:

"The Lord is great. His Name is great, the wonder of His works is great, endlessly great His love! . . ."

When the three condemned men began to sing Schwartz looked at them in surprise and ran back quickly toward the firing squad. . . . At the same moment the command rang out: Fire! When the smoke had cleared away the secret onlookers saw that De Wit and Strang had fallen flat on their faces, but Jan Trouw was on his knees, trying to raise himself. Blood was coloring his shirt in dark red blotches. . . . Schwartz walked over in swift steps to where Trouw was kneeling. He held a revolver in his right hand. Trouw had almost raised himself, but Schwartz fired and he fell. Yet again the painter rose to his knees. This time Schwartz kicked him in the face with full force. Sinking back, Jan Trouw pointed a finger at the Gestapo man and called out: "And yet you too are human beings!"

For answer Schwartz bent over and, steadying his revolver in the crook of his elbow, fired once more. . . .

The new order had been established in Gorcum!

The Pied Piper

Continued from page 18

perhaps. Then she will be quite well again." She smoothed the bed and crossed to Howard, sitting on a chair still holding Sheila in his arms. "There, monsieur. All is now ready."

The old man looked up at her. "I thank you," he said courteously. "One thing more: If I put her to bed now, would you come back and stay with her while I go to get a doctor?"

The woman said, "But certainly, monsieur. The poor little one!" She watched him as he began to undress Sheila on his lap; at the disturbance she began to cry. The Frenchwoman smiled broadly, and began a stream of motherly French chatter to the child, who gradually stopped crying. In a minute or so Howard had surrendered Sheila to her and was watching. The maid looked up at him. "Go and look for your doctor, monsieur, if you wish. I will stay with them for a little."

HE LEFT them, and went down to the desk in the hall, and asked where he could find a doctor. In the thronging crowd the girl paused for a moment. "I do not know, m'sieur . . . yes. One of the officers dining in the restaurant—he is a *médecin major*."

The old man pressed into the crowded restaurant. Practically every table was taken by officers, for the most part glum and silent. After some inquiry he found the *médecin major* just finishing his meal, and explained the position to him. The man took up his red velvet cap and followed him upstairs.

Ten minutes later he said, "Be easy, monsieur. She must stay warm in bed tomorrow, and perhaps longer—she has a fever. But tomorrow I think that there will be no fever any more."

Howard asked, "What has she got?"

The man shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "She is not infectious. Perhaps she has been hot, and playing in a current of air. Children, you understand, get fever easily. The temperature goes up quite high and very quickly. Then in a few hours, down again. . . ."

He turned away. "Keep her in bed, monsieur. And light food only; I will tell madame below. No wine."

"No," said Howard. He took out his notecase. "Without doubt," he said, "there is a fee."

A note passed. The Frenchman folded it and put it in the breast pocket of his tunic. He paused for a moment. "You go to England?" he inquired.

Howard nodded. "I shall take them to Paris as soon as she can travel, and then to England by St. Malo."

There was a momentary silence. The officer stood for a moment staring at the child in the bed. At last he said, "It may be necessary that you should go to Brest. Always, there will be boats for England at Brest."

The old man stared at him. "But there is a service from St. Malo."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "It is very near the front. Perhaps there will be only military traffic there." He hesitated, and then said, "It seems that the Boches have crossed the Seine, near Rheims. Only a few, you understand. They will be easily thrown back."

He turned and went downstairs. Howard followed him, and got from the restaurant a jug of cold milk and a few little plain cakes for the children and, as an afterthought, a couple of feet of bread for his own supper. He carried these things through the crowded hall and up the stairs to his own room, afraid to leave the children very long.

He gave the children their supper of cakes, and milk out of a tooth glass; Sheila seemed cooler, and drank her milk with very little coaxing. Then it was time to put Ronnie to bed in the big bed beside his sister. The little boy asked, "Where are my pajamas?"

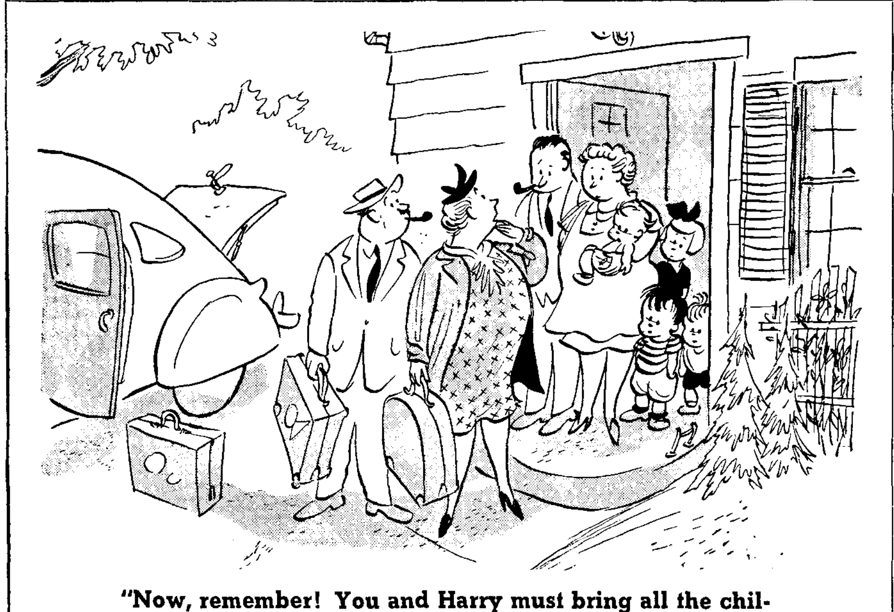
Howard said, "At the station. We'll put you into bed in your shirt for a start, just for fun. Then get your pajamas."

He made a game of it with them, and tucked them up carefully one at each side of the big bed, with a bolster down the middle. "Now you be good," he said. "I'm just going to get the luggage. I'll leave the light on."

He left them and went down to the hall. The restaurant and the café were more crowded than ever; in the throng there was no hope at all of getting anyone to help him with the luggage. He pushed his way to the door and went out into the street, bewildered at the atmosphere of the town, and more than a little worried.

The station, again, was thronged with troops. Howard crossed to the arrival platform and searched painstakingly for his luggage among the recumbent forms. He found the tin case with his rods and he found the small attaché case; the suitcase had vanished, nor could he discover any trace of the registered luggage.

He had not expected any more, but



"Now, remember! You and Harry must bring all the children and come visit— Good heavens, what am I saying!"

DAVID C. GERARD

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See if this marvelous NEW Schick
doesn't give you the safest, slickest,
QUICKEST shaves ever!

When more than 3 million men shell out 40 million dollars—they ain't foolin'—and nobody's fooling *them!*

And that's what more than 3 million men have done to get *quick*, clean, close shaves the Schick way. More than half the electric shavers in use are Schicks.

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Watch your whiskers disappear as the sensational 2-M Hollow-Ground Head gently arches the skin surface and makes the beard stand up to be cut down—with never a nick, scrape, burn or pull.

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SCHICK COLONEL—*executed in rich, ivory plastic with gold-colored trim and* hinged *Whisk-Its. Complete, in simulated alligator tuck-away case,* **$15.00.*** (*Or, packed in de luxe Dress Kit,* **$17.50**)

SCHICK FLYER—*executed in burgundy plastic with silver-colored trim and* hinged *Whisk-Its. Packed in soft pouch,* **$12.50.*** *Standard equipment on Pan American Airways and other leading airlines.*

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And it's yours for only $3.00 (slightly higher in Canada). You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer or to a Schick Shaver Service Office in:

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ATLANTA
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
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111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
553 Andrews Bldg.
CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
301 Swetland Bldg.
COLUMBUS, O.
633 Hunt'gton B'k Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
906 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind't'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
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INDIANAPOLIS
703 Merchants B'k Bldg.
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702 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
401 RKO Hillstreet Bldg.
MIAMI
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NEWARK, N. J.
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210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
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SEE THAT IT'S
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AC Oil Filters Keep Clean

DIRTY OIL
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Your service man will tell you that you invite expense if you drive with dirty oil. The reason is simply this,—dirt and sludge clog the oil passages, or slots, in the piston rings. When this occurs, those rings can no longer do their job. Then, oil and gas are wasted, carbon forms faster, and what's called an "engine overhaul" becomes necessary sooner.

Fortunately, it's easy to check the cleanness of your oil. Just—

1. Drive into your neighborhood AC Oil Filter Service Station, —there's one near you.
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3. Look at the spot on the Oil Test Pad. If it's dirty, your oil needs changing, and you should either renew your oil filter or have a filter installed.

It's no bother—it costs nothing. Yet, checking your oil for dirt is a sure way to more economical motoring.

"AC GETS the DIRT"
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OIL FILTERS

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AC Oil Filters continuously remove all dust, dirt, and sludge from engine oil. So, they give complete filter protection,—second to none in its thoroughness, size for size.

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P. S. Change your oil as your service man recommends.

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the loss of the suitcase was a serious matter. He knew that when he got to Paris he would find the registered luggage waiting for him in the *consigne,* were it six months later. But the suitcase had apparently been stolen; either that, or it had been placed in safekeeping by some zealous railway official. Under the circumstances that did not seem probable. He would look for it in the morning; in the meantime they must all get on without pajamas for the night. He made his way back to the hotel and up to the bedroom again.

Both children were sleeping. Sheila was hot and restless and had thrown off most of her coverings. He spread them over her more lightly and stretched himself to sleep uneasily in the armchair, desperately worried over what the next day would bring. One fact consoled him: he had his rods quite safe.

DAWN came at five and found him still dozing uneasily. The children woke soon after that and began chattering and playing in the bed; the old man stirred and sat up stiffly in his chair. He rubbed a hand over his face; he was feeling very ill. Then the children claimed his attention and he got up to put them right.

There was no chance of any further sleep; already there was much tramping to and fro in the hotel. In the station yard outside his window, lorries, tanks and guns were on the move; the grinding of the caterpillar treads, the roar of exhausts, the chink of harness and the stamping of the teams made up a melody of war. He turned back to the children; Sheila was better, but still obviously unwell. He brought the basin to the bed and washed her face and arms; then he combed her hair with the small pocket comb that he had found in the attaché case, one of the few small toilet articles he had. He took her temperature, under the arm for fear that she might chew on the thermometer.

It came out a degree above normal; he tried vainly to recall how much he should add on for the arm. In any case it didn't matter much; she'd have to stay in bed. He got Ronnie up, washed him, and set him to dress himself; then he sponged over his own face and rang the bell for the *femme de chambre.* He was unshaven, but that could wait.

She came presently, and exclaimed when she saw the chair and coverlet. "Monsieur has slept so?" she said. "But there was room in bed for all of you!"

He felt a little foolish. "The little one is ill," he said. "When a child is ill, she should have room. I was quite comfortable."

Her eyes softened, and she clucked her tongue again. "Tonight I will find another mattress," she said. "Be assured, monsieur, I will arrange something."

He ordered coffee and rolls and jam; she went away and came back presently with a loaded tray. As she set it down upon the dressing table, he ventured, "I must go out this morning to look for my luggage, and to buy a few things. I will take the little boy with me; I shall not be very long. Would you listen for the little girl, in case she cries?"

The woman beamed at him. "Assuredly. But it will not be necessary for Monsieur to hurry. I will bring *la petite* Rose, and she can play with the little sick one."

Howard said, "Rose?"

He stood for ten minutes, listening to a torrent of family history. Little Rose was eight years old, the daughter of the woman's brother, who was in England. No doubt Monsieur had met her brother? Tenois was the name, Henri Tenois. He was in London, the wine waiter at the Hotel Dickens, in Russell Square. He was a widower, so the *femme de chambre* made a home for *la petite* Rose. And so on, minute after minute.

Howard had to exercise a good deal of tact to get rid of her before his coffee cooled.

An hour later, spruce and shaved and leading Ronnie by the hand, he went to the station. For half an hour they searched the platforms, still thronged with the tired troops, but found no sign of the lost suitcase. Nor could the overworked and worried officials give any help.

They left the station and walked up toward the center of the town to buy pajamas for the children. They bought some purple sweets called *cassis* to take back with them for Sheila, and they bought a large green picture book called *Babar the Elephant.* Then they turned back to the hotel.

Ronnie said presently, "There's a motorcar from England, monsieur. What sort is it?"

The old man said, "I don't suppose I can tell you that." But he looked across the road to the filling station. It was a big open touring car, roughly sprayed dull green all over, much splashed and stained with mud. It was evidently weeks since it had had a wash. Around it, two or three men were bustling to get it filled with petrol, oil and water. One of them was manipulating the air hose at the wheels.

One of the men seemed vaguely familiar to the old man. He stopped and stared across the road, trying to place where they had met. Then he remembered; it was in his club six months before. The man was Roger Dickinson; something to do with a newspaper. The Morning Record—that was it. He was quite a well-known man in his own line.

Howard crossed the road to him, leading Ronnie by the hand. "Good morning," he said. "Mr. Roger Dickinson, isn't it?"

The man turned quickly, cloth in hand; he had been cleaning off the wind screen. Recognition dawned in his eyes. "I remember," he said. "In the Wanderers Club . . ."

"Howard is the name."

"I remember." The man stared at him. "What are you doing now?"

The old man said, "I'm on my way to Paris, but I'm hung up here for a few days, I'm afraid." He told Dickinson about Sheila.

The newspaperman said, "You'd better get out quick. The Germans are across the Marne." The old man stared at him. "And now the Italians are coming up from the south."

THERE was a momentary silence. "What did you say that the Italians were doing?"

"They've declared war on France. Didn't you know?"

The old man shook his head. "Nobody told me that."

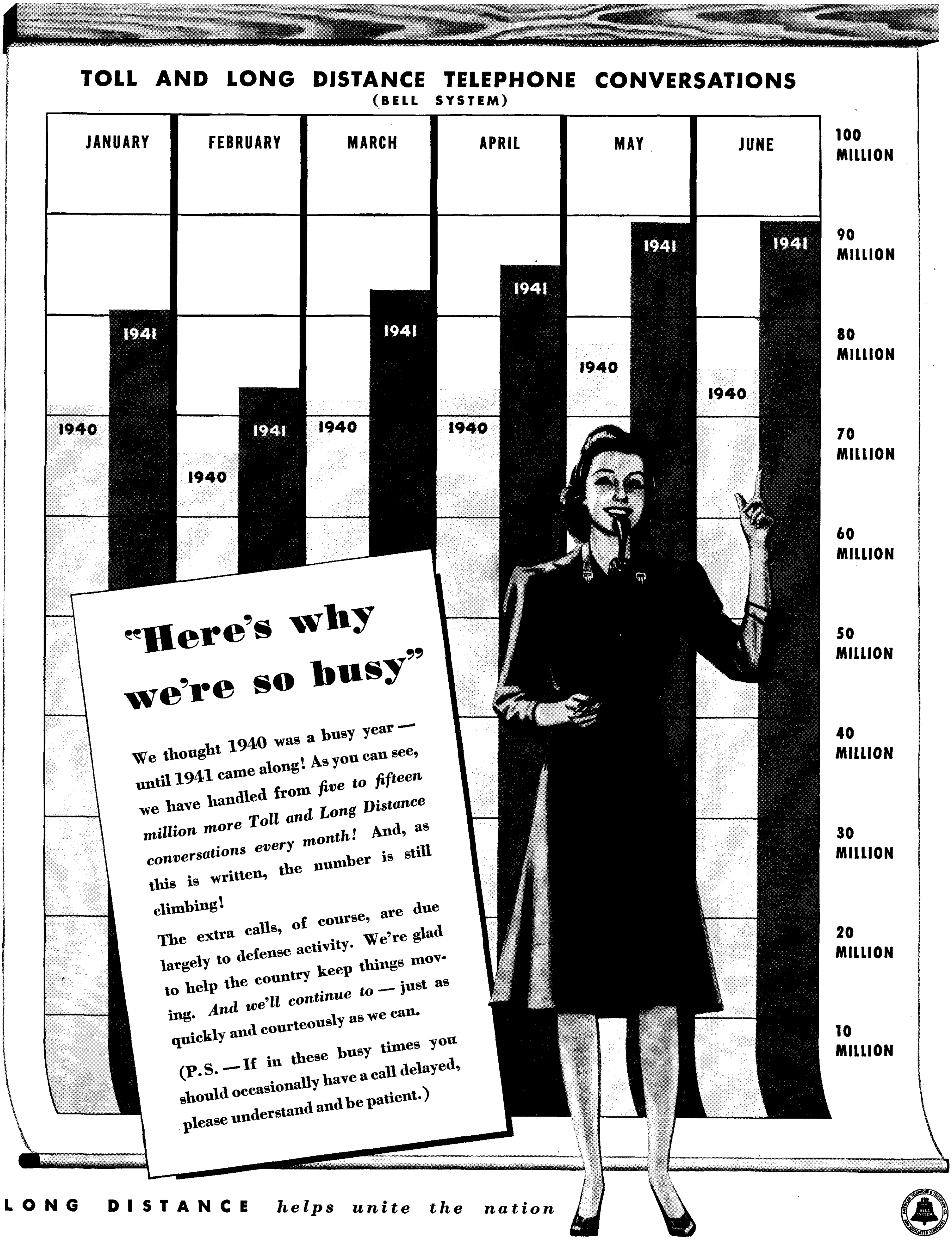
"It only happened yesterday. The French may not have announced it yet, but it's true enough."

By their side a little petrol flooded out from the full tank onto the road; one of the men removed the hose and slammed the snap catch of the filler cap with a metallic clang. "That's the lot," he said to Dickinson. "I'll slip across and get a few cakes, and then we'd better get going."

Dickinson turned to Howard. "You must get out of this," he said. "At once. You'll be all right if you can get to Paris by tonight—at least, I think you will. There are boats still running from St. Malo."

The old man stared at him. "That's out of the question, Dickinson. The other child has got a temperature."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I tell you honestly, the French won't hold. They're broken now—al-



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(BELL SYSTEM)

"Here's why we're so busy"

We thought 1940 was a busy year — until 1941 came along! As you can see, we have handled from *five to fifteen million more Toll and Long Distance conversations every month!* And, as this is written, the number is still climbing!

The extra calls, of course, are due largely to defense activity. We're glad to help the country keep things moving. *And we'll continue to* — just as quickly and courteously as we can.

(P.S. — If in these busy times you should occasionally have a call delayed, please understand and be patient.)

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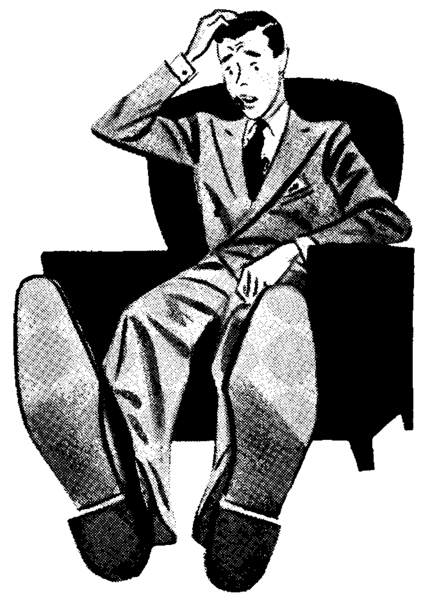
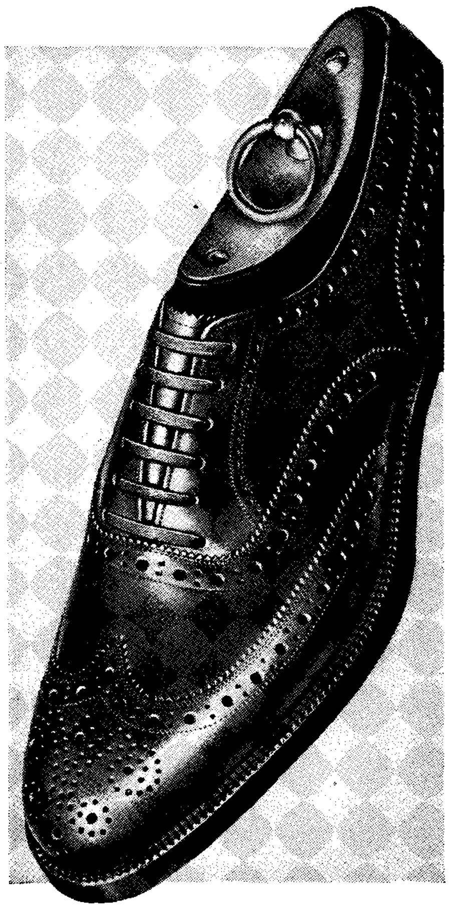


Are you walking on FLAT TIRES?



DOES "all-out" effort leave you all-in? Do your feet let you down about 4 P.M.? Here's a shoe that will help keep you fresh and going top speed.

Built right into its flexible sole is the scientific Spring Arch.* Cushioned on live rubber... acts like a shock-absorber ... puts extra spring in your stride.

MAYFAIR. Antique tan brogue. Or black calf with straight tip. Walk-Over prices $7.95 to $12.50. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

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WALK·OVER

Shoes with the Spring Arch

ready. I'm not being a sensationalist. It's true."

Howard stood staring up the street. "Where are you making for?"

"I'm going down into Savoy to see what the Italians are doing in that part. And then, we're getting out. Maybe Marseilles, perhaps across the frontier into Spain."

The old man smiled. "Good luck," he said. "Don't get too near the fighting."

The other said, "What are you going to do, yourself?"

"I don't quite know. I'll have to think about it."

He turned away toward the hotel, leading Ronnie by the hand.

Up in the bedroom things were very happy. *La petite* Rose was there, a shy little girl with long black hair and an advanced maternal instinct. Already Sheila was devoted to her. *La petite* Rose had made a rabbit from two of Howard's dirty handkerchiefs and three little bits of string, and this rabbit had a burrow in the bedclothes on Ronnie's side of the bed; when you said "Boo" he dived back into his burrow, manipulated ingeniously by *la petite* Rose. Sheila, bright-eyed, struggled to tell old Howard all about it in mixed French and English. In the middle of their chatter three airplanes passed very low over the station and the hotel.

Howard undid his parcels and gave Sheila the picture book about Babar the Elephant. Babar was an old friend of *la petite* Rose, and well known; she took the book and drew Ronnie to the bed, and began to read the story to them. The little boy soon tired of it; airplanes were more in his line, and he went and leaned out of the window hoping to see another one go by.

Howard left them there, and went down to the restaurant where he ordered lunch to be sent up to the bedroom, both for himself and for the children.

It came presently, brought by the *femme de chambre*. There was much excited French about the pictures of Babar and about the handkerchief rabbit. The woman beamed all over; it was the sort of party that she understood.

Howard said, "It has been very, very kind of you to let *la petite* Rose be with *la petite* Sheila. Already they are friends."

The woman spoke volubly: "It is nothing, monsieur—nothing at all. Rose likes more than anything to play with little children, or with kittens, or young dogs. Truly, she is a little mother, that one." She rubbed the child's head affectionately. "She will come back after luncheon, if monsieur desires."

Sheila said, "I want Rose to come back after luncheon, Monsieur Howard."

He said slowly, "You'd better go to sleep after luncheon." He turned to the woman. "If she could come back at four o'clock?" To Rose, "Would you like to come and have tea with us this afternoon—English tea?"

She said shyly, *"Oui, monsieur."*

SHE went away, and Howard gave the children their dinner. Sheila was still hot with a slight temperature. He put the tray outside the door when they had finished, and made Ronnie lie down on the bed with his sister.

Later in the afternoon, when the children were asleep, he took a long walk.

When he returned, things were still happy in the bedroom. *La petite* Rose, it seemed, knew a game which involved the imitation of animals in endless repetition:

"My great-aunt lives in Tours,
In a house with a cherry tree
With a little mouse (squeak, squeak)
And a big lion (roar, roar)
And a wood pigeon (coo, coo) . . ."

and so on quite indefinitely. It was a game that made no great demand on the intelligence, and Sheila wanted nothing better. Presently they were all playing it; it was so that the *femme de chambre* found them.

She came in with tea, laughing all over her face. "In Touraine I learned that, as a little girl, myself," she said. "It is pretty, is it not? All children like 'My Great-Aunt Lives in Tours'—always, always. In England, monsieur, do the children play like that?"

"Much the same," he said. "Children in every country play the same games."

They played a little more after tea; then Howard washed the children as the *femme de chambre* remade the bed. She helped him to undress them and put them into their new pajamas; then she held Sheila on her capacious lap while the old man took her temperature carefully under the arm. It was still a degree or so above normal though the child was obviously better; whatever had been wrong with her was passing off. It would not be right, he decided, to travel on the next day; he had no wish to be held up with another illness in less comfortable surroundings. But on the day after that, he thought it should be possible to get away. If they started very early in the morning they would get through to St. Malo in the day. He would see about the car that night.

Presently both the children were in bed, and were kissed good night. He stood in the passage outside the room with the *femme de chambre* and her little girl. "Tonight, monsieur," she said, "presently, when they are asleep, I will bring a mattress and make up a bed for Monsieur on the floor. It will be better than the armchair, that."

"You are very kind," he said. "I don't know why you should be so very, very good to us. I am most grateful."

She said, "But, monsieur, it is you who are kind. . . ."

He went down to the lobby, wondering a little at the effusive nature of the French.

Again the hotel was full of officers. He pushed his way to the desk, and said to the girl, "I want to hire a car, not now, but the day after tomorrow—for a long journey. Can you tell me which garage would be the best?"

She said: "For a long journey, monsieur? How far?"

"To St. Malo, in Normandy. The little girl is still not very well. I think it will be easier to take her home by car."

She said doubtfully, "The Garage Citroën would be the best. But it will not be easy, monsieur. You understand—the cars have all been taken for the army. It would be easier to go by train."

He shook his head. "I'd rather go by car."

She eyed him for a moment. "Monsieur is going away, then, the day after tomorrow?"

"Yes, if the little girl is well enough to travel."

She said awkwardly, "I am desolated, but it will be necessary for Monsieur to go then, at the latest. If the little one is still ill, we will try to find a room for monsieur in the town. But we have heard this afternoon, the hotel is to be taken over tomorrow by the *Bureau Principal* of the railway, from Paris."

He stared at her. "Are they moving the offices from Paris, then?"

She shook her head. "I only know what I have told you, monsieur. All our guests must leave."

HE WAS silent for a minute. Then he said, "What did you say was the name of the garage?"

"The Garage Citroën, monsieur. I will telephone and ask them, if you wish."

He said, "Please do."

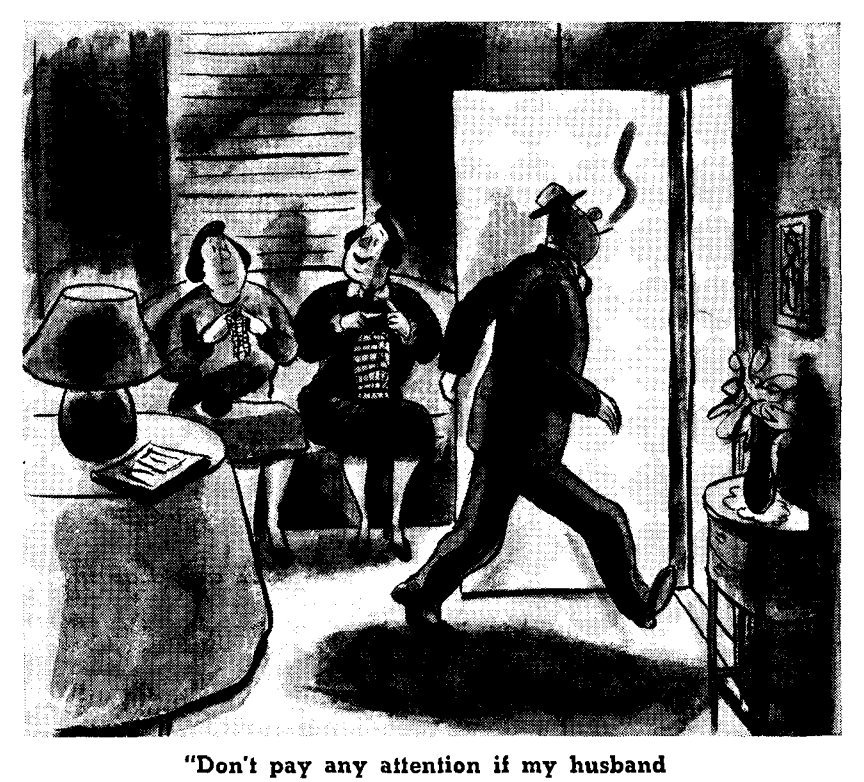
She turned away and went into the box; he waited at the desk, worried and anxious.

She came back presently. "It is impossible," she said. "There is no car available for such a journey. I regret—Monsieur Duval the proprietor of the garage regrets also—but Monsieur will have to go by train."

He said very quietly, "Surely, it would be possible to arrange something. There must be a car of some sort or another."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Monsieur could go to see Monsieur Duval, perhaps, at the garage. If anybody in Dijon could produce a car for such a journey it would be he."

She gave him directions for finding the garage; ten minutes later he was in the Frenchman's office. The garage owner was quite positive. "A car, yes," he declared. "That is the least thing, monsieur; I could find the car. But petrol—not a liter that has not been taken by the army. Only by fraud can I get petrol for the car—you understand? And then, the roads. It is not possible to make one's way along the road to



"Don't pay any attention if my husband slams the door—he's a sound-effects man"

IRVING ROIR

FIRST CHOICE *OF THE RAILROADS TODAY!*

THE streamliner pictured here is more than "the locomotive of tomorrow." It is the No. 1 locomotive of *today*.

Authority for this statement is the fact that American railroads, for the past four years, have bought more GM locomotives than locomotives of any other kind.

And in this achievement you see a typical example of the progressive benefits that General Motors enterprise makes possible.

The Diesel engine that drives these swift and thrifty locomotives was born of General Motors research in internal combustion engines. And from our practical experience in manufacturing motors, generators, frames, bodies and hundreds of other parts—came the processes by which all such units are now made and assembled into complete locomotives in the largest self-contained locomotive factory in the world.

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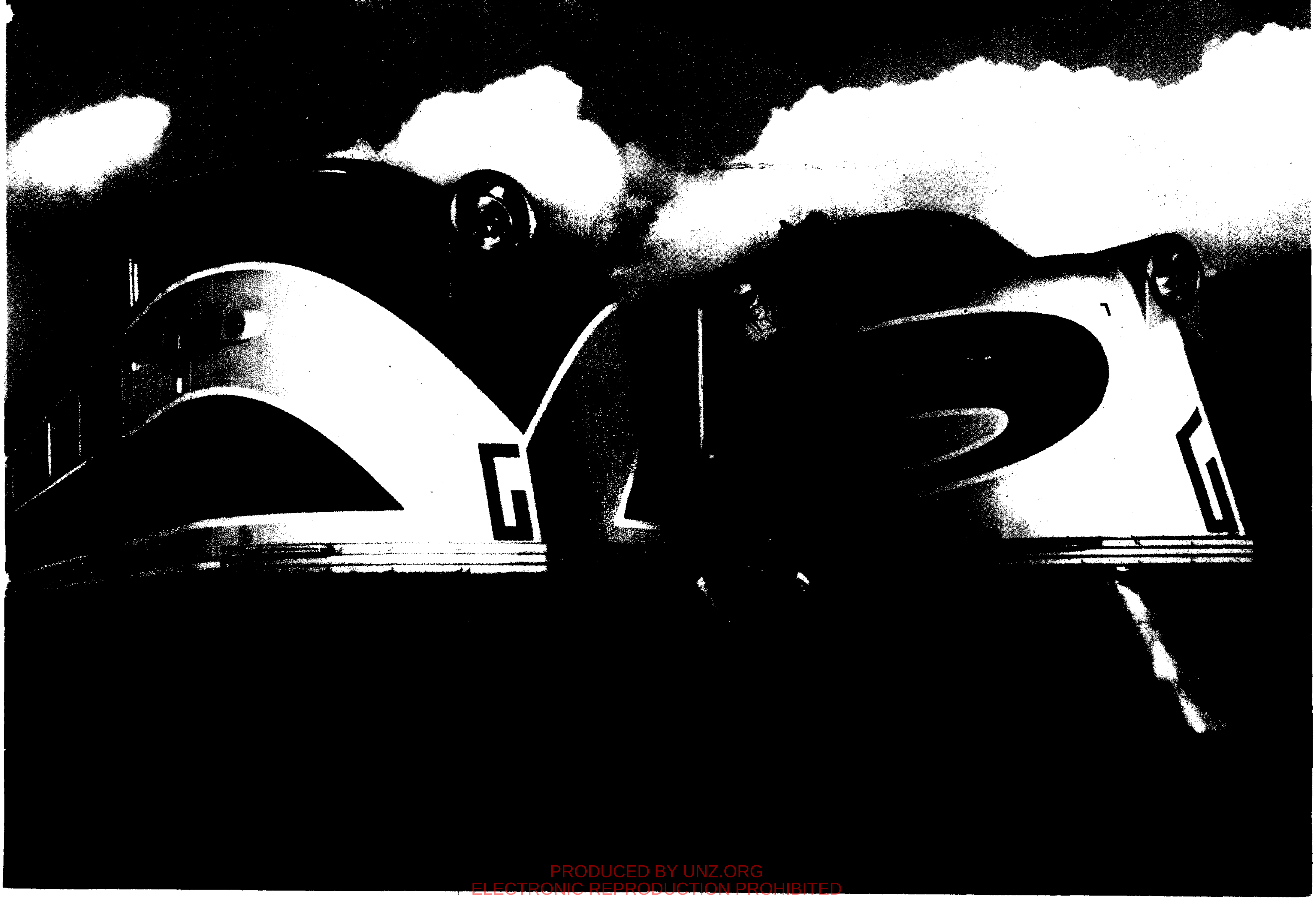

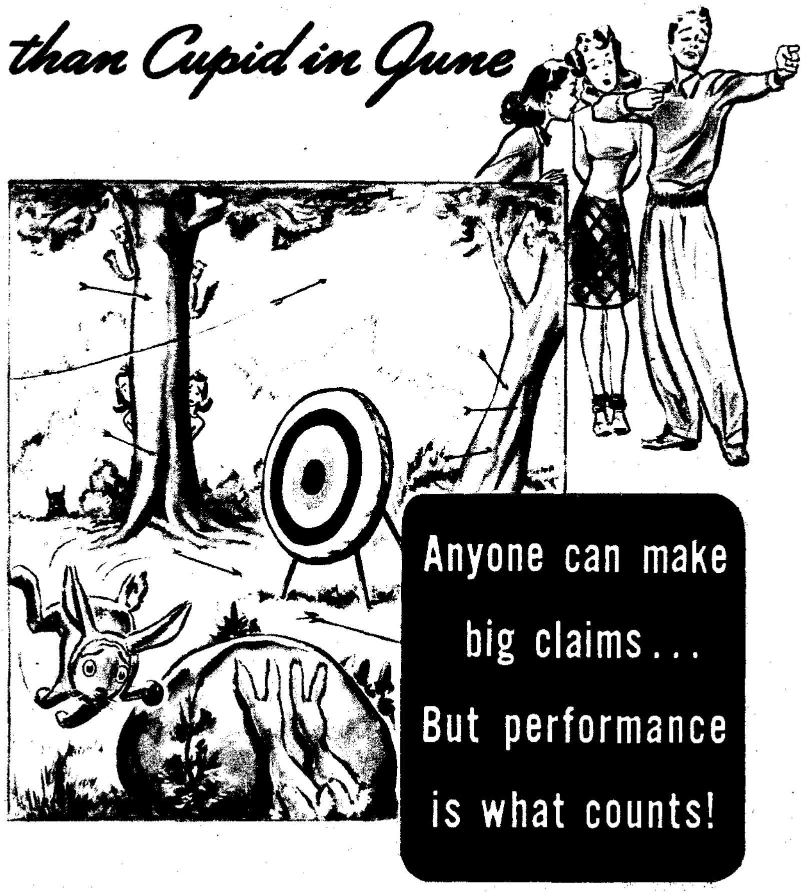

HE SOUNDS OFF LIKE WILLIAM TELL ....*But he's wilder than Cupid in June*

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Paris, not possible at all, monsieur!"

The old man was silent.

The Frenchman said, "If Monsieur wishes to get back to England he should go by train, and he should go very soon."

Howard thanked him for the advice, and went back to the hotel. In the lobby the girl said to him: "Monsieur has found a car?"

He shook his head. "I shall stay here till the day after tomorrow. Then, if the little girl is well, we will go on by train."

He paused. "One thing, mademoiselle: I shall only be able to take one little bag for the three of us, that I can carry myself. If I leave my fishing rods, would you look after them for me for a time?"

"But certainly, monsieur. They will be quite safe."

He went into the restaurant and found a seat for dinner. It was a great relief to him that he had found a means to place his rods in safety. Now that that little problem had been solved, he was amazed to find how greatly it had been distressing him; with that disposed of he could face the future with a calmer mind.

He went up to the bedroom shortly after dinner. The *femme de chambre* met him in the corridor, the yellow, dingy corridor of bedrooms, lit only by a low-power lamp without a shade. "I have made monsieur a bed upon the floor," she said in a low tone. "You will see." She turned away.

"That was very kind of you," he said. He paused, and looked curiously at her. In the dim light he could not see very clearly, but he had the impression that she was sobbing.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked gently.

She lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes. "It is nothing," she muttered. "Nothing at all."

He hesitated, irresolute. He could not leave her, could not just walk into his bedroom and shut the door, if she was in trouble. She had been too helpful with the children. "Is it madame?" he said. "Has she complained about your work? If so, I will speak to her. I will tell her how much you have helped me."

She shook her head, and wiped her eyes. "It is not that, monsieur," she said. "But—I am dismissed. I am to go tomorrow."

He was amazed. "But why?"

"Five years," she said. "Five years I have been with madame—in all seasons of the year, monsieur—five years continuously! And now, to be dismissed at the day! It is intolerable, that." She began to weep a little louder.

The old man said, "But why has madame done this?"

She said, "Have you not heard? The hotel is closing tomorrow. It is to be an office for the railway." She raised her tear-stained face. "All of us are dismissed, monsieur. I do not know what will happen to me, and *la petite* Rose."

HE WAS dumfounded, not knowing what to say to help the woman. Obviously if the hotel was to be an office for the railway staff there would be no need for any chambermaid; the whole hotel staff would have to go. He hesitated, irresolute.

"You will be all right," he said at last. "It will be easy for so good a *femme de chambre* as you to get another job."

She shook her head. "It is not so. All the hotels are closing, and what family can now afford a servant? You are kind, monsieur, but it is not so. I do not know how we shall live."

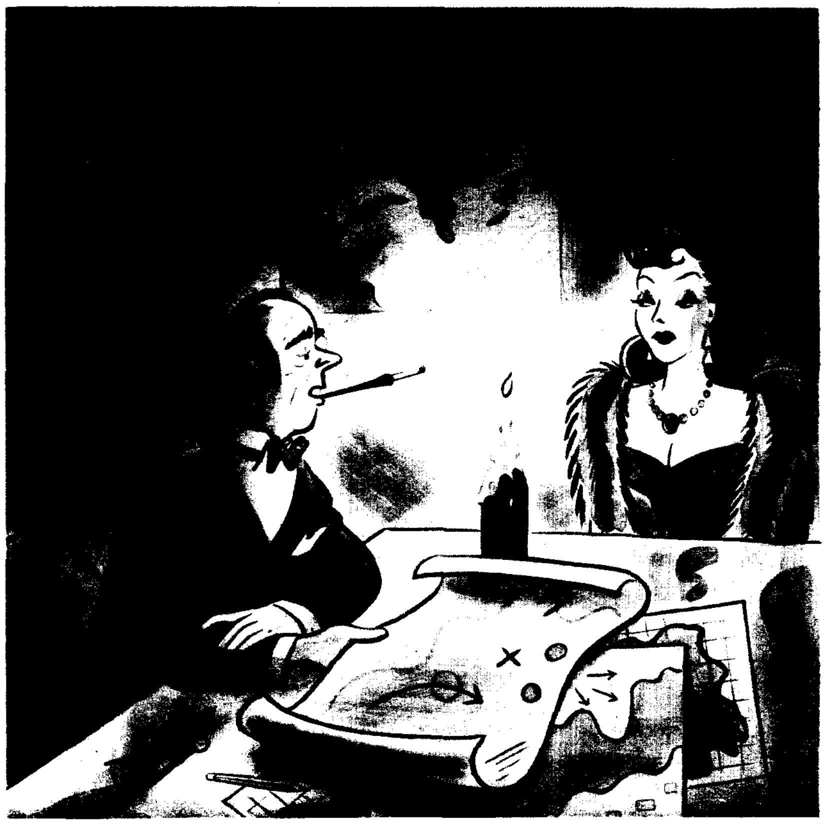
"You have some relations, or family, that you can go to, no doubt?"

"There is nobody, monsieur. Only my brother, father of little Rose, and he is in England."

Howard remembered the wine waiter at the Dickens Hotel in Russell Square. He said a word or two of meager comfort and optimism to the woman; presently he escaped into the bedroom. It was impossible for him to give her any help in her great trouble.

She had made him quite a comfortable bed upon a mattress laid upon the floor. He went over to the children's bed and took a look at them; they were sleeping very deeply though Sheila still seemed hot. He sat for a little, reading in the armchair, but he soon grew tired; he had not slept properly the night before and he had had an anxious and a worrying day. Presently he undressed, and went to bed upon the floor.

(To be continued next week)



"I think we have a leak around here. The Army seems to be getting their plans before we get them" FRANK BEAVEN

The Trap

Continued from page 19

seat and tried to rest. Her nerves were electric; her mind raced on and on. She saw Huck on his westbound train: twenty, thirty, fifty miles from New York by now. She saw him, tall and well-dressed and smiling and affable. The breaks were with him. The breaks were always with him. Luck, the curse of his life.

It wasn't Huck's fault. Huck couldn't help it. Huck could never help it.

Her face was white and strained. She brought out her lipstick and brightened her lips to a vivid crimson. She left the train at 79th Street.

She stopped at a market on Amsterdam and bought some lamb chops and broccoli and went down 77th to a grimy red brick building on the corner at Columbus and went up in the ancient elevator to the sixth floor. She was home.

There was a long entrance hall, the plaster painted a smoke-stained yellow, a bedroom, a living room—a corner living room with large, sunny windows that looked on the turrets of the Museum and the dome of the Planetarium and the little green park across the street—and a kitchenette and a bath. It was a nice apartment. Johnny thought so. It cost sixty a month, a lot of rent on a cop's pay, but he wanted the best.

SHE changed her dress. She put on a gingham. The lamb chops went on the little gas range, and potatoes to be mashed, and the broccoli. Why had she gotten that? She never touched it.

She opened out the table in the living room and carried dishes in from the kitchenette to set it. She lit a cigarette. She journeyed back and forth from the living room to the kitchenette, her high heels rapping briefly on the uncarpeted space in the hall.

She switched on only one lamp in the living room when she pulled down the shades. There shouldn't be too much light. She brought out the silver salt and pepper shakers Johnny's sergeant had given them, and the crystal the district attorney had sent. Johnny would like it.

His key snapped the lock and she stiffened for an instant, gathering her nerves, smoothing the starched skirt, flattening the collar so that it lay close over her breasts, and then she turned into the hall and cried, "Johnny!" and ran toward him.

He took her in his arms and held her close to him.

He bent his head and kissed her cheek. He said huskily, "How's the kid tonight?"

"A little tired." She made a great effort and controlled her voice. She kept her face hidden from his eyes. She had not thought it would be so hard. She called on the image of Huck to help her. The tone of Johnny's voice had broken her will. She couldn't go through with it. "I've—I've been shopping. But supper's waiting. You hurry and wash. Did you—did they catch your prisoner again?"

"No. No dice." The tone of his voice, flat and dead and hopeless, made her look at him, meet his eyes, unsteadily. But she saw at once that no part of his attention was for her. His black, Irish face was bleak; his shoulders were lax and stooped and inexpressibly tired.

Johnny had worked in a steel mill before he had come to the city to go on the cops. He still spoke of the hot mill with homesickness in his voice. He had been a doubler. He was ready at any time to illustrate the technique of prying apart hot sheets of steel with tongs, bending the sheets double, slinging them under the steam hammer, riding them up into the pack furnace. He had liked the work. But it hadn't been steady and he'd had a cousin on the cops and the cops had looked like steady work. "But I'll bet the old mill's running now. I'll bet it's running seven days now. I'll bet you could make money there now."

Alarm swept over her and she said, "Tell me what's the matter. You look dreadful." It struck her abruptly. She exclaimed: "Surely they're not blaming you!"

"Well, no." He fumbled with words. It was he who was evasive, not she. "Only, the hell of it is, he must have used my key. Some way, he must have got it off my ring."

"But it might have happened to anyone! They all said he was so—so slick! They can't—they couldn't blame you!"

"He used my key. I went out of the room when I shouldn't have. It damn' near looks as if I sprung him."

"Johnny. Johnny, have they said something to you?"

"No." He took a deep breath. "I quit." She stared at him without answering. He blurted: "I had to do it, honey. This case was too big. It meant too much to the D.A. And look at the sergeant. He'll be broke. Look at the black eye it gives the D.A.'s detail and the whole department. Look at those guys that'll beat the D.A.'s case now. It don't help to try to duck it. It's all my fault. The least I could do was turn in my badge." He breathed deeply. "So that's what I did."

She said at last, "Go wash. Don't talk about it any more. You're all worked up."

"Well, you're crying."

She held him longingly.

"Don't worry about the job. I can get another job tomorrow. Over in Jersey. Northeastern's got a rolling mill over there. It's a little outfit. Handmills. That's my job. I know how to do that. We'll be all right."

A steel mill. Johnny, she cried despairingly in her soul, a hot mill, whatever it is, a lusty, ugly belching hot mill, a lovely, smoking steel mill.

She said furiously through her sobs: "I'm not worried about the job. Can't I be sorry for you?"

"Well, it was my fault."

"Don't say that any more!"

HIS hands gripped her shoulders and his eyes beseeched her for understanding. "Look, sweetheart. It wasn't that I'd have had to stand charges. I don't think I would have. It was the way I felt. That was all, and I knew how the rest of the guys felt about it too. I had to do what I could to square it with myself, didn't I?"

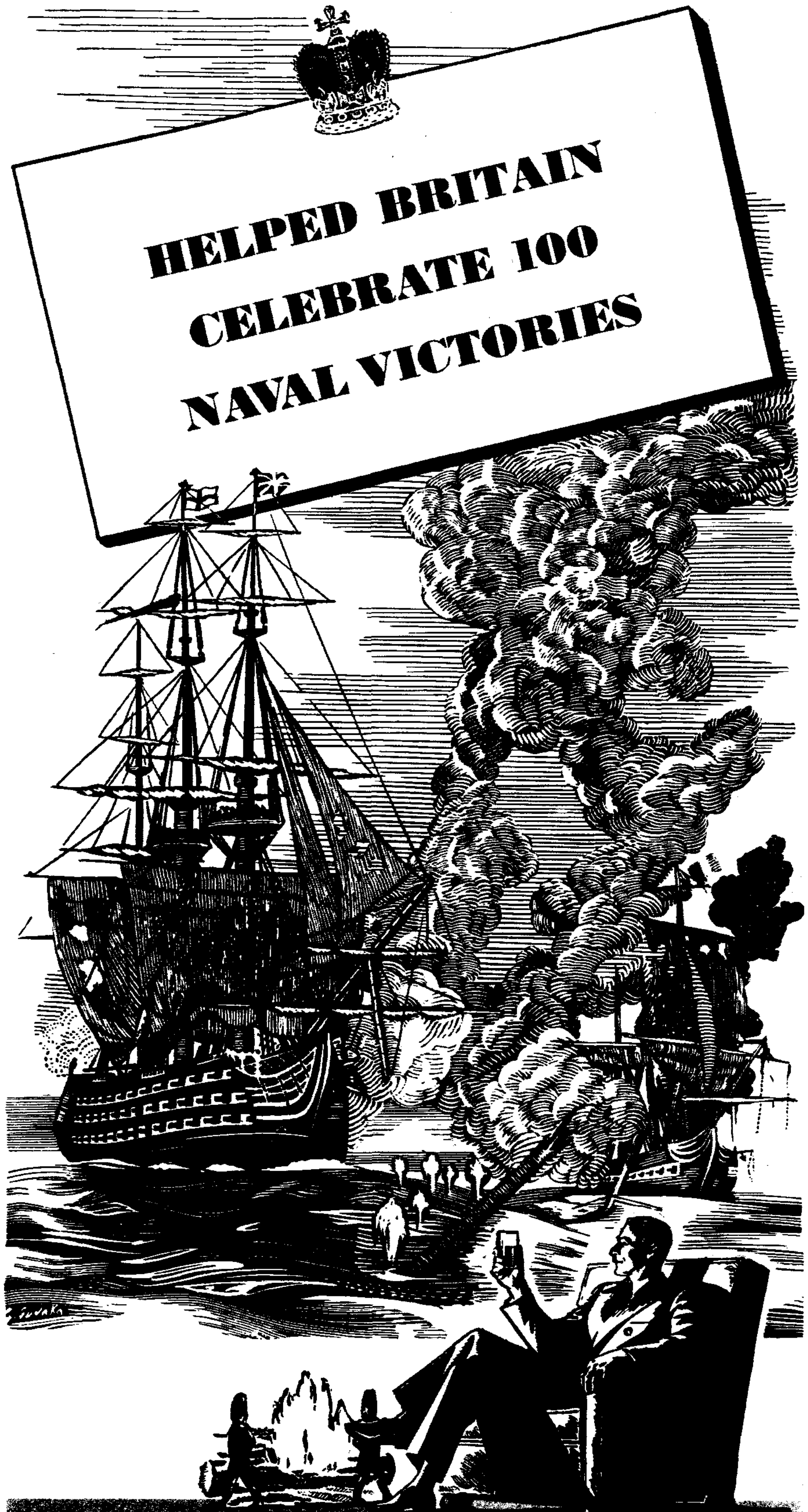
At a wild thought she said, "But if they should catch him again—" and smothered her words immediately.

"That wouldn't cut much ice. The D.A. might not be so sore, but . . . Hell, they won't get him. But it's okay. We'll be all right."

She sniffled and caught her breath and smiled, her eyes wet with tears. "We'll be wonderfully all right. We don't care. We will be. Now come to supper."

Johnny tilted back his chair and hooked his feet around the table rungs and lit his pipe. His face in repose was gentle and young and honest, and it wrung her heart. Then he looked at her and a mask of good nature that he did not feel tonight concealed him, drawn on with an effort.

"I've got the best little cook in the



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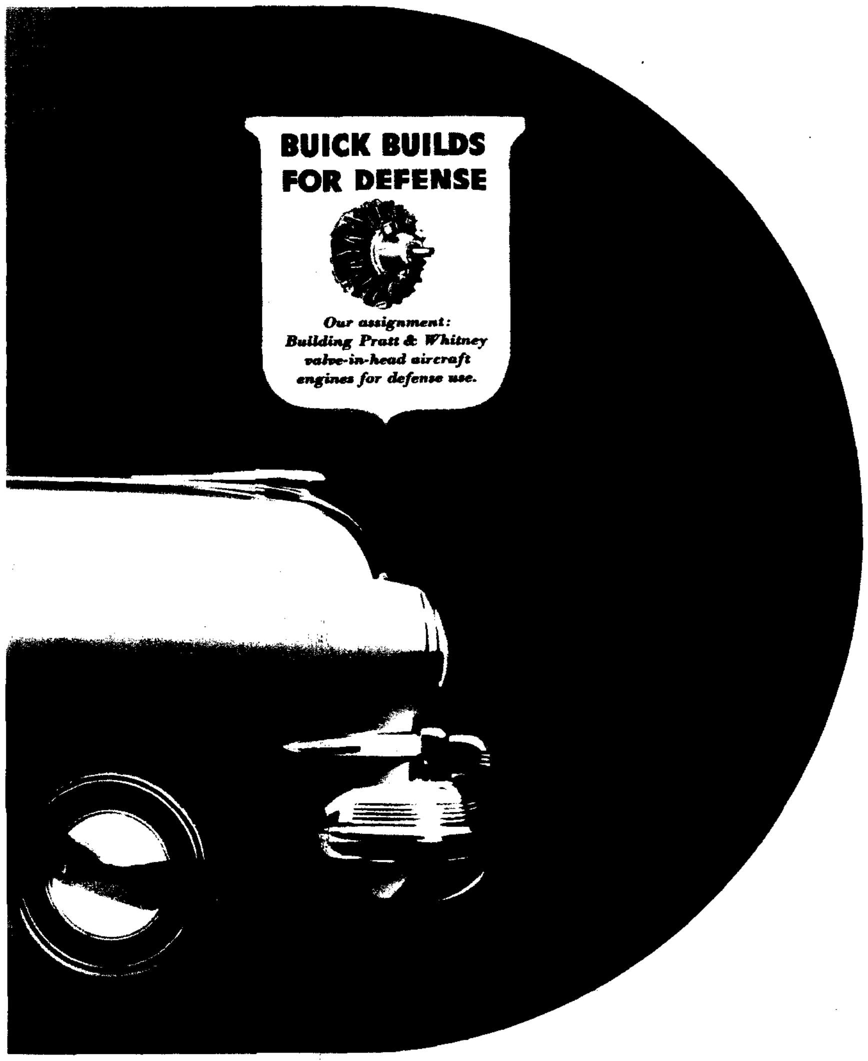
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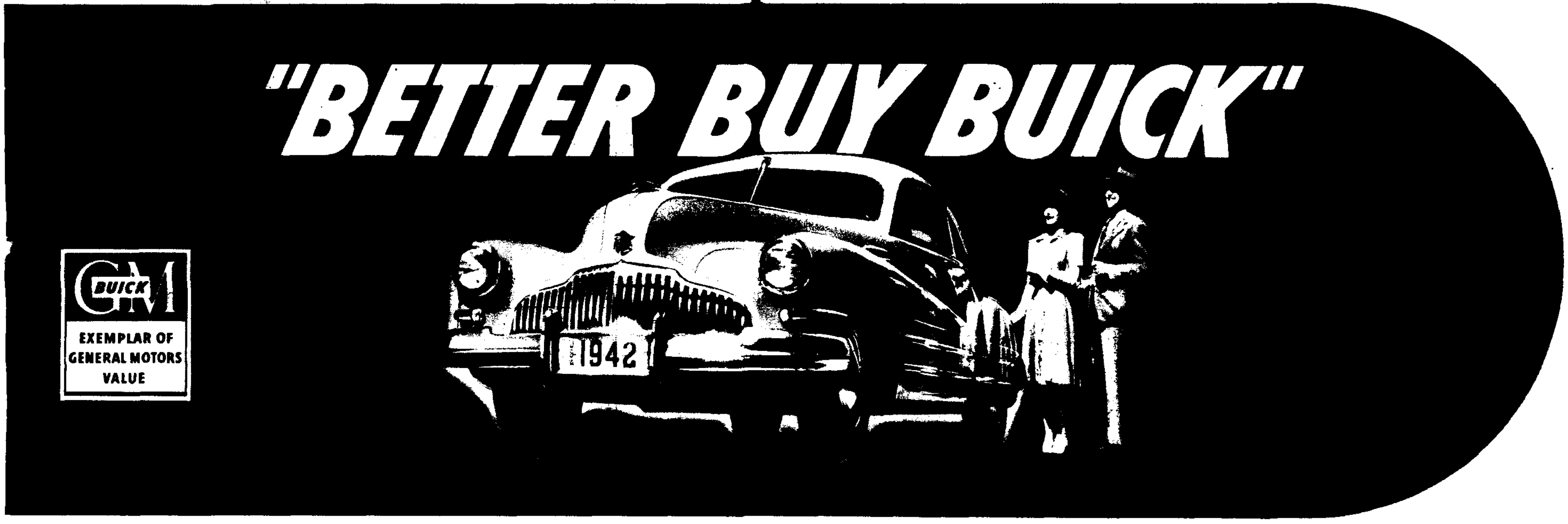

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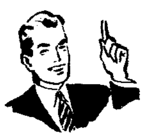

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world," he said, kidding her. "That was a swell supper, honey."

"I don't know why I got broccoli."

"Why, for me. I could live on it." He turned his head. "There's someone in the hall."

The buzzer sounded.

Hilda jumped up. "I'll see."

She opened the door at the end of the narrow hall. It was a middle-aged man in an old raincoat. He studied her with sharp and pleasant blue eyes. "Johnny home?"

"Yes. Will you—come in?"

"I'm Cap Thompson."

"Oh, yes! He's spoken of you."

He said flatly, "You're his new wife." He gave her another noncommittal appraisal and followed her to the living room. She felt vaguely afraid.

Johnny came out of his chair. "Hey, Cap!"

"H'are you, son?" They shook hands. "Nice place you've got here."

JOHNNY was deeply pleased. He introduced Cap Thompson again to Hilda. He said, "Sit down. Make yourself at home." He added with diffidence: "I didn't think I'd see any of you guys again."

Cap Thompson settled himself in the chair. He asked bluntly, "Why not?"

"Well, after—"

"Forget it. We're all human. The D.A.'s the only one that's down on you. And you've turned in your badge so there's not much he can do."

Johnny sat down, depressed. "I sure don't blame him."

"He'll get over it. It wasn't the only case in the world. There'll be others." Cap Thompson grinned dryly. "Although judging from the papers you'd think otherwise."

"Anything new on him?"

Cap Thompson pursed his lips and shook his head. "I'm afraid he's out and away. He's cute, that Barrow. Plenty cute. He's lucky, too." He glanced at Hilda and away again. "I just thought I'd drop around and tell you we're all sorry about the way it went."

"Thanks, Cap. . . . But stick around a while. I'll open some beer."

"There isn't any," Hilda told him. She wanted Cap Thompson to leave. His bright eyes returned briefly to her. They looked through her.

"I'll chase down and get a few cans," Johnny insisted. "Stick around, Cap. I'll let you talk to my wife while I'm gone."

"It'll be a pleasure."

Johnny's steps sounded in the hall and the door slammed behind him. Hilda put her hands together in her lap and looked at them.

"Too bad," Cap Thompson said.

She looked up.

"The break Johnny got." He held up a fist and looked at his fingernails while he talked. "I've been watching him. I was the one that had him assigned to the district attorney's office. He would have made a good cop. He's a serious boy about his work."

"Yes."

"You take this case. He was wound up in it. Well, it wasn't really much but the papers played it up. Because of the kind of people they were," he explained, "living in swell hotels. We don't get many racket guys like that any more."

"Yes," she said, "I read all about it. Johnny told me all about it."

"Of course, the whole thing was this guy Barrow. This Huck Barrow. The gambler. The D.A. had just enough to threaten him with to make him agree to turn state's evidence. But, of course, Hamlin's a killer. Barrow was naturally afraid his life wouldn't be worth a nickel if he went on the stand and convicted Hamlin. He was between the devil and the deep blue sea. But the point was, we had him and Hamlin didn't, so he had to play on our side.

"But we all knew he'd try to get out of testifying if there was any way to do it."

"Yes," Hilda said. "Johnny told me all about it."

"Barrow kept complaining he wasn't safe in jail," Cap Thompson continued imperturbably. "So we put him in a hotel and put a guard on him. Johnny and his sergeant. We knew he'd be hard to hold. We took every precaution we knew how to take." He sighed. "And we did keep him for two months. Another week and the trial would have been on."

"Yes," Hilda said. "I know. Johnny was so glad it was almost over."

Cap Thompson stood up and put his hands behind his back and walked over to the false fireplace. He turned around and said irrelevantly, "Let's see, now, how long have you and Johnny been married?"

She touched her lips with her tongue. "Almost a month."

His eyes explored her. She felt naked.

"You didn't know each other very long, did you?"

"No."

"Did you work in town?"

She nodded. She was dumb. She was afraid to speak.

"I keep thinking," Cap Thompson said, "that I've seen you someplace. I keep thinking that it was just recent."

"Maybe . . . maybe on the street."

"Might have." He added courteously, "You're pretty enough to look at twice, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Thank you."

He asked casually, "Where was it you worked?"

"I—I danced."

"Oh. Well, maybe I saw you in some show."

"Oh, I don't think so. I only worked around at little places, little clubs. Out on Long Island and in the Bronx, and . . ."

"Hamlin owned some places in the Bronx." He studied his fingernails again. His head came up and his bright eyes looked at her with absolutely no friendliness in them and he said, "I'd swear I saw you today, sister. In Grand Central Station."

"No. I wasn't . . . I haven't . . ."

"Didn't see anybody off on a train?"

"No! I—"

"A crowd around you," Cap Thompson said impersonally. "You'd fainted."

SHE put up her hands to hide from his eyes. She covered her face with her hands and pressed her palms against her cheeks.

Cap Thompson's voice said, "Tell Johnny I was called away." She heard him walk to the hall. He stopped. "I won't be able to dig up any proof. Barrow's too sharp to leave any. Any place."

Her hands slipped down from her face and she looked at him against her will, her eyes black in her white face.

"And I wouldn't say anything to Johnny," Cap Thompson said. "I see the way he looks at you. I wouldn't be the one to say anything to him. No matter what you done." He was short. His bulldog face, across the room, was on a level with hers as she rose, automatically, unaware that she was moving, from the chair. His hard, bright eyes drove through her. He said harshly, "You blackhearted cheat."

He turned and went quietly down the hall and out the door.

There were no tears left in her. She whispered desperately, "Huck," but she couldn't think of Huck and call to Huck. Her mind saw no one but Johnny. Johnny Bell, steelworker and cop, and chump and sucker and fall guy for Huck. Johnny Bell. Johnny.

She had to fix her face before Johnny came back. She had to do that. She went toward the bathroom, and the cold agony of shame and horror moved beside her, like a ghost.

Johnny Bell, whom she had met and married and cheated and ruined, to save Huck. To save Huck, who had never asked her for anything and to whom she had always given everything. It wasn't fair that she should have Huck, and that he should be who he was, and as he was, with her the only one who could help him, always the only one who could help him, who had given herself to save him, and given Johnny to save him.

But Johnny Bell was not hers. She could do as she pleased with herself, but Johnny Bell was not hers. Johnny Bell was not hers to sacrifice on the irresponsible altar of Huck.

Huck had always had everything else. Nothing before had been too precious to give up for him.

And now this young, black Irish cop, this Johnny Bell. Johnny. Her husband.

SHE leaned against the bathroom door and began to laugh. She thought, I'm hysterical. I'm hysterical because I've thought of Johnny Bell as my husband, for the first time. Because I've just understood something. For the first time in my life I've found something I can't let Huck have. For the first time in my life.

She heard the hall door open, and heard Johnny striding toward her, and heard him speaking to her, and heard the alarm in his voice, but she didn't bother to distinguish the words.

She said, "Listen to me, Johnny. I want to tell you. I let Huck Barrow escape. I stole your key while you were sleeping. I got it to him and he waited for a chance to use it and he got away. I helped him. I found you and met you and married you because you were guarding him, so I could do that. I've always lied to you, every minute of every day. Huck Barrow is my brother."

The silence hummed around her. She didn't look at him. Her shoulders were bowed and taut and moving with each breath and her head leaned against the cool wood of the door and her eyes were closed.

He said at last, "What's the idea of telling me now?"

"Because I . . . I have to."

"Why?"

She was silent.

"Did Cap Thompson accuse you of it? Did he scare you into it?"

"No. No! He did guess at it."

"I thought he might," Johnny said. "He thinks of everything."

It took a moment for her to understand him. "You thought he might?"

"I knew about it this afternoon," Johnny's voice said. "After Barrow got away. After I spent a couple of hours up in the Bronx making sure who you were."

She turned her head and looked at him. There was nothing accusing in his face. He seemed to be smiling. There was an expression deep in his eyes she had not seen there before.

"I missed my key this morning. You'd broken off one of your fingernails in my key ring and I noticed it, but I didn't understand what it meant until Barrow got away."

She pressed her back against the door, her hands behind her, her dark eyes searching his face unbelievingly. "You knew, you knew when you turned in your badge. When you came home tonight."

He was not judging her. He said simply, "Your brother thought Hamlin would have him killed if he testified. You were trying to save his life."

She shook her head, her lips parted. "But you didn't say anything. You weren't going to tell me. After I'd done that to you, you'd have gone on. You'd have gone on forever and kept still. You'd have let me believe you didn't know."

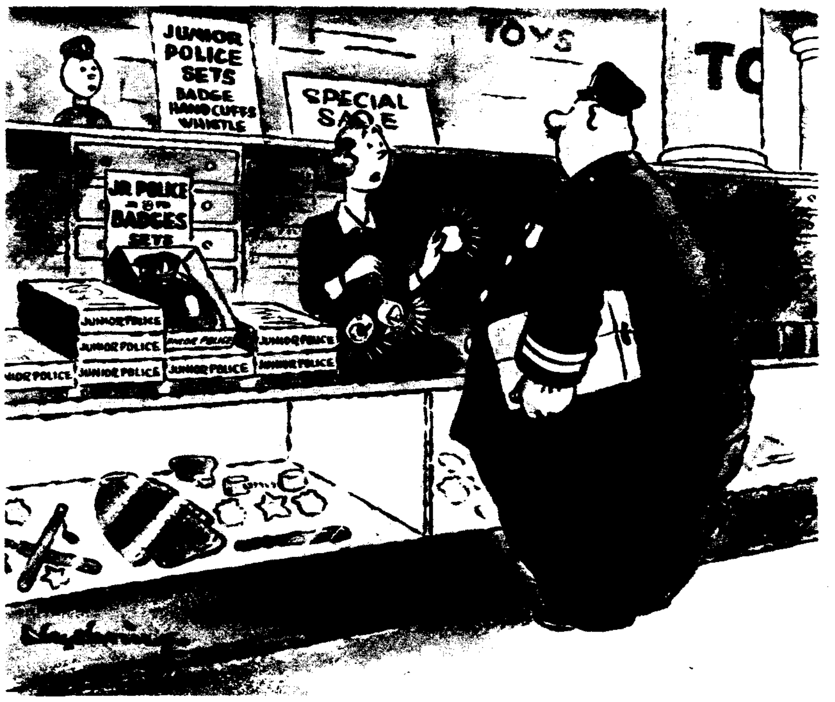
"Well, you just told me about it yourself. We had the same reason." He said soberly, "You don't hurt someone you love."

SHE spoke presently, her arms tight around him and her head resting against his chest, "But I've broken a law, Johnny. I'm an accomplice."

His hand stroked her hair. His voice was gentle: "They caught him upstate. Took him off a Chicago train. I brought a paper."

She moved to see his face, startled. But she felt no other emotion. Neither, she reflected, had Huck, when the arrest had come. He would have been startled, that was all. He was a great believer in luck, and accepted whatever it brought him, and didn't believe in anything else.

She smiled at that and said, "He'll laugh when he hears what it brought me."



"Shall I wrap them up, or do you want to wear them?" JAY IRVING

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~~COULD BE~~

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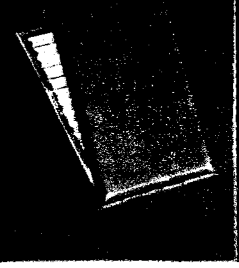

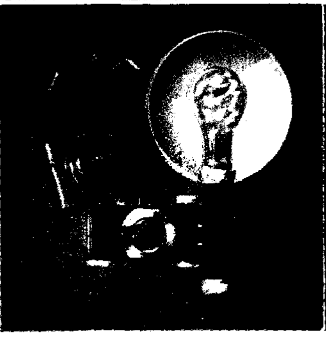

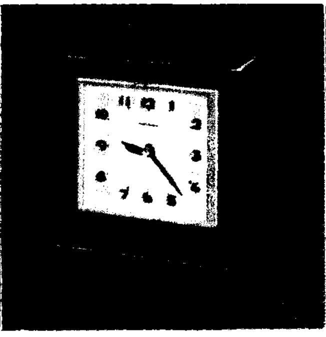

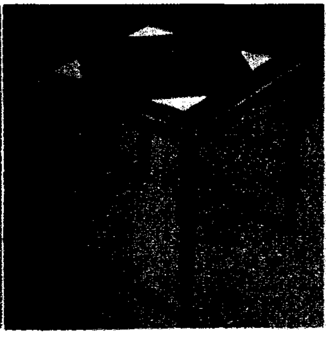

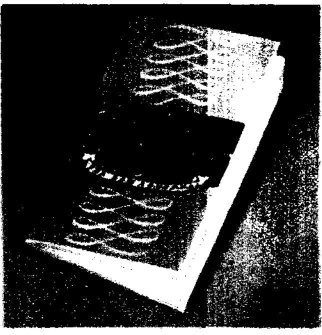

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Wee Willie—Wow!

By Al Costello

Off the field he's a five-star screwball, but when the whistle blows he's a one-man football team, tossing 200-pound tackles through the air with the greatest of ease. Hardly anything ever baffles him—except those bus schedules

MORE you get

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Wee Willie Wilkin's tremendous strength helps to make him top tackler in pro football. His 400 pounds of Redskin teammates are Jack Banta and Wayne Millner

WEE WILLIE WILKIN has, for three straight football seasons, kept the entire city of Washington, D. C., in a continuous state of delicious dithers as it tried, unsuccessfully, to figure out the perplexing problem, to wit: (1) "Is Wee Willie a screwball who happens to be a great football player?" Or: (2) "Is Wee Willie a great football player who happens to be a screwball?"

Furthermore, mentioning the problem in the past tense is misleading. Washington, D. C., is still trying to solve the question and as yet no one has made any noticeable strides toward an acceptable solution. You see, Wee Willie always was, still is, and very definitely will be always an enigma to Washingtonians. And they love it.

Formally, Wee Willie is Wilbur Byrne Wilkin, age twenty-five, six feet four and one-half inches tall and a mere 265 pounds when in tiptop playing condition. He looks like a Swede, with cotton hair and plenty of freckles, but he is English and Irish. Strangely enough, on his 265-pound frame there isn't an ounce of fat, except during the off season when he picks up twenty or thirty extra pounds. He is as hard as nails and is just about as strong as Samson was reported to be—maybe stronger.

A Man of Many Surprises

Willie plays tackle with the Washington Redskin football team and, it might be added, he plays a lot of tackle. He is one of the fastest men on the squad despite his size and weight and, sure-footed and nimble to the surprising point, he often pulls out of the line to lead the interference, a trick that few tackles in the National Football League would ever even dream about or much less perform—especially in the devastating manner Wee Willie sweeps all before him.

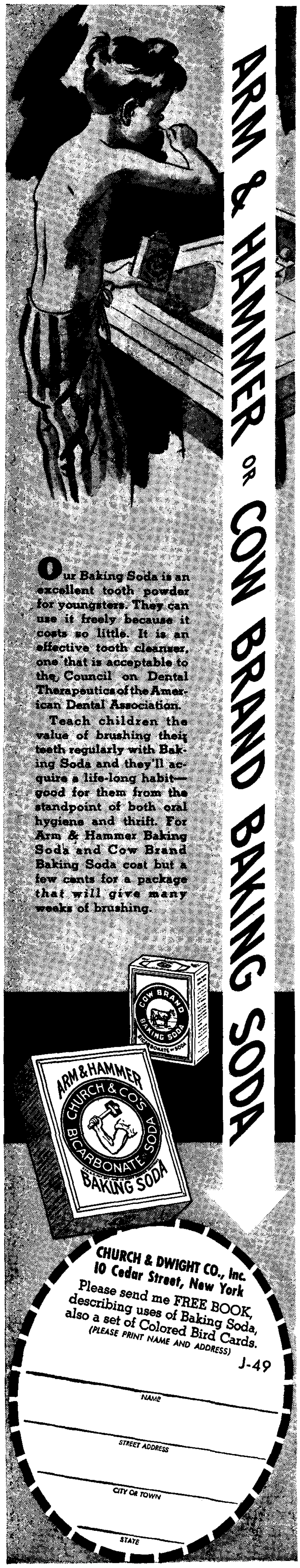
Moreover, Wee Willie can pull out and lead the play to the *left,* which is quite a feat when you stop and consider that even speedy halfbacks usually have trouble running to the port side. As a matter of fact, quite a few All-Americas never could run to the left, and at least eighty per cent of the present group of pro aces cannot, so you can see Mr. Wilkin is quite a gent once he gets his No. 13 dogs moving.

Informally, and that's the screwball side of things, Wee Willie is quite a guy. He can get into more trouble than a singing drunk at a W.C.T.U. convention. He's Rube Waddell, Pepper Martin and Boots Poffenberger rolled into a single football player. He's the Peck's Bad Boy and Katzenjammer Kids in a single lump. Naturally he's eccentric, reckless, happy-go-lucky, courageous, thoughtless and, like all of his ilk, never has learned the value of a dollar. Take those ingredients, add those other mysterious essentials that go to make up a screwball, mix thoroughly and lo, there's Wee Willie in the flesh. He's the worry-wart of Coach Ray Flaherty's life, yet one of the most important cogs in the Redskin machine; he can get into more hot water in ten unguarded minutes than all the rest of the squad of 33 men can find during the entire season—and, in some manner, get out of it—with or without repercussions, depending on his luck.

But with it all, there isn't a more popular Redskin player than Wee Willie, not only with the fans but with his teammates. He is as gentle as a lamb and is a steady buffing post for verbal barbs and embarrassing pranks perpetrated by gents whom he could bounce around like so many rubber balls. Yet he takes all of the ribbing with a good-natured grin and a redder-than-usual face. Just like a punching bag.

His pranks, and "pranks" is used advisedly, hurt no one except himself, especially in the pocketbook. For instance, in 1938, his first year in pro ranks, he was fined $25 no less than nine times during the 11-week season for training infractions. It is not definitely established that he walked the straight and narrow path those other two weeks,

(Continued on page 55)



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Our Baking Soda is an excellent tooth powder for youngsters. They can use it freely because it costs so little. It is an effective tooth cleanser, one that is acceptable to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

Teach children the value of brushing their teeth regularly with Baking Soda and they'll acquire a life-long habit—good for them from the standpoint of both oral hygiene and thrift. For Arm & Hammer Baking Soda and Cow Brand Baking Soda cost but a few cents for a package that will give many weeks of brushing.

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Please send me FREE BOOK, describing uses of Baking Soda, also a set of Colored Bird Cards.
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Keep 'em Flying

Continued from page 21

birthdays. Previously only sailors enlisted for the full cruise of six years were eligible. Lads with radio or mechanical inclinations, or those who have had a year or more of high school, are preferred, but experience indicates high-school graduates, as a class, are the best all-round prospects because they have learned to think constructively and are fairly well grounded in mathematics, of value in mechanical drawing, blueprint reading and a few other things. But let's start at the beginning and see how a youngster gets into the school and how they make a craftsman of him.

A boy enlists in the Navy, or the Reserve, as an apprentice seaman at $21 per month and is sent to one of the several naval training stations. Here he spends six weeks absorbing the fundamentals of Navy life—he is instructed in personal hygiene, drill, discipline and so on and undergoes constant aptitude tests that it may be determined where he will best fit into the picture. His interest in radio and mechanics is carefully noted and, in addition, he is given tests in English, spelling, arithmetic and penmanship. Nothing that will enable the Navy to pick the right spot for him is overlooked.

Everything but Flying

The Bureau of Navigation feeds students into the Jacksonville hopper, calling upon the training stations for monthly quotas of men whose aptitude tests indicate they will make competent craftsmen but leaving their selection to station commanding officers. It doesn't mean a lad desirous of becoming an aviation machinist mate may be shunted off to the radio school or that a would-be radioman may land in the metalsmith course. Thousands of boys have enlisted in order to receive specialized training and, when possible, have been assigned to the schools of their preference. Upon arrival at Jacksonville the student goes to work immediately because he must cram into four months the knowledge and practice formerly spread over a year or more.

By the time the machinist mate wins his rating he can do everything about a ship but fly it. He receives intensive instruction in blueprint reading and if he went no farther than the hand-tool course he could earn a living in civil life as a mechanic. His hand-tool instruction embraces the use of everything from calipers and dividers to hand drill, and long before it is completed he is working within limits of less than one thousandth of an inch with files and turning out precision work virtually equivalent to that of a machine tool.

In the engine class he works in a shop equipped with every type of naval aircraft power, plus thousands of parts, and upon completion of this portion of his training is competent to replace, repair or adjust anything from a spark plug to the main bearings of a double-bank radial engine. He also receives instruction in hydraulics, to enable him to maintain landing gear, goes through a course of sprouts dealing with propellers, wires and control cables, works upon motors in operation on a test line and puts in many hours at everything from routine inspection to securing ships to the ground so they will stay put.

One of the first courses encountered by the radioman is typing, and he learns to operate both standard and portable machines, for the portable, because of its light weight, is the typewriter aboard a plane, when it has one. Long hours are spent receiving and sending radio code and he is taught visual signaling—blinker, flag and semaphore—and is instructed in the construction, installation and maintenance of radio equipment. He also learns to handle the various types of manually operated machine guns with which aircraft are armed.

The metalsmith also runs into paper work, but in another direction—mechanical drawing and blueprint reading. In the plating shop he learns to do the necessary plating about a plane and in another school he is taught to handle, shape and rivet sheet metal. But it is in the welding class that the budding metalsmith experiences his greatest kick. Welding is one of the most fascinating of the metal trades and, with the most efficient equipment procurable, the lads regard their work in the welding school as recreation rather than labor. It is the station's show place, with hundreds of highly polished brass valves and a network of pipe bringing gas to the welding tables from an adjoining building.

In the ordnance men's school the student is instructed in the construction, installation and maintenance of all types of armament from bombs and bomb racks to the synchronization of machine guns designed to fire between the blades of propellers.

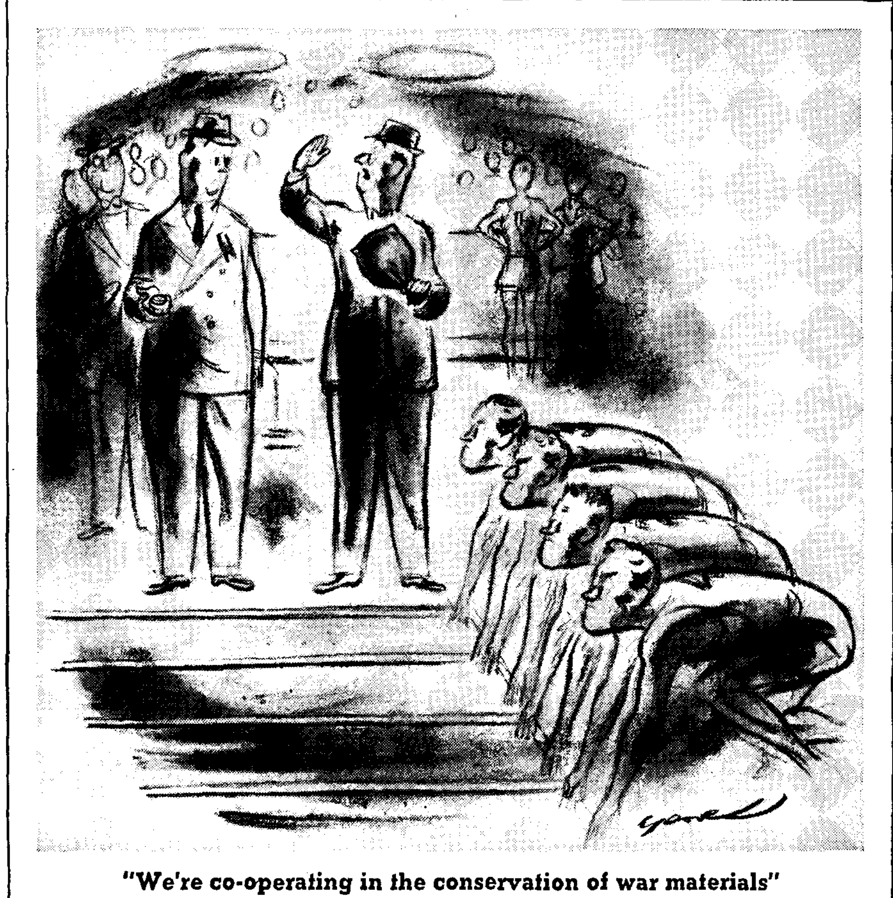
The school's plant includes a large hangar with planes of virtually every type in the Navy's air fleet for the students to work upon for the practical experience. There's even one equipped with skis for landing upon snow that the boys may become familiar with ski installation, and this in Florida. Classes find work reports listing every conceivable job upon a plane and a dozen may be in the hands of students simultaneously. One group may remove and replace an engine, another control cables, a third landing gear while a fourth may dismount and reinstall instruments. Wings will come off and be replaced and frequently a plane will be stripped to its skeleton to be put together again.

Every move of the student from the day he begins his course is under the watchful eyes of instructors and every job, if no more than the tightening of a nut or the application of a cotter pin, is checked and double-checked. One thing is drilled into his mind every waking moment: the lives of the men aboard a plane are dependent upon the maintenance crew so there must be no mistakes, for mistakes cannot be corrected after a crash.

Time for Fun, Too

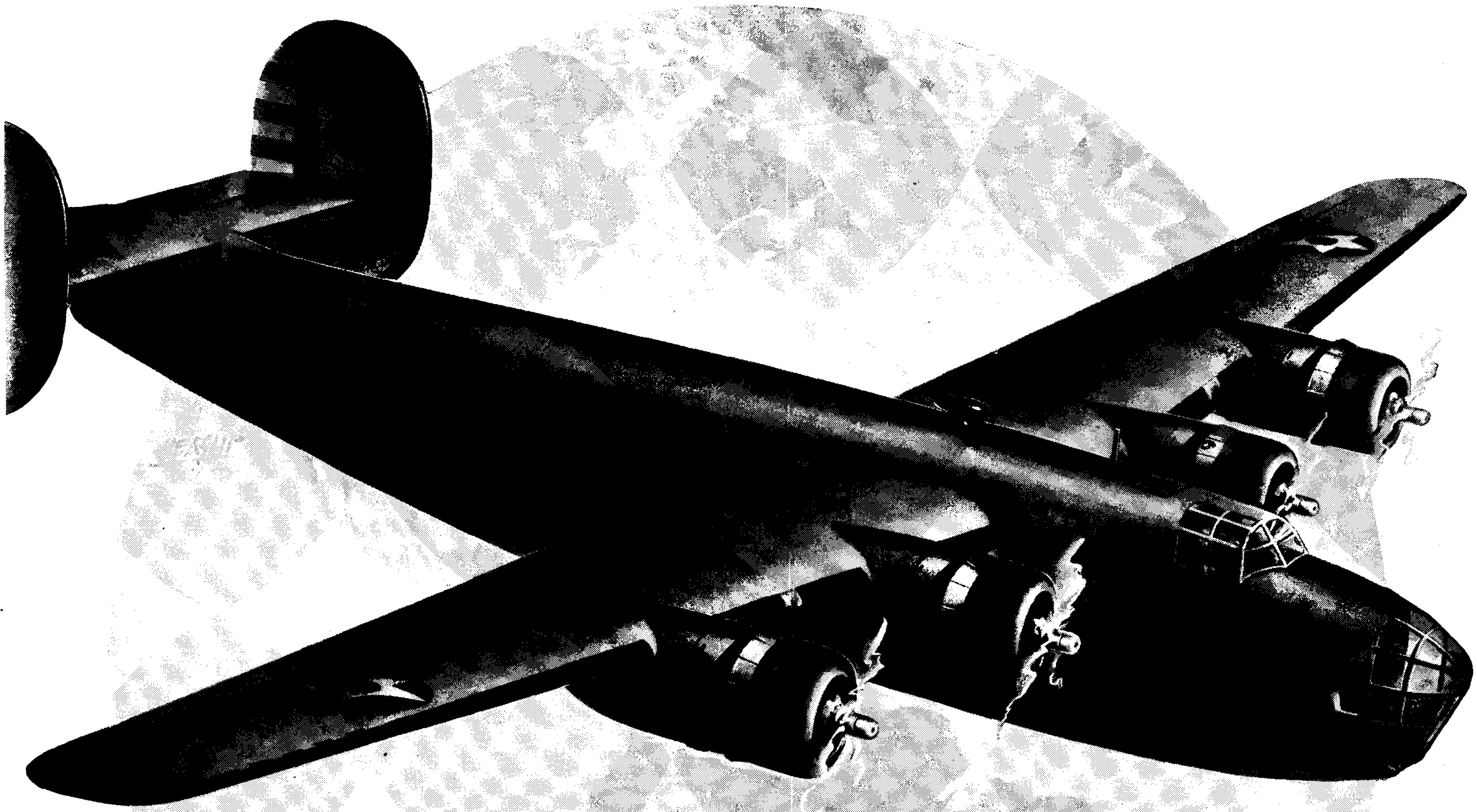
Upon graduation from the school a class has its commencement exercises, including the presentation of diplomas—only they call them "certificates." Addresses are delivered by the officers in charge of the various schools, the officer in command of the school unit presents the graduates with their certificates, then the lads themselves have their inning—the honor man of each class presents the class guidon to be affixed to the bulkhead of the school auditorium. These guidons, incidentally, are growing in number rapidly and they're already wondering where they'll place them when the bulkhead is blanketed.

But it isn't all work at the school. Various recreational facilities are available for the students, including a large outdoor swimming pool in the barracks area, and the time of the lads is largely their own after classes, except for the evening study periods. The mess hall, however, seems to be the favorite recreation center, but the Navy doesn't mind. Meals are served cafeteria fashion and over the serving tables are signs announcing, in boxcar letters, that while a fellow may have only one serving of meat—and it's always large enough to gorge a starved lion or tiger—he may have all the bread, vegetables and other food he can stow away. The boys may not be superstitious but the appearance of their trays indicates they have a unanimous belief in signs.



"We're co-operating in the conservation of war materials"

LEONARD DOVE



Out where defense begins

Surrounded by vast oceans, the Americas must keep those oceans free. Potential highways of invasion, they must be kept highways of commerce.

Looking far ahead, the American aviation industry and the air arms of the Army and Navy years ago began developing long-range aircraft. With these they pioneered routes across the seven seas and seven continents, gaining world leadership in long-range commercial and military operations.

Today that wealth of experience is bearing fruit in the creation of the mightiest long-range striking force the world has ever known . . . rounded out by the new Bomber Program. Under this program, five hundred giant bombers a month will roll off assembly lines, ready to roar away on their missions *out where defense begins.*

★ ★ ★

All of these bombers are to be equipped with Hamilton Standard Hydromatic propellers, a task which United Aircraft confidently expects to accomplish on schedule—as in the past.

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BIG DOINGS LAST NIGHT!

Feels chipper today!

HOW?

Last night he saw to it that his highballs were mixed with White Rock.

Before going to bed and again in the morning, he had a glass of plain White Rock.

Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

FEELING FINE THANKS TO White Rock SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

ALWAYS MIX WITH ... ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Other White Rock products: Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Q-9 (for mixing gin-and-tonic)

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"It's the flavour"

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Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 22

Philip was quicker than I was. He saw the seriousness of my discovery and urged me to come over at once and consult with him.

I went out, encountering Miss Williams, who was looking for a truant pupil. I assured her that I had not seen Angela and that she had not been to the house.

I think that Miss Williams noticed there was something amiss. She looked at me rather curiously. I had no intention, however, of telling her what had happened. I suggested she should try the kitchen garden—Angela had a favorite apple tree there—and I myself hurried down to the shore and rowed myself across to the Alderbury side.

My brother was already there waiting for me.

WE WALKED up to the house together by the way you and I went the other day. Having seen the topography, you can understand that in passing underneath the wall of the Battery Garden we were bound to overhear anything being said inside it.

Beyond the fact that Caroline and Amyas were engaged in a disagreement of some kind, I did not pay much attention to what was said.

Certainly I overheard no threat of any kind uttered by Caroline. The subject of discussion was Angela, and I presume Caroline was pleading for a respite from the fiat of school. Amyas, however, was adamant, shouting out irritably that it was all settled—he'd see to her packing.

The door of the Battery opened just as we drew abreast of it and Caroline came out. She looked disturbed, but not unduly so. She smiled rather absently at me, and said they had been discussing Angela. Elsa came down the path at that minute and, as Amyas clearly wanted to get on with the sitting without interruption from us, we went on up the path.

Philip blamed himself severely afterward for the fact that we did not take immediate action. But I myself cannot see it the same way. We had no earthly right to assume that such a thing as murder was being contemplated. (Moreover, I now believe that it was *not* contemplated.) It was clear that we should have to adopt *some* course of action, but I still maintain that we were right to talk the matter over carefully first. It was necessary to find the right thing to do, and once or twice I found myself wondering if I had not, after all, made a mistake. Had the bottle really been full the day before as I thought?

I am not one of these people (like my brother Philip) who can be cocksure of everything. One's memory does play tricks on one. How often, for instance, one is convinced one has put an article in a certain place, later to find that he has put it somewhere quite different. The more I tried to recall the state of the bottle on the preceding afternoon the more uncertain and doubtful I became. This was very annoying to Philip, who began completely to lose patience with me.

We were not able to continue our discussion at the time and tacitly agreed to postpone it until after lunch. (I may say that I was always free to drop in for lunch at Alderbury if I chose.)

Later, Angela and Caroline brought us beer. I asked Angela what she had been up to, playing truant, and told her Miss Williams was on the warpath, and she said she had been bathing, and added that she didn't see why she should have to mend her horrible old skirt when she was going to have all new things to go to school with.

Since there seemed no chance of further talk with Philip alone, and since I was really anxious to think things out by myself, I wandered off down the path toward the Battery. Just above the Battery, as I showed you, there is a clearing in the trees where there used to be an old bench. I sat there smoking and thinking, and watching Elsa as she sat posing for Amyas.

I shall always think of her as she was that day: Rigid in the pose, with her yellow shirt and dark blue trousers and a red pull-over slung round her shoulders for warmth.

Her face was so alight with life and health and radiance. And that gay voice of hers reciting plans for the future.

This sounds as though I was eavesdropping, but that is not so. I was perfectly visible to Elsa. Both she and Amyas knew I was there. She waved her hand at me and called up that Amyas was a perfect bear that morning—he wouldn't let her rest. She was stiff and aching all over.

Amyas growled out that she wasn't as stiff as he was. He was stiff all over—muscular rheumatism. Elsa said mockingly, "Poor old man!" And he said she'd be taking on a creaking invalid.

It shocked me, you know, their lighthearted acquiescence in their future together while they were causing so much suffering. And yet I couldn't hold it against her. She was so young, so confident, so very much in love. And she didn't really know what she was doing. She didn't understand suffering. She just assumed with the naïve confidence of a child that Caroline would be "all right," that "she'd soon get over it." She saw nothing, you see, but herself and Amyas—happy together. She'd already told me my point of view was old-fashioned. She had no doubts, no qualms, no pity either. But can one expect pity from radiant youth? It is an older, wiser emotion.

THEY didn't talk very much, of course. No painter wants to be chattering when he is working. Perhaps every ten minutes or so Elsa would make an observation and Amyas would grunt a reply. Once she said:

"I think you're right about Spain. That's the first place we'll go to. And you must take me to see a bullfight. It must be wonderful! Only I'd like the bull to kill the man—not the other way about. I understand how Roman women felt when they saw a man die. Men aren't much, but animals are splendid."

I suppose she was rather like an animal herself—young and primitive and with nothing yet of man's sad experience and doubtful wisdom. I don't believe Elsa had begun to *think*—she only *felt*. But she was very much alive—more alive than any person I have ever known. . . .

That was the last time I saw her radiant and assured—on top of the world. Fey is the word for it, isn't it?

The bell sounded for lunch, and I got up and went down the path and in at the Battery door, and Elsa joined me. It was dazzlingly bright there coming in out of the shady trees. I could hardly see. Amyas was sprawled back on the seat, his arms flung out. He was staring at the picture. I've so often seen him like that. How was I to know that already the poison was working, stiffening him as he sat?

He so hated and resented illness. He

would never own to it. I dare say he thought he had got a touch of the sun—the symptoms are much the same—but he'd be the last person to complain about it.

Elsa said, "He won't come up to lunch."

Privately I thought he was wise. I said, "So long, then."

He moved his eyes from the picture until they rested on me. There was a queer—how shall I describe it?—it looked like malevolence. A kind of malevolent glare.

Naturally I didn't understand it then—if his picture wasn't going as he liked he often looked quite murderous. I thought *that* was what it was. He made a sort of grunting sound.

Neither Elsa nor I saw anything unusual in him—just artistic temperament.

SO WE left him there and she and I went up to the house laughing and talking. If she'd known—poor child—that she'd never see him alive again . . . Oh, well, thank God she didn't. She was able to be happy a little longer.

Caroline was quite normal at lunch—a little preoccupied, nothing more. And doesn't that show that she had nothing to do with it? She *couldn't* have been such an actress.

She and the governess went down afterward and found him. I met Miss Williams as she came up. She told me to telephone a doctor and went back to Caroline.

That poor child!—Elsa, I mean. She had that frantic unrestrained grief that children have. They can't believe that life can do these things to them. Caroline was quite calm. Yes, she was quite calm. She was able, of course, to control herself better than Elsa. She didn't seem remorseful—then. Just said he must have done it himself. And we couldn't believe that. Elsa burst out and accused her to her face.

Of course, she may have realized, already, that she herself would be suspected. Yes, that probably explains her manner.

Philip was quite convinced that she *had* done it.

The governess was a great help and stand-by. She made Elsa lie down and gave her a sedative and she kept Angela out of the way when the police came. Yes, she was a tower of strength, that woman.

The whole thing became a nightmare. The police, searching the house and asking questions, and then the reporters, swarming about the place like flies and clicking cameras and wanting interviews with members of the family.

A nightmare, the whole thing. . . .

It's still a nightmare, after all these years. Please God, once you've convinced little Carla what really happened, we can forget it all and never remember it again.

Amyas *must* have committed suicide—however unlikely it seems.

(End of Meredith Blake's Narrative)

Narrative of Lady Dittisham

I HAVE set down here the full story of my meeting with Amyas Crale, up to the time of his tragic death.

I saw him first at a studio party. He was standing, I remember, by a window and I saw him as I came in at the door. I asked who he was. Someone said, "That's Crale, the painter." I said at once that I'd like to meet him.

We talked on that occasion for perhaps ten minutes. When anyone makes the impression on you that Amyas Crale made on me, it's hopeless to attempt to describe it. If I say that when I saw Amyas Crale everybody else seemed to grow very small and fade away, that expresses it as well as anything can.

Immediately after that meeting I went to look at as many of his pictures as I could. He had a show on in Bond Street at the moment and there was one of his pictures in Manchester and one in Leeds and two in public galleries in London. I went to see them all. Then I met him again. I said, "I've been to see all your pictures. I think they're wonderful."

He just looked amused. He said: "Who said you were *any* judge of painting? I don't believe you know anything about it."

I said, "Perhaps not. But they are marvelous, all the same."

He grinned at me and said, "Don't be a gushing little fool."

I said, "I'm not; I want you to paint me."

Crale said, "If you've any sense at all, you'll realize that I don't paint portraits of pretty women."

I said, "It needn't be a portrait, and I'm not a pretty woman."

He looked at me then as though he'd begun to see me. He said, "No, perhaps you're not."

I said, "Will you paint me, then?"

He studied me for some time with his head on one side. Then he said, "You're a strange child, aren't you?"

I said, "I'm quite rich, you know; I can afford to pay well for it."

He said, "Why are you so anxious for me to paint you?"

I said, "Because I want it!"

He said, "Is that a reason?"

And I said, "Yes. I always get what I want."

He said then, "Oh, my poor child, how young you are!"

I said, "Will you paint me?"

He took me by the shoulders and turned me toward the light and looked me over. Then he stood away from me a little. I stood quite still, waiting.

He said, "I've sometimes wanted to paint a flight of impossibly colored Australian macaws alighting on St. Paul's Cathedral. If I painted you against a nice traditional bit of outdoor landscape I believe I'd get exactly the same result."

I said, "Then you will paint me?"

He said, "You're one of the loveliest, crudest, most flamboyant bits of exotic coloring I've ever seen. I'll paint you!"

I said, "Then that's settled."

HE WENT on, "But I'll warn you, Elsa Greer. If I do paint you, I shall probably make love to you."

I said, "I hope you will. . . ."

I said it quite steadily and quietly. I heard him catch his breath and I saw the look that came into his eyes.

You see, it was as sudden as all that.

A day or two later we met again. He told me that he wanted me to come down to Devonshire—he'd got the very place there that he wanted for a background. He said, "I'm married, you know, and I'm very fond of my wife."

I said if he was fond of her she must be very nice.

He said she was extremely nice. "In fact," he said, "she's quite adorable—and I adore her. So put that in your pipe, young Elsa, and smoke it."

I told him that I quite understood.

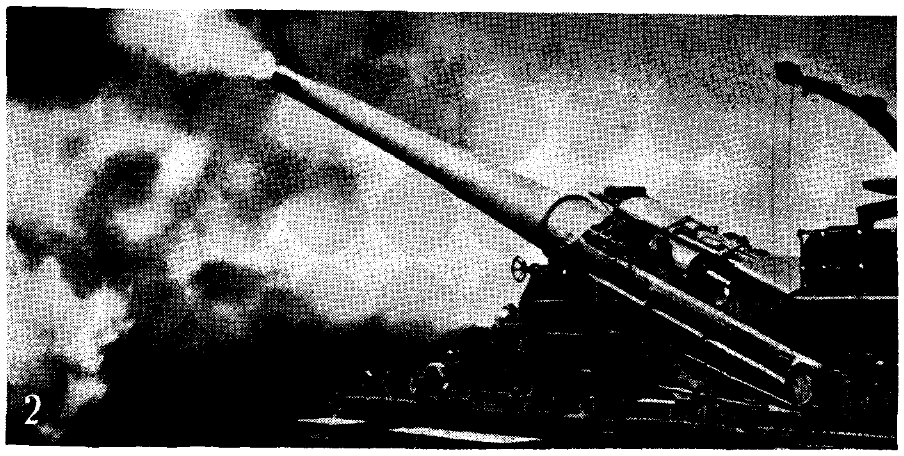
He began the picture a week later. Caroline Crale welcomed me very pleasantly. She didn't like me much, but, after all, why should she? Amyas was very circumspect. He never said a word to me that his wife couldn't have overheard and I was polite and formal to him. Underneath, though, we both knew.

After ten days he told me I was to go back to London.

I said, "The picture isn't finished."

He said, "It's barely begun. The truth

Like most people, Marjorie Woodworth, Hal Roach star featured in "All-American Co-ed," is intensely interested in...



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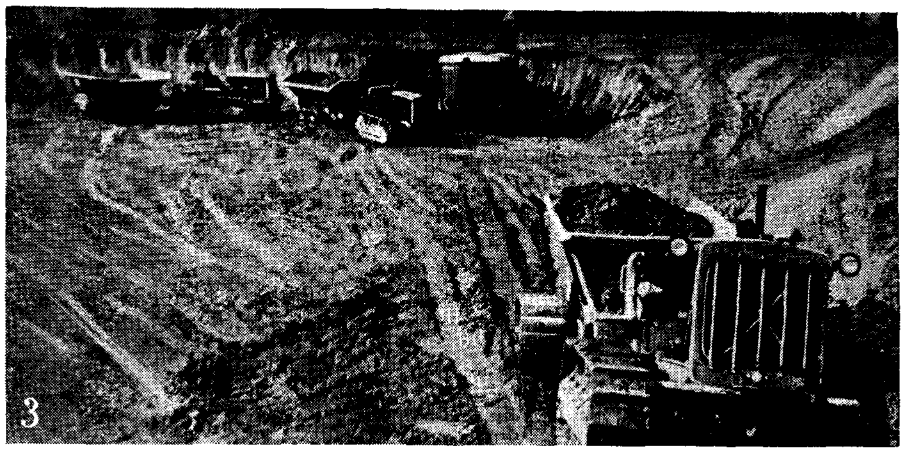

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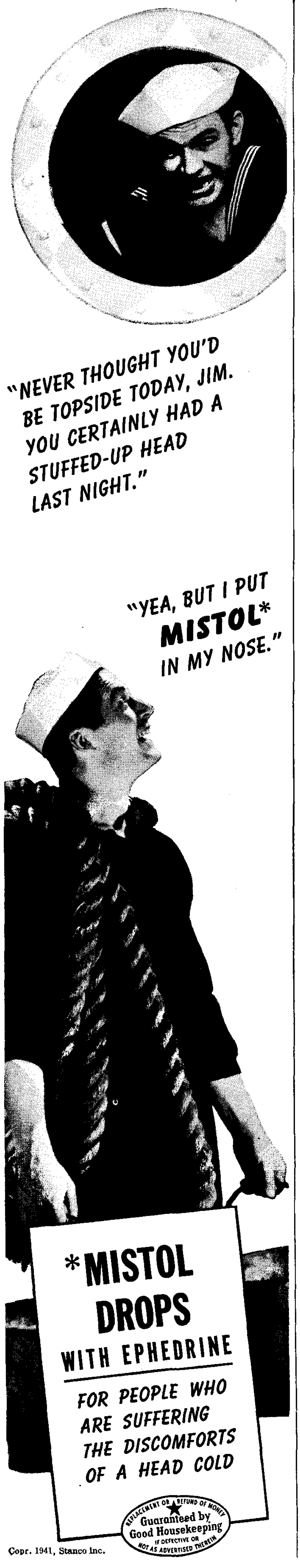
"NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE TOPSIDE TODAY, JIM. YOU CERTAINLY HAD A STUFFED-UP HEAD LAST NIGHT."
"YEA, BUT I PUT MISTOL* IN MY NOSE."
*MISTOL DROPS WITH EPHEDRINE
FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE SUFFERING THE DISCOMFORTS OF A HEAD COLD
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of the matter is that I can't paint you, Elsa."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "You know well enough why, Elsa. And that's why you've got to clear out. I can't think about the painting—I can't think about anything but you."

I knew it would be no good my going back to London, but I said, "Very well, I'll go if you say so."

Amyas said, "Good girl."

So I went. *I didn't write to him.*

He held out for ten days and then he came. He was so thin and haggard and miserable that it shocked me.

He said, "I warned you, Elsa. Don't say I didn't warn you."

I said, "I've been waiting for you. I knew you'd come."

He gave a sort of groan and said, "There are things that are too strong for any man. I can't eat or sleep or rest for wanting you."

I said I knew that, and that it was the same with me and had been from the first moment I'd seen him.

We were made for each other and we'd found each other—and we both knew we had to be together always.

But something else happened, too. The unfinished picture began to haunt Amyas. He said to me, "Damned funny, I couldn't paint you before—you yourself got in the way of it. But I *want* to paint you, Elsa. I want to paint you so that that picture will be the finest thing I've ever done. I'm itching and aching now to get at my brushes and to see you sitting there on that hoary old chestnut of a battlement wall with the conventional blue sea and the decorous English trees—and you—you—sitting there like a discordant shriek of triumph."

He said, "And I've got to paint you that way! And I can't be fussed and bothered while I'm doing it. When the picture's finished I'll tell Caroline the truth and we'll get the whole messy business cleaned up."

I said, "Will Caroline make a fuss about divorcing you?"

He said he didn't think so. But you never knew with women.

I SAID I was sorry if she was going to be upset; but, after all, I said, these things did happen.

He said: "Very nice and reasonable, Elsa. But Caroline isn't reasonable, never has been reasonable, and certainly isn't going to feel reasonable. She loves me, you know."

I said I understood that, but if she loved him she'd put his happiness first, and, at any rate, she wouldn't want to keep him if he wanted to be free.

He said, "Life can't really be solved by admirable maxims out of modern literature. Nature's red in tooth and claw, remember."

I said, "Surely we are all civilized people nowadays!" and Amyas laughed. He said, "Civilized people my foot! Caroline would probably like to take a hatchet to you. She might do it, too."

I said, "Then don't tell her."

He said, "No. The break's got to come. You've got to belong to me properly, Elsa. Before all the world. Openly mine."

I said, "Suppose she won't divorce you?"

He said, "I'm not afraid of that."

I said, "What are you afraid of then?"

And he said slowly, "I don't know. . . ."

You see, he knew Caroline. While I didn't.

If I'd had any idea . . .

We went down again to Alderbury. Things were difficult this time. Caroline had got suspicious. I didn't like it; I didn't like it a bit. I've always hated deceit and concealment. I thought we ought to tell her. Amyas wouldn't hear of it.

The funny part of it was that he didn't really care at all. In spite of being fond of Caroline and not wanting to hurt her, he just didn't care about the honesty or dishonesty of it all. He was painting with a kind of frenzy, and nothing else mattered. I hadn't seen him in one of his working spells before. I realized now what a really great genius he was. It was natural for him to be so carried away that all the ordinary decencies didn't matter. But it was different for *me. I was in a horrible position.* Caroline resented me—and quite rightly. The only thing to put the position quite straight was to be honest and tell her the truth.

But all Amyas would say was that he wasn't going to be bothered with scenes and fusses until he'd finished the picture. I said there probably wouldn't be a scene. Caroline would have too much dignity and pride for that.

I said, "I want to be honest about it all. We've *got* to be honest!"

Amyas said, "To hell with honesty. I'm painting a picture!"

I did see his point of view, but he wouldn't see mine.

And in the end I broke down. Caroline had been talking of some plan she and Amyas were going to carry out next autumn. She talked about it quite confidently. And I suddenly felt it was too abominable what we were doing—letting her go on like this—and perhaps, too, I was angry, because she was really being very unpleasant to me in a clever sort of way that one couldn't take hold of.

And so I came out with the truth. In a way, I still think I was right. Though, of course, I wouldn't *have done it if I'd had the faintest idea what was to come* of it.

The clash came right away. Amyas was furious with me for telling Caroline, but he had to admit that what I had said was true.

I didn't understand Caroline at all. We all went over to Meredith Blake's to tea, and Caroline played up marvelously—talking and laughing. Like a fool, I thought she was taking it well. It was awkward, my not being able to leave the house, but Amyas would have gone up in smoke if I had. I thought perhaps Caroline would go. It would have made it much easier for us if she had.

I didn't see her take the coniine. I want to be honest, so I think that it's just possible that she may have taken it as she said she did—with the idea of suicide in her mind.

But I don't *really* think so. I think she was one of those intensely jealous and possessive women who won't let go of anything that they think belongs to them. Amyas was her property. I think she was quite prepared to kill him rather than to let him go, completely and finally, to another woman. I think she right away made up her mind to kill him. And I think that Meredith's *happening to discuss coniine so freely* just gave her the means to do what she'd already made up her mind to do. She was a very bitter and revengeful woman—vindictive. Amyas knew all along that she was dangerous. I didn't.

The next morning she had a final showdown with Amyas. I heard most of it from outside on the terrace. He was splendid—very patient and calm. He implored her to be reasonable. He said he was very fond of her and the child, and always would be. He'd do everything he could to assure their future. Then he hardened up and said, "But understand this: I'm damned well going to marry Elsa, and nothing shall stop me. You and I always agreed to leave each other free. These things happen."

Caroline said to him, "Do as you please. I've warned you."

Her voice was very quiet, but there was a queer note in it.

Amyas said, "What do you mean, Caroline?"

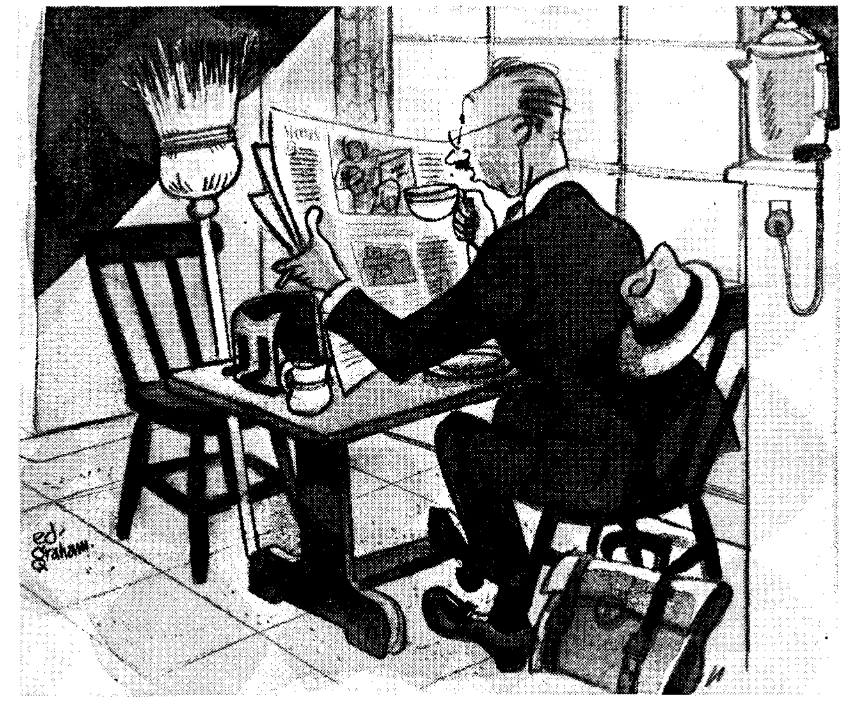
She said, "You're mine and *I don't mean to let you go.* Sooner than let you go to that girl *I'll kill you. . . .*"

JUST at that minute Philip Blake came along the terrace. I got up and went to meet him. I didn't want him to overhear.

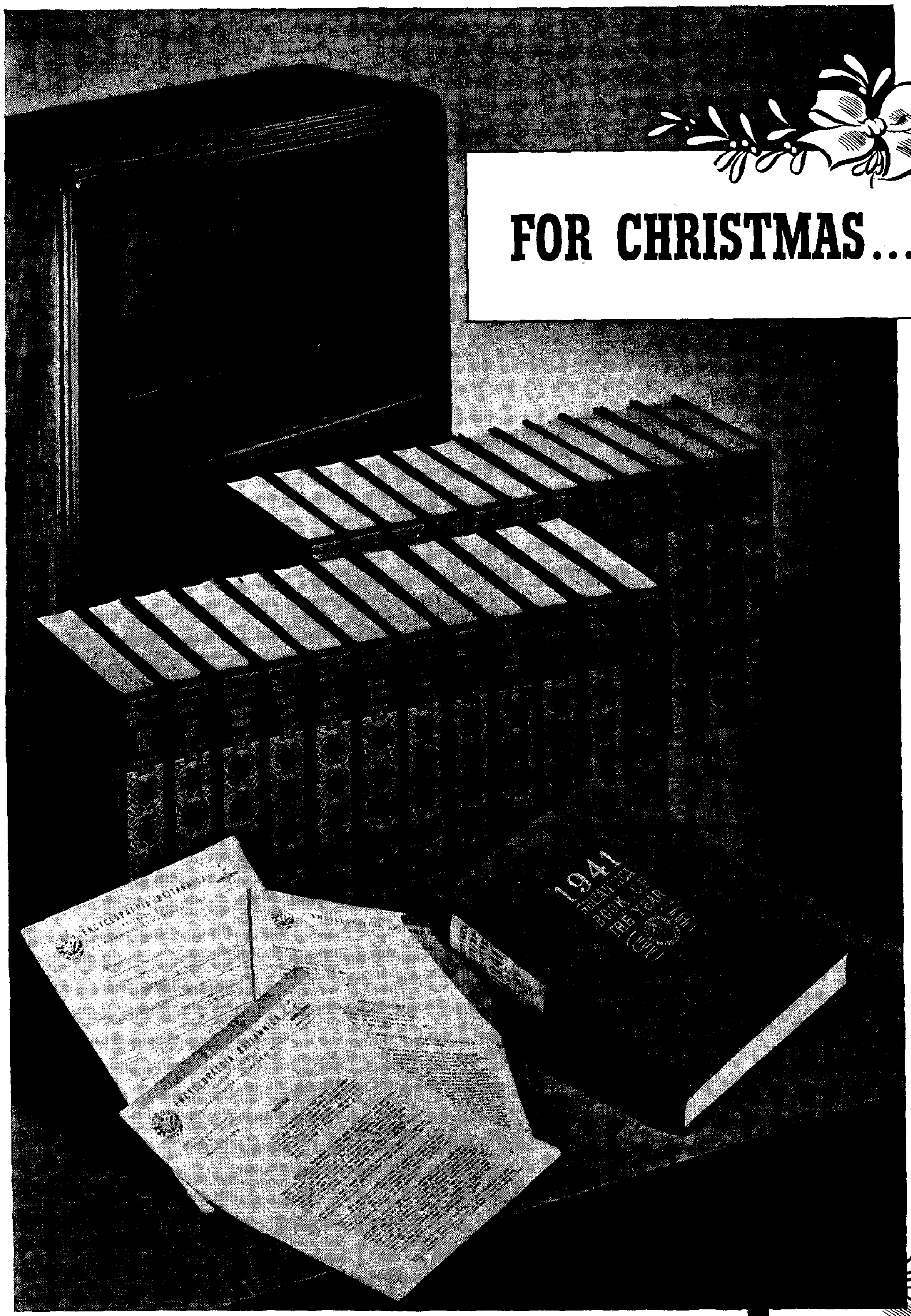
Presently Amyas came out and said it was time to get on with the picture. We went down together to the Battery. He didn't say much. Just said that Caroline was cutting up rough—but not to *talk about it.* He wanted to concentrate on what he was doing. Another day, he said, would about finish the picture.

He said, "And it'll be the best thing I've done, Elsa, even if it is paid for in blood and tears."

A little later I went up to the house to get a pull-over. There was a chilly wind blowing. When I came back again, Caroline was there. I suppose she had come down to make one last appeal to



"That last permanent didn't last very long, dear!" ED GRAHAM



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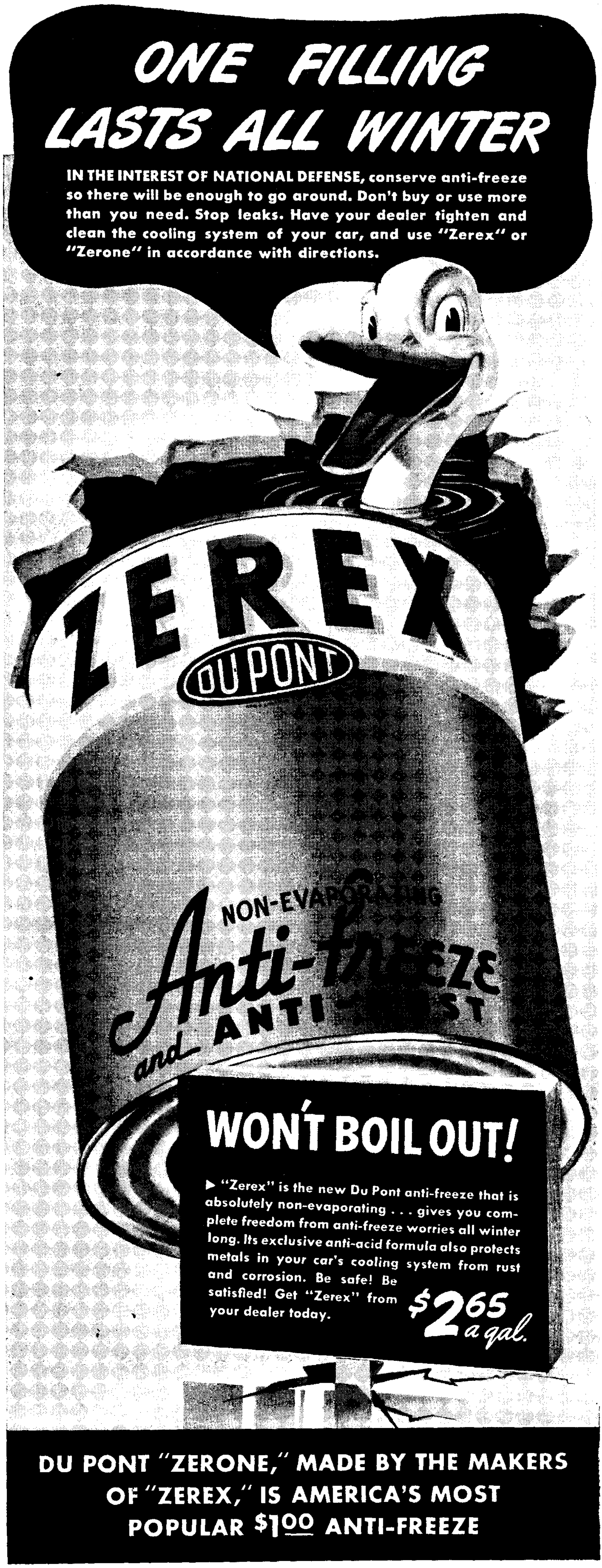
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▶ "Zerex" is the new Du Pont anti-freeze that is absolutely non-evaporating . . . gives you complete freedom from anti-freeze worries all winter long. Its exclusive anti-acid formula also protects metals in your car's cooling system from rust and corrosion. Be safe! Be satisfied! Get "Zerex" from your dealer today.

$2.65 a gal.

DU PONT "ZERONE," MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "ZEREX," IS AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR $1.00 ANTI-FREEZE

Amyas. Philip and Meredith Blake were there too.

It was then that Amyas said he was thirsty and wanted a drink. He said there was beer but it wasn't iced.

Caroline said she'd send him down some iced beer. She said it quite naturally, in an almost friendly tone. She was an actress, that woman. She must have known then what she meant to do.

She brought it down about ten minutes later. Amyas was painting. She poured it out and set the glass down beside him. Neither of us was watching her. Amyas was intent on what he was doing and I had to keep the pose.

Amyas drank it down the way he always drank beer—just pouring it down his throat in one draught. Then he made a face and said it tasted foul; but, at any rate, it was cold.

And even then, when he said that, no suspicion entered my head. I just laughed and said, "Liver."

When she'd seen him drink it Caroline went away.

It must have been about forty minutes later that Amyas complained of stiffness and pains. He said he thought he must have got a touch of muscular rheumatism. Amyas was always intolerant of any ailment, and he didn't like being fussed over. After saying that he turned it off with a light "Old age, I suppose. You've taken on a creaking old man, Elsa."

I PLAYED up to him. But I noticed that his legs moved stiffly and queerly and that he grimaced once or twice. I never dreamed that it wasn't rheumatism. Presently he drew the bench along and sat sprawled on that, occasionally stretching up to put a touch of paint here and there on the canvas. He used to do that sometimes when he was painting. Just sit staring at me and then at the canvas. Sometimes he'd do it for half an hour at a time. So I didn't think it specially queer.

We heard the bell go for lunch and he said he wasn't coming up. He'd stay where he was and he didn't want anything. That wasn't unusual either and it would be easier for him than facing Caroline at the table.

He was talking in rather a queer way—grunting out his words. But he sometimes did that when he was dissatisfied with the progress of the picture.

Meredith Blake came in to fetch me. He spoke to Amyas, but Amyas only grunted at him.

We went up to the house together and left him there. We left him there—to die alone. I'd never seen much illness, I didn't know much about it; I thought Amyas was just in a painter's mood. If I'd known—if I'd realized, perhaps a doctor could have saved him. . . . Oh, why didn't I— It's no good thinking of that now. I was a blind fool, a blind, stupid fool.

There isn't much more to tell.

Caroline and the governess went down there after lunch. Meredith followed them. Presently he came running up. He told us Amyas was dead.

Then I knew! Knew, I mean, that it was Caroline. I still didn't think of poison. I thought she'd gone down that minute and either shot or stabbed him.

I wanted to get at her—to kill her. . . .

How *could* she do it? How *could* she? He was so alive, so full of life and vigor. To put all that out—to make him limp and cold. Just so that I shouldn't have him.

Horrible woman! . . . Horrible, scornful, cruel, vindictive woman! . . . I hate her! I still hate her!

They didn't even hang her.

They ought to have hanged her. . . . Even hanging was too good for her. . . .

I hate her! . . . I hate her! . . . I hate her! . . .

(End of Lady Dittisham's Narrative)

NARRATIVE OF CECILIA WILLIAMS

DEAR M. Poirot:

I am sending you an account of those events in September, 19—, actually witnessed by myself.

I have been absolutely frank and have kept nothing back. You may show it to Carla Crale. It may pain her, but I have always been a believer in truth. Palliatives are harmful. One must have the courage to face reality. Without that courage, life is meaningless. The people who do us most harm are the people who shield us from reality.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

CECILIA WILLIAMS.

My name is Cecilia Williams. I was engaged by Mrs. Crale as governess to her half sister, Angela Warren, in 19—. I was then forty-eight.

I took up my duties at Alderbury, a very beautiful estate in South Devon which had belonged to Mr. Crale's family for many generations. I knew that Mr. Crale was a well-known painter but I did not meet him until I took up residence at Alderbury.

The household consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Crale, Angela Warren (then a girl of thirteen) and three servants, who had been with the family many years.

I found my pupil an interesting and promising character. She had very marked abilities and it was a pleasure to teach her. She was somewhat wild and undisciplined, but these faults arose mainly through high spirits, and I have always preferred my girls to show spirit. An excess of vitality can be trained and guided into paths of real usefulness and achievement.

On the whole, I found Angela amenable to discipline. She had been somewhat spoiled—mainly by Mrs. Crale, who was far too indulgent where she was concerned. Mr. Crale's influence was, I considered, unwise. He indulged her absurdly one day and was unnecessarily peremptory on another occasion. He was very much a man of moods, possibly owing to what is styled the artistic temperament.

I have never seen, myself, why the possession of artistic ability should be supposed to excuse a man from a decent exercise of self-control. I did not myself admire Mr. Crale's paintings. The drawing seemed to me faulty and the coloring exaggerated, but, naturally, I was not called upon to express any opinion on these matters.

I SOON formed a deep attachment to Mrs. Crale. I admired her character and her fortitude in the difficulties of her life. Mr. Crale was not a faithful husband, and I think that that fact was the source of much pain to her. A stronger-minded woman would have left him, but Mrs. Crale never seemed to contemplate such a course. She endured his infidelities and forgave him for them, but I may say that she did not take them meekly. She remonstrated—and with spirit!

It was said at the trial that they led a cat-and-dog life. I would not go as far as that—Mrs. Crale had too much dignity for that term to apply—but they *did* have quarrels. And I consider that that was only natural under the circumstances.

I had been with Mrs. Crale just over two years when Miss Elsa Greer appeared upon the scene. She arrived down at Alderbury in the summer of 19—. Mrs. Crale had not met her previously. She was Mr. Crale's friend, and she was said to be there for the purpose of having her portrait painted.

It was apparent at once that Mr. Crale was infatuated with this girl, and that the girl herself was doing nothing to discourage him. She behaved, in my opinion, quite outrageously, being abominably rude to Mrs. Crale and openly flirting with Mr. Crale.

Naturally Mrs. Crale said nothing to me, but I could see that she was disturbed and unhappy and I did everything in my power to distract her mind and lighten her burden. Miss Greer sat every day for Mr. Crale, but I noticed that the picture was not getting on very fast. They had, no doubt, other things to talk about.

My pupil, I am thankful to say, noticed very little of what was going on. Angela was in some ways young for her age. Though her intellect was well developed, she was not at all what I may term precocious. She seemed to have no wish to read undesirable books and showed no signs of morbid curiosity such as girls often do at her age.

She, therefore, saw nothing undesirable in the friendship between Mr. Crale and Miss Greer. Nevertheless, she disliked Miss Greer and thought her stupid. Here she was quite right. Miss Greer had had, I presume, a proper education, but she never opened a book and was quite unfamiliar with current literary allusions. Moreover, she could not sustain a discussion on any intellectual subject.

She was entirely taken up with her personal appearance, her clothes, and men.

ANGELA, I think, did not even realize that her sister was unhappy. She was not at that time a very perceptive person. She spent a lot of time in hoydenish pastimes, such as tree climbing and wild feats of bicycling. She was also a passionate reader and showed excellent taste in what she liked and disliked.

Mrs. Crale was always careful to conceal any signs of unhappiness from Angela, and exerted herself to appear bright and cheerful when the girl was about.

Miss Greer went back to London—at which, I can tell you, we were all very pleased! The servants disliked her as much as I did. She was the kind of person who gives a lot of unnecessary trouble and forgets to say thank you.

Mr. Crale went away shortly afterward, and of course I knew that he had gone after the girl. I was very sorry for Mrs. Crale. She felt these things very keenly. I felt extremely bitter toward Mr. Crale. When a man has a charming, gracious, intelligent wife he has no business to treat her badly.

However, she and I both hoped the affair would soon be over. Not that we mentioned the subject to each other—we did not—but she knew quite well how I felt about it.

Unfortunately, after some weeks, the pair of them reappeared. It seemed the sittings were to be resumed.

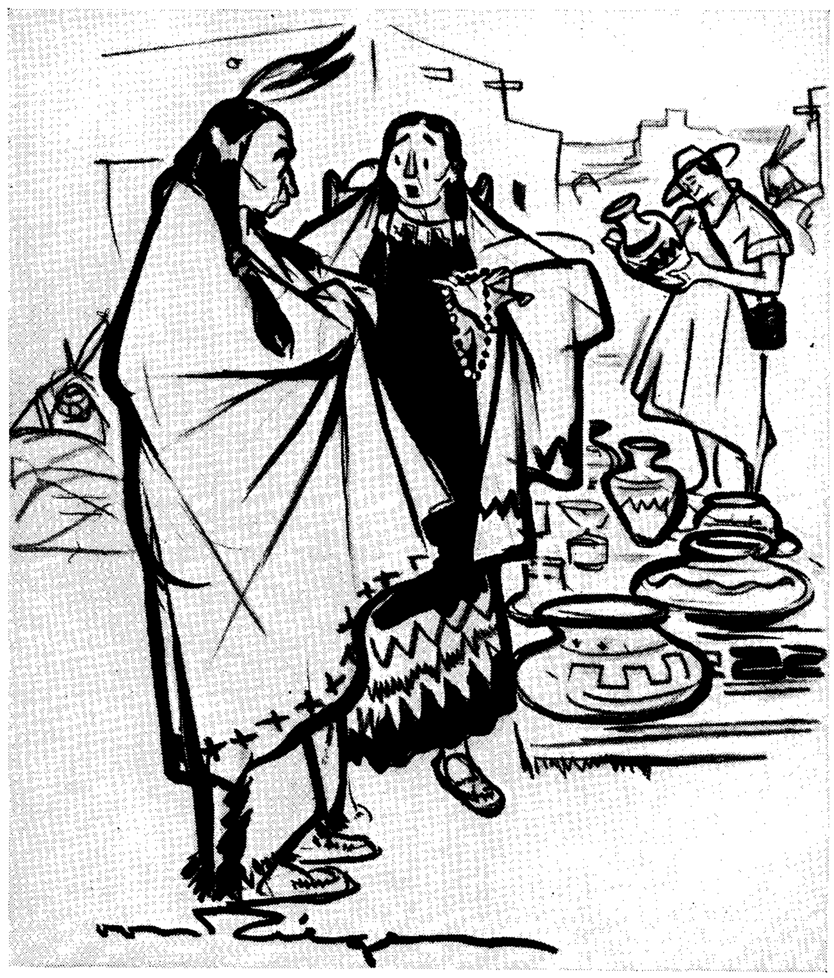
Mr. Crale was now painting with absolute frenzy. He seemed less preoccupied with the girl than with his picture of her. Nevertheless, I realized that this was not the usual kind of thing we had gone through before. This girl had got her claws into him and she meant business. He was just like wax in her hands.

The thing came to a head on the day before he died—that is, on September 17th. Miss Greer's manner had been unbearably insolent the last few days. She was feeling sure of herself and she wanted to assert her importance. Mrs. Crale behaved like a true gentlewoman. She was icily polite but she showed the other clearly what she thought of her.

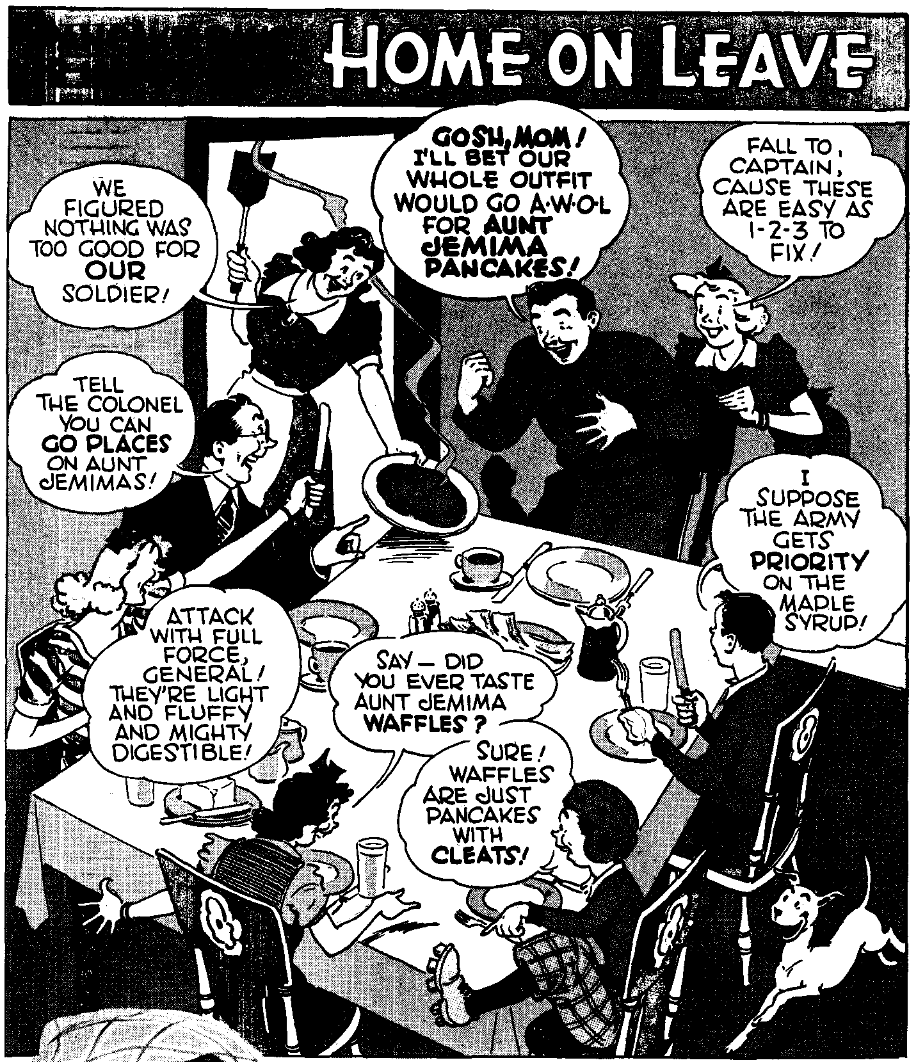
On this day, September 17th, as we were sitting in the drawing room after lunch, Miss Greer came out with an amazing remark as to how she was going to redecorate the room when she was living at Alderbury.

Naturally, Mrs. Crale couldn't let that pass. She challenged her and Miss Greer had the impudence to say, before us all, that she was going to marry Mr. Crale. She actually talked about marrying a married man—and she said it to his wife!

(To be continued next week)



"She wants to swap this dime necklace for it" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



HOME ON LEAVE
WE FIGURED NOTHING WAS TOO GOOD FOR OUR SOLDIER!
GOSH, MOM! I'LL BET OUR WHOLE OUTFIT WOULD GO A·W·O·L FOR AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES!
FALL TO, CAPTAIN, CAUSE THESE ARE EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX!
TELL THE COLONEL YOU CAN GO PLACES ON AUNT JEMIMAS!
I SUPPOSE THE ARMY GETS PRIORITY ON THE MAPLE SYRUP!
ATTACK WITH FULL FORCE, GENERAL! THEY'RE LIGHT AND FLUFFY AND MIGHTY DIGESTIBLE!
SAY — DID YOU EVER TASTE AUNT JEMIMA WAFFLES?
SURE! WAFFLES ARE JUST PANCAKES WITH CLEATS!

"Um-m-m-m My secret Old-south recipe sho' do happify yo' appetite!"

"MAN WHAT A MEAL" Aunt Jemima's secret, old-south recipe gives you lip-smacking flavor that's unforgettable. Easy as 1-2-3 to fix, too. Just add milk or water to Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix, stir, and pop 'em on the griddle. Economical and packed full of nourishment!

AUNT JEMIMA
READY MIX
FOR PANCAKES • BUCKWHEATS

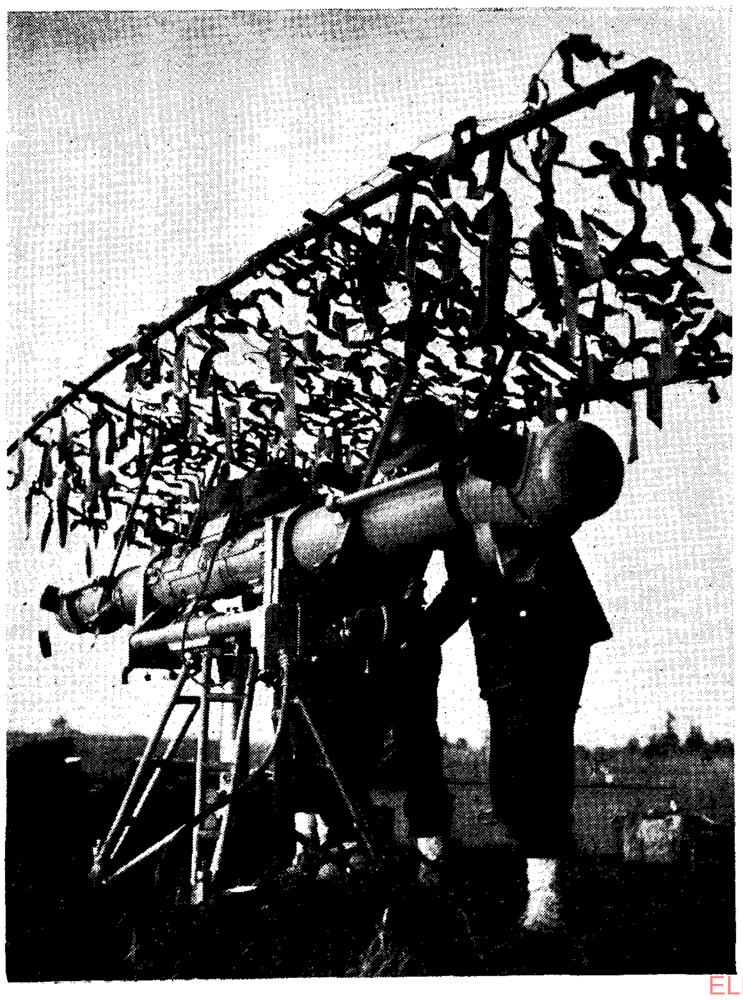
AUNT JEMIMA
AUNT JEMIMA

GET BOTH! The red box for pancakes...the yellow box for buckwheats.

ANTIAIRCRAFT BATTERY. Shown here in action is one gun of one battery of the 211th Coast Artillery from Camp Hulen, Texas. A full battery comprises four such three-inch guns, four .50-cal. machine guns for security against dive bombers, and, in actual combat, five searchlights. Twelve 225-foot cables, each containing 19 wires, connect all four guns with the altitude finder (pictured at bottom of page) and a director (photograph censored) which computes the firing data. A gasoline-powered generator supplies the current. Each gun can fire 20 to 25 high-explosive shrapnel shells a minute at a range of 7,000 yards

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

With the electrical calculators doing the mathematical work, gun crews concentrate on loading and firing. One observer and two "trackers" aim the height finder (below) at the airplane. These men develop stereoscopic vision for this job, must be quick at identifying planes



Our New Army

IT'S about time we put in a word for the officers—especially the shavetails—who aren't as financially fortunate as most people, including privates, think. Take a second lieutenant, who gets $125 a month base pay, plus sixty cents a day for grub. First place, he spends about $1.25 daily—more than twice his allowance—for vittles, while the private gets his for nothing. Second, third and et cetera places, the shavetail has to get up $300 to $350 for his uniforms, spends $100 a year maintaining his wardrobe, and shells out four bucks a month for Officers Club dues and orderly fees. And although officers are quartered in separate rooms in Army barracks, the government provides only a cot, bedding and one chair. Unless he's satisfied with these meager furnishings the officer has to buy additional comfort out of his own pocket.

Our shavetail's daily life isn't so free and easy, either. He doesn't have to submit to nightly "bed check" but if he's wise he doesn't stay up all night just for the heck of it. If he wants to advance himself there's plenty of home study to get through, he has to plan the next day's activities for his men, and he has to rise and shine with them, preferably with a clear eye and an agile mind. A private's day ends at 4:30 P. M. (maneuvers excepted) but four afternoons a week, from 5 to 6 P. M., our shavetail attends officers' meetings. On top of that he serves on boards of investigation, courts-martial and other odds and ends. So there you are, men. You get sick of routine and tired of going broke a week before payday. The second looies do too.

WASHINGTON

3D DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. Latest shortage with Third Division members is in garrison belts. Because so few are coming through G-I, officers ruled they're to be worn only by noncoms. This resulted in a slow burn among privates who had bought belts on their own, but they're getting no sympathy from one old sergeant, who thinks garrison belts are Fancy Dan stuff. "Save 'em," advises he, "and use 'em for razor strops when you grow up."

THERE'S no official word on it yet, but the 15th (Can Do) Infantry thinks it's going to get another crack at skiing pretty soon. Tip-off is the number of good skiers the War Department seems to be routing out this way. Since last winter, the 15th has added to its roster Pvt. Walter Prager, one of the world's ten top-notch skiers and Dartmouth coach for five seasons; the captain of the University of Colorado's ski team; a former skier in the Polish army; the assistant instructor at Yosemite National Park; an erstwhile German army ski trooper, and several other snow men. Besides, the 15th has "reason to believe" a few more crack skiers, whose draft numbers are getting nearer, will wind up in the Can Do regiment. Capt. P. R. Lafferty doesn't wait for lucky draft draws, though; he keeps in touch with good skiers the country over, and the ones the War Department doesn't send out automatically he tries to get transferred. Incidentally, selectee-snatching by outfits who need a man good at this and that is a flourishing, underground industry involving red tape, knowing the right people and the ability to convince a C.O. he ought to part with a certain individual.

The 15th was one of three outfits chosen last year for winter warfare experiments and, not being low in morale, they modestly opine they were the best. Their eighteen-man ski patrol was lucky to have Mount Rainier in the fort's back

(Continued on page 65)

ALASKA
GULF OF ALASKA
DOMINION OF CANADA
HUDSON BAY
LABRADOR
PACIFIC OCEAN
Honolulu
WASHINGTON
New York
St. Louis
BERMUDA
GULF OF MEXICO
MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CARIBBEAN SEA
JAMAICA
PUERTO RICO
VENEZUELA
COLOMBIA
BOGOTA
AMAZON RIVER
BRAZIL
PERU
BOLIVIA
PARAGUAY
ARGENTINA
URUGUAY
FALKLAND IS.

Our Ramparts are in the Sky

WHETHER you live in a large city or small, in the East or in the West, plying a trade or following a profession, your world has changed to a world of the airplane.

You are seeing men, mail and merchandise moving not only by road and rail and water but also in the thoroughfare of the universal sky.

Here in the United States you have seen New York and Los Angeles relocated . . . just overnight by air from one to the other. You have seen the Atlantic spanned in a single day instead of many. You have seen whole armies ferried across the face of Europe, Asia and Africa . . . by air! The fixed points about which the World's affairs have eddied for so long have become suddenly mobile.

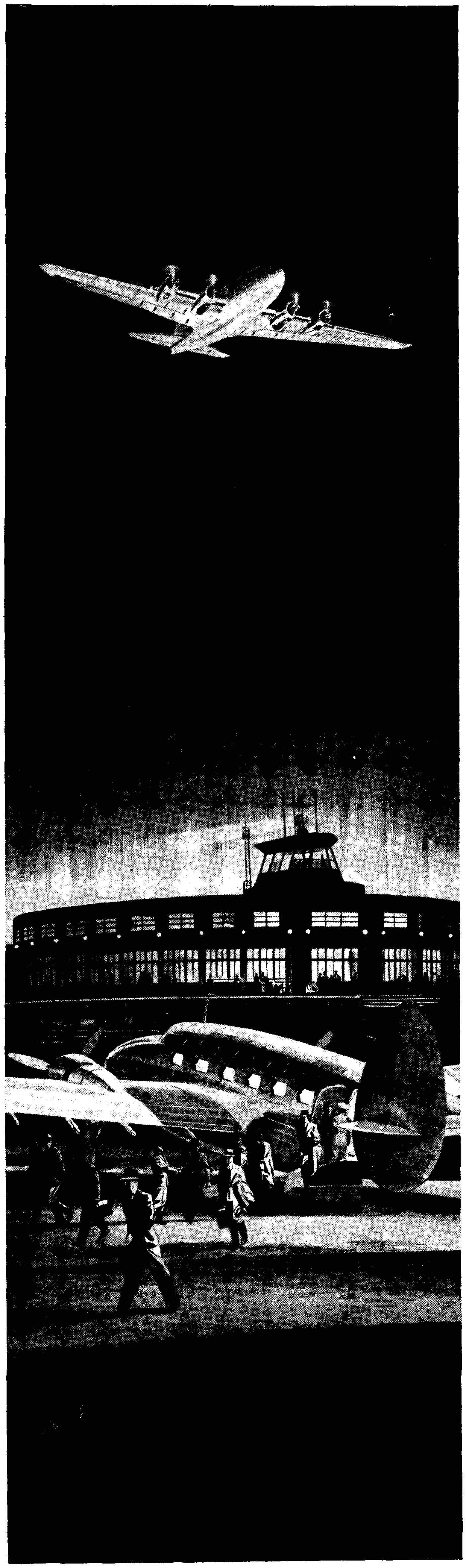
The change—so swift that not all have been able to heed it—comes to this:

Our ramparts, our frontiers, are in the sky. Here will our freedom be defended and made secure. And here will our commerce and our trade—the things we live by—become increasingly fluid, flexible, expansive.

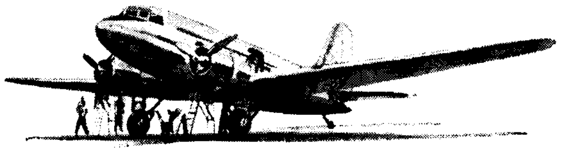
This is your new world. It *starts from where you are* and reaches everywhere. You can be *swept along* with it, or you may choose to *advance* with it. But you are certain to *move* with it!

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



THE *BUSIEST* AIRPLANES IN THE WORLD!



. . . speeding men, mail and materials for Defense

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Wee Willie—Wow!

Continued from page 43

but the fact remains that he was not *caught* out of line and so must be given the benefit of any doubt. While he has the unfortunate habit of getting into trouble, and also the good luck to skin out without visible effect usually, but sometimes it becomes imperative that he be fished out of his latest mess by club officials. In such cases, Willie is always contrite and it was in restitution for one of his pranks in Miami that he went out on Burdine Field and played one of the most magnificent games of tackle anyone had ever seen and, in so doing, stamped himself as a regular for the following season. At that time he had never been in a big-league professional game before and he had seen his first from the Redskin bench only two weeks previously. Incidentally, he was playing his first game against the Chicago Bears. That's how good a football player he is.

The one single gesture on the football field that awakened Washington to the realization that this big, likable, devil-may-care lad was a great player also had its screwball side. It happened in October, 1938, when the Redskins, then champions of the league, were playing the Detroit Lions. Injuries and bad luck had plagued the team to such an extent that one more loss would just about kill the slim remaining hopes that the team would rally and retain the title they had so valiantly won in 1937.

Willie Spoils a Punt

In the third period the Lions were holding a freaky 5-to-0 lead by virtue of a first-period field goal and a second-quarter safety and nearly 48,000 paid customers in Briggs Stadium were bellowing for the Lions to hold on for the upset victory that would have been spectacular indeed. Midway in this period, one of Redskin Sammy Baugh's consistently accurate punts obediently rolled out of bounds on the Lions' 12-yard stripe. Three plays gained nothing more than a couple of yards but with Vern Huffman, one of the best kickers in pro ranks, ready to punt far into Redskin territory and comparative safety, the situation was not particularly precarious for the Lions. But Wee Willie popped up.

The ball was snapped perfectly and Huffman also handled it perfectly, took his two quick steps and swung his powerful right foot. At that moment the roof fell in on Huffman.

Wee Willie had, by the simple medium of charging straight ahead, blitzkrieg style, crashed his way through the tough Detroit line. Ace Gutowsky, a burly citizen whose duty on punts was to protect the kicker, saw Wilkin coming like a berserk bull and threw what ordinarily would have been a bone-crushing block straight at Wee Willie. Master Wilkin did not pause but threw up his hands and caught the full force of Gutowsky's 205 pounds as you would catch a medicine ball and with a mighty heave such as a two-handed shot putter would use, hurled Gutowsky *backward* through the air so that he came down *atop* Huffman with an impact that was terrifying to hear, just as Huffman's foot connected with the ball. Result: A blocked kick, untouched by Redskins but by a Detroit player who was an unwilling pawn of the tremendous strength that is Wee Willie's.

That was the pay-off. That the Redskins recovered the kick and, two plays later, scored from the 14-yard line is almost superfluous. They did just that and won the game, 7 to 5. But the touchdown was almost unnecessary. For when Wee Willie catapulted Gutowsky into Huffman, the play so stunned the Lions that right then and there they were a licked crew. Imagine a guy tossing 205 pounds a distance of eight or ten feet within a split second!

After the game, Coach Ray Flaherty, the old Gonzaga U. stand-by and former New York Giant end, grinned his delight at Wee Willie's feat. "I never saw anything like that before in my life," joyously exclaimed Flaherty, "and I have gone through twenty years of football. I still don't see how he did it and I still can hardly believe it, but doggonit, he did!"

Ask Flaherty about Wee Willie sometime. He will tell you Wee Willie is, unquestionably, just about the best tackle in the National Football League. "*But,*" Flaherty will continue, "if Wee Willie concentrated and set his mind to it, he could become the *greatest* tackle the game of football ever saw. He has all the natural ability and a physique that is made to order for the job. And, instinctively, he is a great player who does the right thing at the right time without having to stop and think about it. It just comes natural, like Babe Ruth's habit of never throwing to the wrong base."

Fighter Turns Footballer

Wilkin was Flaherty's personal discovery, which explains why Flaherty is so delighted with Wee Willie's development into one of the game's greatest tackles. If it hadn't been for the fact that Flaherty is a boxing fan, Wee Willie might have been fighting Joe Louis along about now for the heavyweight championship of the world instead of chasing a pigskin around the gridiron. For Flaherty first saw Wilkin in a boxing ring. And the way Flaherty finally got Wee Willie to put his signature on a Redskin contract also has its screwball side.

It happened in January, 1938. Only the month previously the Redskins had whipped the Chicago Bears, 28-21, for the National Football League championship and, as conquering heroes, were in the midst of a coast-to-coast exhibition jaunt hoping to pick up a few odd dollars. Games were booked in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston and Miami. Training at San Francisco before the trek started, the entire squad was invited to a boxing show.

When Wee Willie was introduced from the ring, Flaherty perked up as he watched the twenty-one-year-old giant strip from his bathrobe. He was further impressed with the easy grace with which the boxer moved about. He didn't see much of Wee Willie in action but what little he did see was impressive. Wee Willie merely stuck out his left, feinted with his right, shifted easily and let go a crashing one-two that laid out his foe colder than a hunk of dry ice in less than a minute!

Flaherty turned to Pat Frayne, one of the Pacific Coast's top sports writers and remarked, "Gee, if that guy could only play football, wouldn't he be a wow?"

Frayne smiled knowingly and replied, "Don't you know who he is? That's Wee Willie Wilkin, of St. Mary's. Slip Madigan (St. Mary's coach) says he is the greatest tackle he ever saw."

Flaherty almost broke a leg in getting down to the dressing room. Wee Willie had a manager who had signed him to a contract the year before. But the boy wasn't twenty-one when he signed and, of course, the paper was illegal. Nonetheless, Wee Willie is a square gent and wouldn't run out on his manager, refusing to join the Redskins, although he readily admitted he would rather play football than be a fighter.

All arguments failed and Flaherty went away empty-handed. That night after the fights, Flaherty and a small group of friends visited a small roadside café for a snack before retiring. There, as large as life and a good deal more jollicose, sat Wee Willie, the picture of a perfect host, lavishly entertaining a

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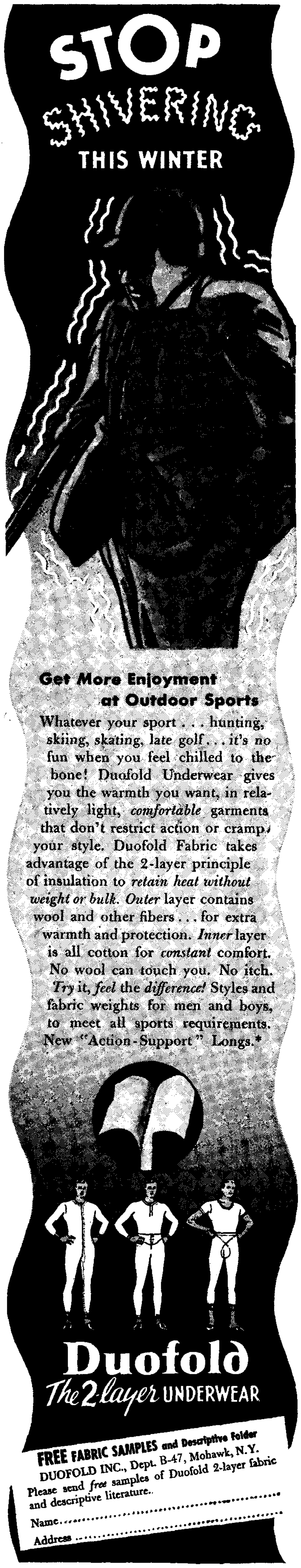
NORTHWESTERN
Pvt. Dave Breger

"Such a fuss over him! After all, it's only a game!"

PVT. DAVID BREGER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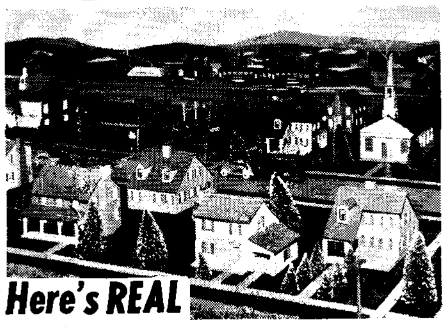

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party of gaping admirers. Flaherty once again tried to talk Wee Willie into a football career, but no soap. Eventually came time to pay the check and Wee Willie glanced at the total and dejectedly drew eight crumpled one-dollar bills from his pants pocket. Needless to say, he was quite a bit short. The eight dollars represented his entire share of the $25 purse after his manager had deducted his "cut" and training expenses.

Flaherty seized the opportunity, graciously paid the check and started pouring words of wisdom into Wee Willie's attentive ear, telling him of the advantages of playing pro football, where there is no such thing as a manager's cut and training expenses. Wee Willie was impressed but still refused to abandon his ring career, although he again admitted the soundness of Flaherty's argument.

But the next day, however, Flaherty visited the boy's mother and, between the two, finally convinced the young giant that he would be better off on a gridiron than in a prize-fighting ring. The convincer was the fact that Mrs. Wilkin never wanted Wee Willie to become a fighter.

Three days later, just as the train bearing the Redskins to Los Angeles was pulling out of the station, Wee Willie reported, wearing a pair of moccasins, a pair of slacks and a sports shirt, open at the throat. He carried a toothbrush, no paste, and a razor holding a single blade. He was thus "packed" and ready for his coast-to-coast and return tour!

The Redskins have since found out quite a bit about Wee Willie. They never give the guy his entire pay check, but deduct such items as room, board, laundry, clothing bill and accessories, which is paid by the club via charge accounts. Then they give Wee Willie an allowance and send the remainder to his mother, who banks it for him. Mrs. Wilkin thus is business manager for her son.

During the off season he is a miner. When the club sent him a questionnaire asking what he mines and where, he filled in the blank thusly: "Anything and Anywhere."

He Even Opens Train Windows

Wee Willie is really a holy terror. On a train he unconsciously demonstrated his almost unbelievable strength to the club for the first time. The cooling system went haywire and one by one the Redskins pulled and tugged trying, without luck, to open a window for a breath of fresh air. Just about the time when all seemed lost, Wee Willie strolled through the car, looking for the diner, where he also does good work. "Hey, Rookie," Captain Turk Edwards, whom Wee Willie adores in hero worship, barked at the startled lad, "come over here and raise this window." They settled back to watch the fun.

Wee Willie, strictly on his mettle in front of the whole team, braced himself, got a firm grip on the lifts, hunched his mighty shoulders and gave a gigantic heave. With a rending, ripping, tearing sound that startled everyone, the window shot up to its limit and nearly slammed its way through the roof of the car. Wee Willie calmly stepped back and renewed his search for the diner, unaware that he had done anything extraordinary.

The Redskins have also learned never to send Wee Willie the cash for transportation to and from training camp. Now they send the actual ticket, usually for busses, which method of transportation he honestly prefers. Once he was four days late in reporting to training camp, much to the consternation of George Marshall and Coach Flaherty. It developed that he couldn't keep the bus schedules straight and insisted on exploring each stopover town, missing connections frequently. As one bus looked like another to him he usually got on the first one that came along. Twice he triumphantly returned to San Francisco on wrong busses and had to start out all over again. When the Washington sports writers heard of this, they hopped on the episodes with great glee, calling Wee Willie the "Corrigan of the Bus Lines." Wee Willie paid not the slightest bit of attention to the stories and went into training just as if nothing had happened.

But the guy really can play football. And loves it.

In 1939 when the Redskins met the New York Giants for the Eastern Divison championship and the right to play the Green Bay Packers for the title, Wee Willie duplicated his famous stunt of tossing the protector into the punter when he picked up Hank Soar and sailed him into the arms of the Giant punter, causing another blocked kick and setting up the Redskin touchdown which was scored on the very next play. That was the year the Giants beat the Redskins 9-7 after a near riot. So you can see how important that play was to the Redskins at the time.

Last year when the Chicago Bears whipped, or rather slaughtered, the Redskins by the prohibitive and unheard of score of 73-0, Wee Willie played virtually the entire game. When he left the field with only a few minutes of play remaining, he received the only ovation accorded a Redskin player that day by the 36,000 fanatics who jammed Griffith Stadium in Washington. The roar was thunderous and came from the heart. Because every one of those 36,000 knew that if Wee Willie had not been in there, the Bears would have won by 173 to 0, or maybe even more, instead of a mere 73 to 0. That's how good he was that day!

A Tribute to Greatness

As he left the field, one of the Chicago Bears walked over and offered his hand. Wee Willie raised a weary head and grinned. Two plays before he had tackled that same Bear so viciously that the Chicagoan had several teeth bashed out! Yet the Bear could not help but recognize the greatness of Wee Willie's sensational play for such a hopeless cause.

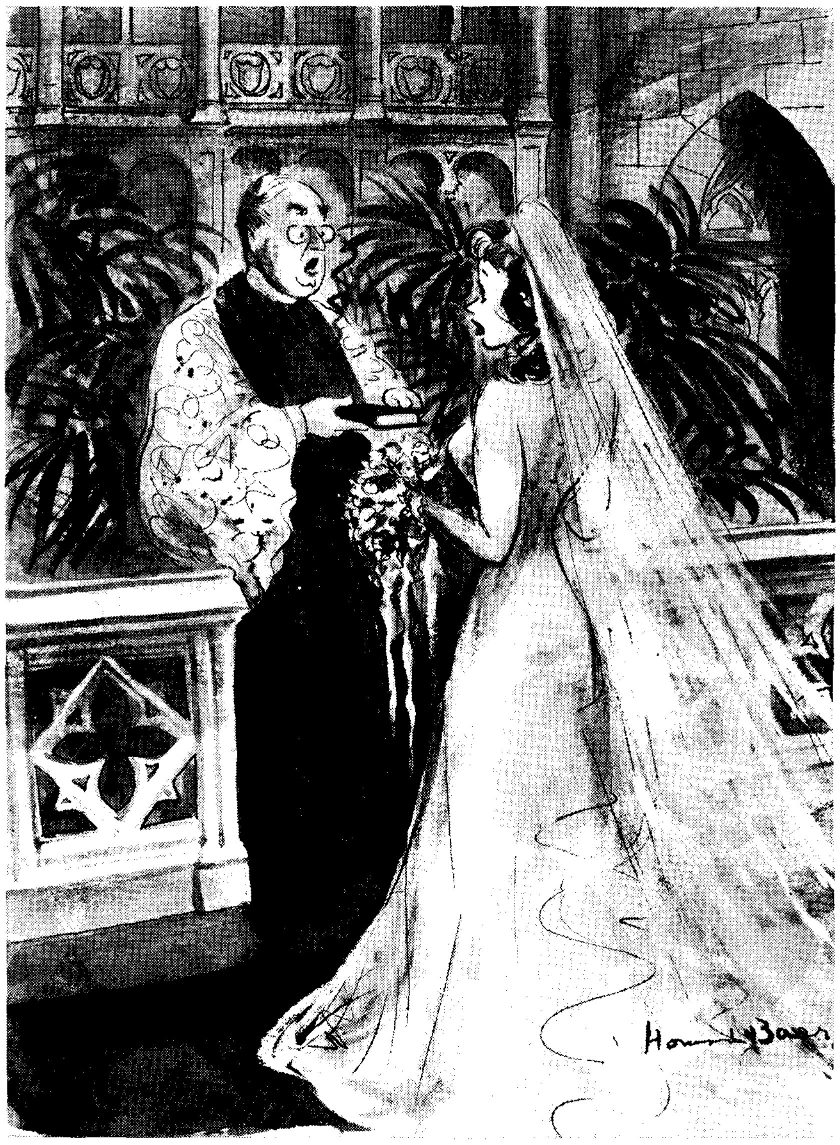
Is it any wonder, then, that the Redskins will put up with Wee Willie and his antics six days in the week just to have him around on their side on Sunday afternoons?

Last year when the team was rolling into Pittsburgh for an important game, a remark was dropped that the team would stop at a certain hotel.

"Gee," spoke up Frank Filchock, former Indiana star, "I lived there when I played with Pittsburgh. That place is right next to the freight tracks and I used to think those trains were going to run right through my bedroom at night."

Wee Willie was sitting close by. "Hope I don't forget myself and hop on one of 'em," he grinned.

Everybody laughed. But nobody doubted he would do it if the notion struck him. For Wilbur Byrne Wilkin is football's biggest screwball. And you can say that again!



"What do you mean—one of them is bound to show up?"

HOWARD BAER

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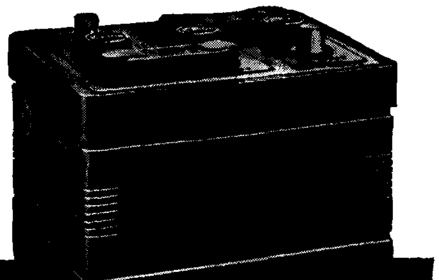


Exide

Last Love

Continued from page 15

him, too. Then the merry-go-round and the columnists start again and pretty soon someone puts him in a picture. That's what he wants, Pat. A free ride until someone says, 'How about giving Jeff Tyler a chance?' "

"How about it?" said Pat. "Who got you started, baby?"

She made it sound as simple as that. With Pat it was only the past that counted. It didn't matter to Pat that you had finally been able to make yourself forget Jeff and appreciate Charles and all the solid, lasting things he stood for. Pat never thought about the future. She was as loyal as she was plain and she went entirely by the record and nothing else.

"I—I can't help it, Pat," she said shakily. "I took my beating and I'm through. Nobody has to do it twice!" Her eyes were blue wounds in an ashen face. Jeff was responsible for everything good or bad that had ever happened to her. If it hadn't been for Jeff there wouldn't have been a screen career nor this house in the hills. If it hadn't been for Jeff and knowing that he was throwing her aside, she wouldn't have needed those things!

HE HAD been a famous musical-comedy star with five big shows to his legend when she met him. She had made the chorus call on his new show and Pat had sort of looked out for her during those four months when she saw him every night but never talked to him. He had been much younger than she had expected, with dark curly hair and smiling eyes, and it had been hard to believe he was Broadway's most famous man-with-the-ladies.

Julie had fallen in love with him, simply and completely, believing that it was for keeps. Believing that she was the one he would always want because she understood him so well and loved him so much. But he hadn't cared about that. Instead, he had tried to start her on a career of her own. Teaching her how to sell a song and her personality, putting just enough heart into it that it would touch people without embarrassing them. When he was finally able to talk the producer into giving her some business he had been as pleased as if it were his own first big chance on the stem.

She had realized then that he was so immersed in his own career that he thought everyone else was similarly driven. He would neither have suspected nor understood her being content at just being with him; wouldn't have believed that she had not been seeking a career when she answered that chorus call but only a way of earning a living. A chance to leave Tenth Avenue and everything on it far behind her.

His next show had slipped a little, as if he were growing stale, and he had come back in the spring with another and it too was off at the box office. They hadn't been turkeys but they hadn't been good, either. She herself had done all right in those shows and her freshness had attracted the talent scouts and Jeff began talking about her going out to Hollywood. The screen wasn't for him, he said, but that was no reason she should pass up a chance to cash in the easy way.

It's wonderful, he said. *You make faces at a camera and get a good tan and they pay you money for it. They see you in Oshkosh and Honolulu on the same night and yet you never have to make a sleeper jump. They roll out the rugs and "yes" you and take up your option every night at six o'clock.*

He had begun drinking a good deal more than he could handle nicely and after a while he didn't always bother keeping their dates.

She couldn't stand it and when it grew too bad she had taken the screen test that led her to Hollywood, a faraway town where they wouldn't know she was carrying the torch. Jeff had coached her for the test, sitting beside the director when it was shot, and he had seemed almost relieved to see her go to the coast and out of his life.

But that was all a long time ago, and she could never explain all those things to Charles. And Jeff would be coming into town, expecting her to take him to the première and to go in for the gossip build-up, not knowing that if she did she would wreck all the happiness that lay before her. And while she owed something to the past, she owed the future even more.

"I wouldn't cry, baby," said Pat. "Just because you love a guy you don't have to cry about it."

Julie raised her head. "I'm not crying. Not because of Jeff, anyway. That's all over." She made herself look at Pat.

"It's been over a long time," Julie said. "It's like a French proverb I read. It said that while first loves are the greater, second loves are best."

Pat lit a cigarette, putting the ash tray beside her on the bed. "So?" she said. "I didn't know people needed proverbs when they were in love."

There was nothing Julie could say. She rose and went slowly toward the door, small and terribly weary in that smart camel's-hair coat. She hesitated, biting her lips, knowing how much she needed Pat's help. She turned and Pat shook her head at the question in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, kid," she said, "but you'll have to do it yourself. It's your life."

JULIE was up while the mist still hung over the hills. She reached the Burbank airport a half-hour before the sleeper plane was due in from New York. She killed the time in the coffee shop.

The droning voice of the loud-speaker announced the sleeper plane's arrival. She was still tired but some of the fright had gone out of her eyes. Jeff had always laid it on the line after his fashion and once he realized why she couldn't take him to the première that night, that it meant far more than just breaking a date with Charles and his parents, he would be the first to tell her to skip it.

I'm not selling out, she thought. *Not even Pat could say I really sold out. I have to think of my own future, I have to save the happiness I once hoped to have with Jeff. I'll make it up to him about the première. I'll get Sam to give him a break. It isn't as if Jeff was just coming here to see me. All he wants is a job.*

She kept telling herself that over and over, dreading the moment when his lean face and easy smile would appear in the door of the plane. But the passengers were thinning out, were already clustering in their own private reunions, and Jeff hadn't appeared. The mail was off and the crew was leaving the plane. She stopped the copilot, asking if there had been a Mr. Tyler aboard and he only smiled and shook his head. She went to the passenger office and they didn't know anything either. His name was not on the manifest.

She drove home slowly, trying to put the pieces together. There would be another plane that afternoon but he had said he would arrive in the morning. It would be bad enough without having to tell him at the very last minute. Pat would be up and she would have to do it before her.

She went into the house, still trying to make up her mind what to do, and the answer was right there in her living room. Jeff was there, having a cup of coffee with Pat, who was still in her dressing robe.

"Jeff! How did you get here? I went out to the airport and you weren't on the plane and . . ."

He was holding her hands, grinning at her. "I'm not taking the planes these days," he said. "I'm not using that kind of chips." He had laughed it off, as he did everything else, but it only made her that much more conscious of his suit. It was the same gray one he had been wearing when she last saw him.

"I didn't know," she said. "If you had only let me know, Jeff!"

It was he who was embarrassed then. "I'm all right, Julie," he said. "I've been taking care of myself for a change."

He actually looked as if he had. His eyes were clear and he even looked as if he had put on a little weight. He had always been too thin.

PAT was pouring her a cup of coffee, taking everything in stride, as if this were still New York and Jeff's dropping in for a cup of coffee was the most natural thing in the world. Julie was grateful for the cup Pat offered her, glad for something to occupy her hands while she tried to keep up the conversation. She told him all the amusing things that had happened to all the amusing people they had known in New York and who were now in pictures, but it didn't quite come off.

"Are you going to do another show?" she asked finally. "Soon, I mean?"

He looked at Pat, as if seeking her counsel. Pat smiled and, after a luxurious yawn, rose to her feet. "See you kids later," she said. "I want to make myself human."

Julie was still waiting and when Jeff looked at her she saw the indecision in his eyes, as if he didn't know just how to start. Jeff Tyler, who was always so smooth and so sure of himself.

"I'll be catching another show," he said. "Not right away though." A grin tugged at his lips. "I've got some other angles."

Like me, she thought. The première and a free ride until you light on your feet. There was no bitterness in that knowledge. He had a right to expect her to repay those old debts. But at least she could choose the best way to do it. It was still her life.

Her hands were steady as she put the cup and saucer on the coffee table. She raised her eyes and somehow she even smiled.

"I wanted to tell you about the première, Jeff."

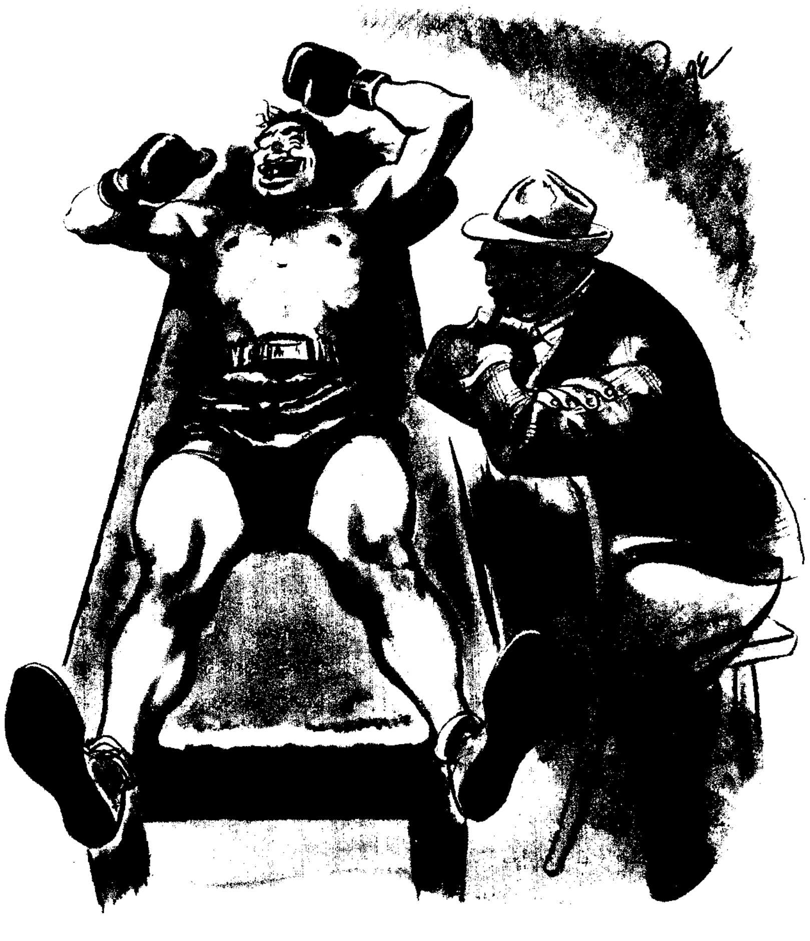
"Première?"

He was going to make her do it the hard way. She realized that and it stiffened her will, bringing the color to her cheeks and relieving her of any guilt. So, as if he didn't already know quite as much about it as she did, she told him the details of the opening at Carthay Circle; about the radio broadcasts and the parties afterward. Telling him as if they both didn't know that it had been important enough to bring him all the way out to the coast.

But when she had finished he did something she wasn't prepared for. He played straight. He looked out the window for a long time and when his gaze did come back to her his eyes were those of a stranger.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "I wasn't trying to crash your party, Julie. I didn't know about the première. I—I just happened to have a few days and I wanted to see you."

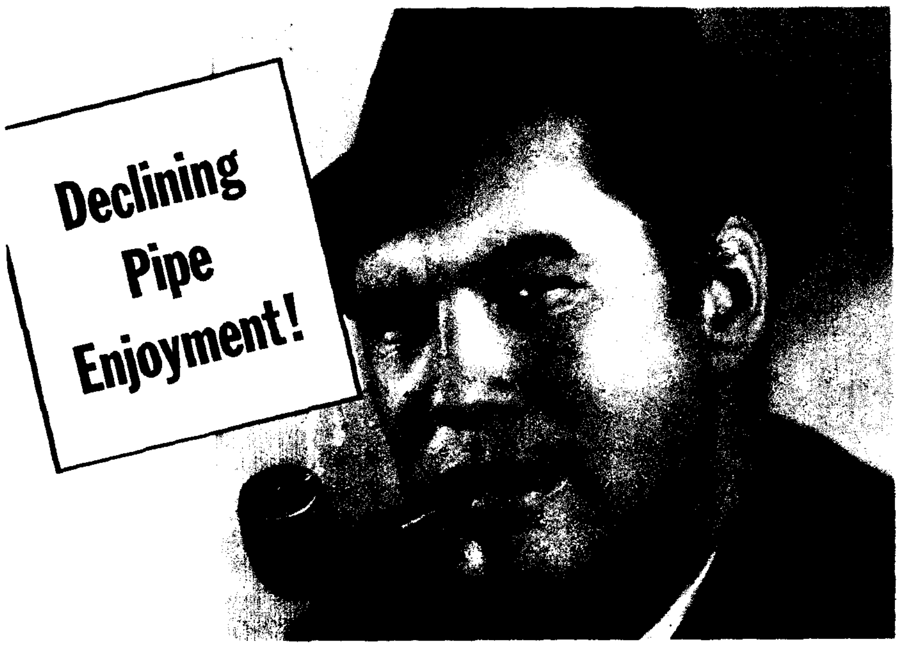
Her will, only a moment ago so firm



"Ha! Ha! Ha! That one hurt him! Lookit them knees buckle! C'mon, bum, stand up and fight! . . . Ha! Missed me, chum! Well, I had my laughs. . . . I'm gonna slap this slob right inta them typewriters—"

JOHN RUGE

ARREST...



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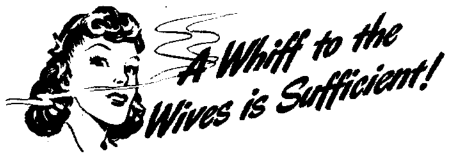
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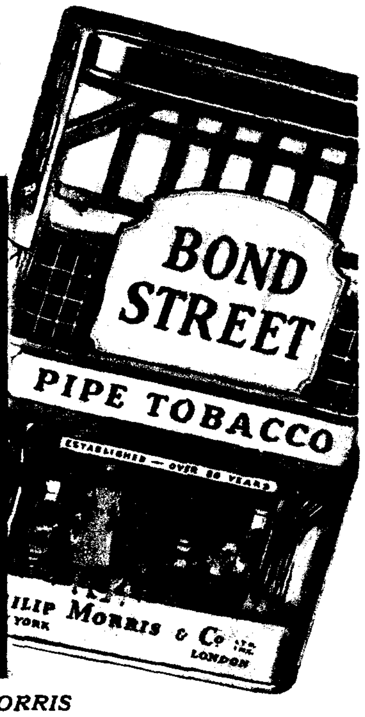

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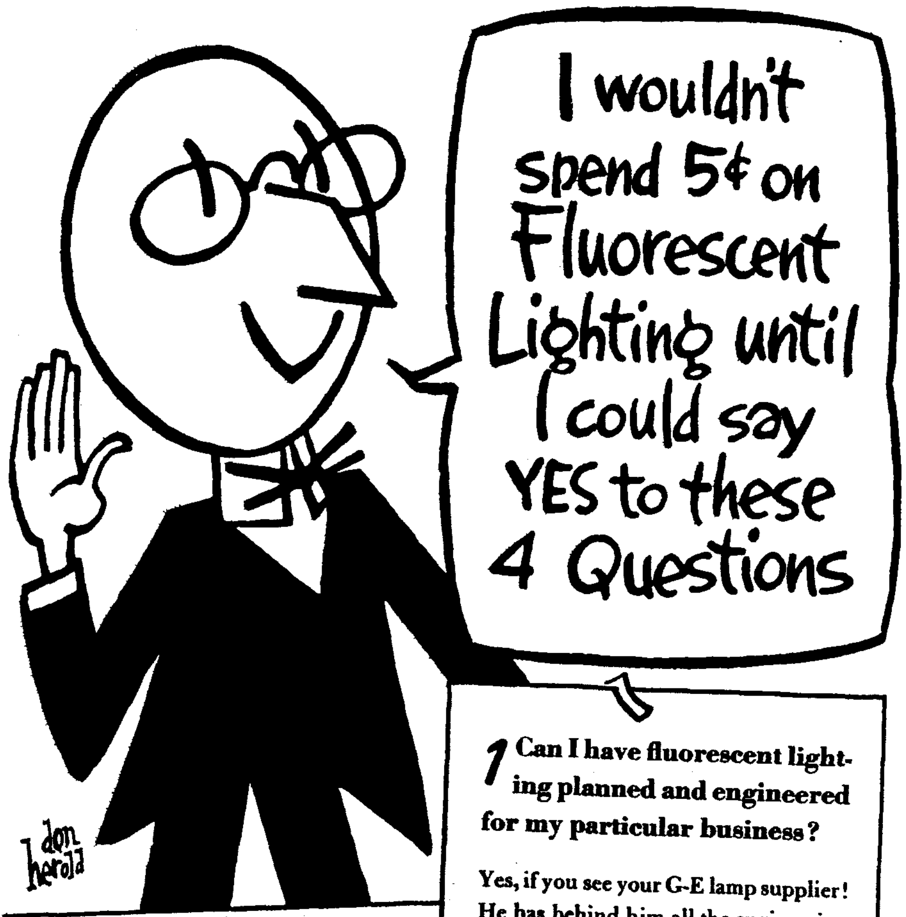
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Get a load of this

3 Will my fixtures start quickly, work efficiently, and stand up?

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4 Am I getting lamps that give maximum light for current consumed?

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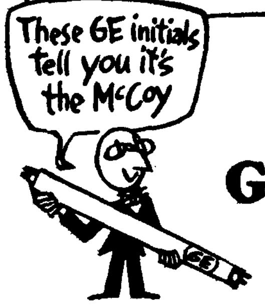
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G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

and sure, failed her then. To find he had so lost his pride that he would lie about the whole thing, pretending he had not even known about the picture, left her defenseless. She had never thought Jeff would need anything that badly. Jeff, who had always been so proud and gay, able to laugh even when the going wasn't to his liking. Now to find him so hopeless and beaten, seeking that pitiful handout of the profession, a last chance, banished everything else for the moment. For the first time in his life Jeff really needed her.

Sam would have been proud of her at that moment, and Pat, too, but for different reasons. For Julie smiled, erasing the years and their hurts, and taking them back to the time when she was just a chorus girl and not too good a one at that, and lucky to have Jeff Tyler notice her.

"You don't know how much I wanted you to be here, Jeff," she said gently. "It wouldn't have seemed like a real christening unless you were taking me to my first première. That isn't asking too much, is it?"

Some of the strain left his features but it still wasn't Jeff. He could smile like him, even look like him, but the eyes had lost their careless gaiety and were almost too quiet.

"If you really want me to go," he said, "why, you can count me in, Julie. But this is a big night for you. I wouldn't want to be spoiling your fun."

She laughed, and if it was unsteady he would still think it was just her excitement at seeing him again. "As if you could spoil it!" she said, wishing she could make herself believe that. "I do have a date, Jeff, but I'm sure he won't mind your coming along. Not when he knows how much I want you to be there."

WHENEVER she was to recall the première it was not the roped-off crowds and the lights, nor even the well-wishers clapping Sam on the back, telling him that he had done it again and assuring her that she was terrific, that she was to remember. It was not Charles' kindness, pretending that he had wanted Jeff along, as if it was as much his idea as hers. It wasn't anything like that. It was Jeff's dinner jacket. That, more than fame, more than Charles, reminded her how much her world had changed. When she thought of that even the whispers of the people remembering she had once been Jeff's girl faded, losing themselves in all the other little whispers.

Her eyes followed her image on the screen but her heart, less disciplined, could only remember taking Jeff to the studio and getting the wardrobe to give him a dinner jacket for the première. They had laughed it off, making a gag of it, as if Jeff Tyler being minus a dinner jacket was the funniest thing in the world. It was so funny that when she got home she had cried.

We have to put up a front, said Jeff. *We have to give it a production. Jeff Tyler and his one and only discovery. Can you imagine Columbus discovering America without a black tie to his name?*

He had liked Charles, too. Charles had been delayed at the door and while they waited for him Jeff had given a funny, crooked little grin. "He's the white folks," he said. "The boy who brings it home every Saturday night. He's a nice guy, Julie."

"He is," she said soberly. When she had told him about Jeff being in town it was Charles who had suggested his accompanying them before she could even mention it herself. She had been fumbling over the phone, trying to tell him just enough, and he had understood or thought he did. He was only sorry that they couldn't ask him up to the house later. But as long as it was his parents' party there wasn't much he could do about that.

"That won't matter, Charles," she said. "I—I'm sure he'll have other plans."

So there she was, sitting between her old life and her new, watching herself become a star and not caring, aware only of the men beside her: Charles, so blond and quiet and sure, and Jeff, dark and smaller, who had known laughter and fame and had been stranded by it. Once in a while Jeff glanced at Charles and then his gaze went back to the screen, watching Julie's image and trying to imagine her warmth and hopes and happiness entrusted to a man who would be kind but still didn't speak their language.

Then the picture was finally over and there was the surge to the door and the people waiting to congratulate her. Most of them knew Jeff and had liked him and they crowded around him, asking about his plans, saying they would have to get together later, which meant after they had found out whether anyone wanted him. And all the time they were talking their bright smiles and expressionless eyes lingered on Julie and Charles. His car finally appeared and they were riding out Wilshire. The soft warmth of the night enveloped them, and behind them the bright, white arcs of the searchlights blacked out one by one, their duties done.

Now the evening was over and was yet just beginning and their awareness made it increasingly uncomfortable. There was a gap, minutes that must be filled while they observed all the niceties, Charles and Jeff saying all those polite and meaningless things that two men do when their only tie is the woman with them. Julie had already told Jeff about the party.

He wants me to meet his folks, Jeff. And I'd promised.

"I wonder if you would mind dropping me off at Chasen's?" Jeff asked. "I wanted to see some of the boys. I thought we might cut up a few touches."

Julie hoped he didn't hear the relief in Charles' voice:

"Of course, old man. I imagine you have a lot of friends you're anxious to see."

They turned on to Beverly. When they reached Chasen's the parking lot was filled and there was a long line of cars waiting to discharge their passengers at the door. Almost everyone would show there sooner or later and Julie looked away, thinking of Jeff going in there in his borrowed dinner coat; having a drink with the boys and shrugging off his visit to the coast, pretending that he was still uninterested in pictures. Playing it straight although he knew that in Hollywood you were only as good as your last show.

"You can just drop me off here," he said. "There's no use waiting for these other cars to go."

He was standing there on the curb, smiling as they drove off.

JULIE was still tired when she awoke. While the party had been nice and Charles' parents almost what she had expected—his father tall, grave and dignified and his mother watching her with cool approval—she had not really enjoyed herself. There had been no secret great happiness in knowing that they liked her, for Jeff's shadow was still with her, casting a shade on the long road that was opening to her. Bringing her home, Charles had been more tender than ever, even a little possessive, as if he too had been goaded by that shadow.

She dressed slowly that morning, wondering just how she could tell Jeff. Hadn't he always told her that you had

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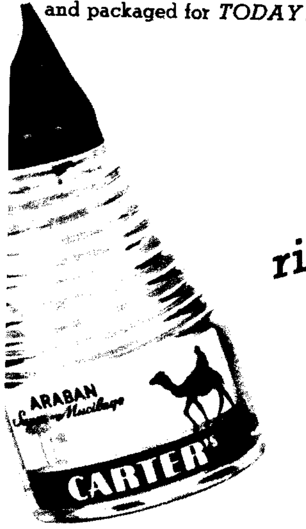

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PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER

to take care of that number-one chance? Pat said almost the same thing and yet when she told them that she had a chance for happiness and was going to take it while she could, they would both think she had sold out. That she was playing it safe, turning her back on old loyalties, wanting happiness more than respect.

If I do it's my own life. People are always telling you that and yet they don't like it when you take their advice. But when you've been hurt too much and want too much, their advice doesn't help anyhow. You have to take care of yourself, Julie. Nobody else will.

PAT was finishing her breakfast when she came into the dining room. Pat looked up and then she went back to her copy of the Hollywood Reporter as if it were more important than anything Julie might have to say. She couldn't know what Julie had decided and yet it was as if she had already guessed and passed judgment.

Then Julie knew what was wrong. A dinner jacket had been placed on the chair where Pat always piled everything that she was taking to the studio, not trusting her own memory.

"Jeff's been here! Why didn't you wake me?"

Pat's gaze was cool and level. "You weren't home," she said. "He was here last night. After you dropped him at Chasen's."

It could have been an accusation. No matter what she had said it would have sounded like an accusation.

"But—but he didn't need to bring it back so soon. I'm going to see him today."

"Are you?" said Pat. "You better make it fast then. He's leaving this afternoon."

"This afternoon?" There was no reason for her to be so white and shaken. Everything was working out just right and yet she was filled with terror—as if everyone were pushing her into the very destiny she had been seeking. "But I was going to speak to Sam! I was going to make him give Jeff a chance! That's all he needs. Just a chance."

"*Maybe he doesn't want a chance.*"

Julie could feel the color slipping from her face. Her terror was in her eyes now and there was bewilderment, too. She had to pay Jeff back somehow. She could never live with herself if she didn't. It shouldn't matter that much to her and yet it did.

"He doesn't want a chance?" she said. "Jeff? Why not?"

Pat's eyes softened. "Why don't you ask him, baby?"

HE WAS living in a hotel at the wrong end of Hollywood Boulevard. A small hotel with a tarnished lobby and a fat, soiled clerk behind the desk. The clerk peered at her through watery eyes when she asked Jeff's number and after rubbing a reflective hand across the stubble of his chin, shuffled over to the register. "Two-o-six," he mumbled, seating himself at the switchboard. Before he could put through the call Julie was running up the stairs.

She didn't want to talk to him over the phone, didn't want a painful scene in that shabby lobby. Some blind compulsion had driven her there, knowing she had to have it over once and for all, tearing the last pages of the past from her memory. There had been panic in her coming, too. If someone like Jeff could quit cold, putting his last dreams of fame and happiness behind him, then nothing made any sense, nothing was worth fighting for.

She was knocking, knocking, and Jeff opened the door. Whatever she had meant to say, all the things she had meant to ask him, were forgotten. She was too numb at the sudden sight of him to find words or to need them. Jeff could read her emotions so well that he colored, looking more embarrassed than proud, more like some guilty schoolboy than a soldier.

"Jeff!" she whispered. Jeff, standing there in khaki. Jeff in a service uniform, a private's stripe on his sleeve, his black tie tucked into his shirt between the first and second buttons. Trying to smile and only looking more uncomfortable. Jeff, who had always had top billing and ties from Bonder's. "How long have you been in, Jeff?"

"Six months." He managed a grin. "I had to fudge a little when I enlisted but no one asked any questions. I used my own name. You didn't know it was Murray, did you?"

Of course she had, but there was no answering smile. "You didn't tell me," she said. "You weren't going to tell me, were you?"

"Well," he said, and all the laughter had gone out of his eyes, "when I saw how things were . . ."

It wasn't a grandstand play. He had seen what was ahead of her and he had played it her way.

"Oh, Jeff! Why did you do it? You wouldn't have been drafted!"

He looked out the window, gazing at the wall of the neighboring apartment house as if he were hoping to find some answer to her question written on that bleak wall. It was a question he had often asked himself and even after growing accustomed to the uniform and sort of proud of it, he couldn't come up with any good flag-waving answer.

"I just did," he said. "There's a lot of trouble in the world and we don't want it coming over here, Julie. I'm no hero. I wasn't doing anything much and I was tired of it. So, as long as we seemed to need all the guys we could get, I thought I might as well be one of them."

Was it Jeff she had been thinking of only yesterday when she had been so glad Charles had managed to be deferred? It couldn't have been Jeff and yet she had said that there were so many others that they didn't really need Charles and had no right to take him away from his career. But what about Jeff? He had had a career, too. One he was proud of. One that had meant more to him than even love.

"But what about your work, Jeff? What about all your plans?"

His surprise was in his voice. "Why," he said, "I'll be back. It's just that this seemed a little more important right now. But nothing lasts forever. When this is through I'll be back and I'll be better than I ever was."

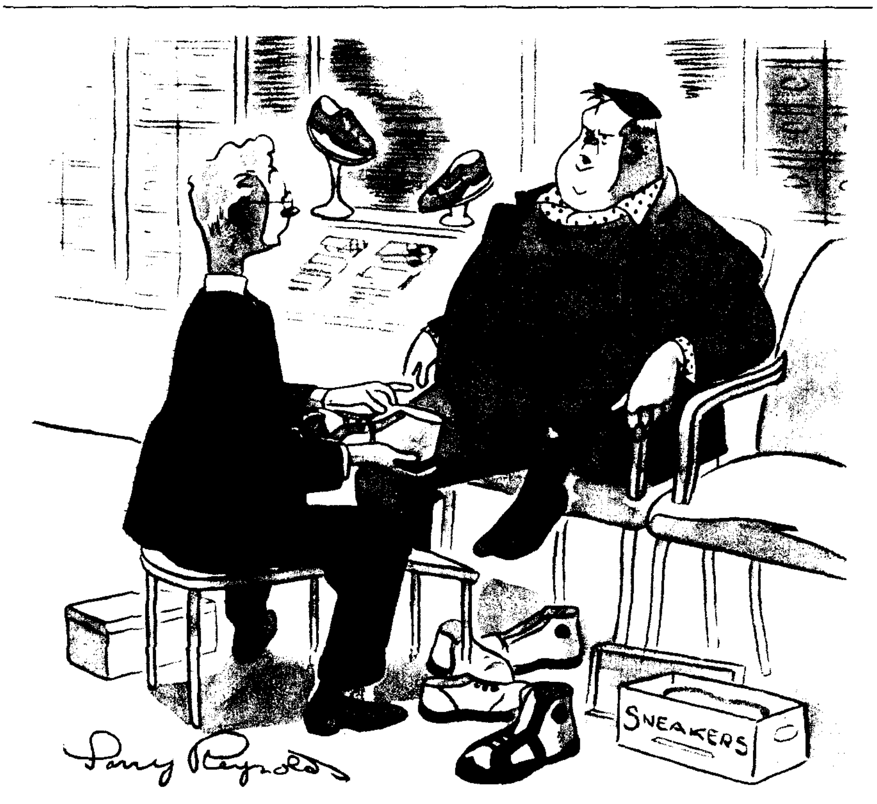
He would, too. When you had that kind of courage and that much pride you couldn't lose. Those who were willing to gamble their futures and their lives if need be were never whipped. And if a man could risk that much, a woman must take her chances, too. You never found happiness by bargaining with the future. She knew that now. From the moment she had learned Jeff was leaving, seeking nothing from either Hollywood or her, she had been filled with terror not of the future, but of losing him again. Charles seemed very far away, safe and secure in another, emotionless world.

"Jeff," she said, "Jeff, why did you come here? If you didn't want anything."

HE WAS a long time in answering. "Maybe I wanted something I once threw away," he said wearily. "When you get off the stem and have sort of a chance to see things the way they really are, you come up with a lot of answers." The indecision had left his eyes. "When I found out I was slipping I hated it most because I had fallen in love with you. You had everything ahead of you and it looked as if I was through and I guess I hated it and maybe you, too. I even tried going with other girls, trying to prove it had just been one of those things. It didn't work, Julie. I found that out and because my outfit may be moving soon I had to tell you one thing before I left. I had to tell you I loved you."

She was crying. But they were warm tears and not unhappy because now there was something worth waiting for. When you were really in love you didn't need proverbs. Not even proverbs were always right. Sometimes first loves are last loves too.

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"Well, if you must know, I don't want 'em for basketball *or* badminton! I burgle in 'em!"

Fur Miracle

Continued from page 16

come snow, come high water. Once the new finish grabs hold of the hair, it settles there as a permanent part. Steam ironing freshens the hair after two season's wear; there are few seams to rip, and no grain to crack.

The woolly lamb takes a hard beating, though, before becoming a coat. Revolving knives shave the fleece down to about a half inch. Then the pelt goes into the tanning and dyeing vats, where preservatives, oils, and chemicals give it pliability, strength, and new texture. Huge driers, holding dozens of the seven-square-foot skins, finish off the processing. No hospital thermometer is watched more anxiously than these drier indicators, for moisture, heat, and ventilation in ever so slightly unbalanced proportions can ruin the whole lot. Finished skins can be run up into a coat in two days—a vast saving over the twenty days it takes to match and fit and seam a Persian.

All merino pelts are not potential fur coats. Far from it. Out of a 1,000-pound bale, the mouton processor sometimes gets thirty soft, thick-haired, unblemished skins; sometimes thirty-five. The other one hundred and sixty-odd skins in the bale make blackboard erasers, mittens, ear muffs, bedroom slippers, etc.

Collegians looked skeptically at the first moutons that appeared four years ago. Too heavy, too bulky, they said. This year's softer, closer-shaved skins have changed their minds. A full two thirds of the moutons in shops are campus swaggers with plaid wool lining and leather frogs.

The flat moire-rippled broadtail coming up in large bales from the Argentine by each ship is not a new fur. Stores called the coats they made of it, ten and twelve years ago, American broadtail. Newly improved processing makes it fur news again this year.

When the pelts arrive in this country they are neither broadtail nor fur. They are the silky long-haired skins of Lincoln sheep—the largest, most massive of British breeds, now being raised in gigantic flocks in Argentina.

Under the wool nap of these sturdy black-faced, white-bodied Lincolns in Argentina is a natural flat curl close to the skin. The curl spreads and loses its character as the lamb grows in size, but in week-old lambs it is easily mistaken for Russian broadtail.

Some unknown quality in the South American climate or diet induces this coveted curl, since Lincolns in England haven't it. Many furriers rate this processed broadtail as superior now to the Russian version. Being coarser, it wears longer. It is one third the price.

New dyes, new chemical lusters, and new finishing turns out a pelt today as supple as a kid glove. Processing is a lengthy, intricate series of dressing operations, of shaving, dyeing, and shaving again, but *never* curling. If the characteristic broadtail pattern is not there naturally, the pelt never gets to first vat. In fact, it doesn't even get to this country. All through the spring and early summer lamb buyers from the big American fur houses went to Buenos Aires to make painstaking skin-by-skin selections to be sure of this curl.

Processed broadtail is graded by the size of the skin and character of the curl. Supers, with small-ridged curls and moire ripple, are the most expensive. They're taken from drop lambs one day to a week old. Twenty-five or thirty supers make a long coat. In white, kaffa, blue-gray, and black, prices start at $150 and go to $500. Deanna Durbin has a full-length white one. Luise Rainer has another; likewise Norma Shearer.

A medium-sized skin from a lamb a month or two months old is called a plushy. Its curl is broader, more open, something like karakul. Twelve to fifteen of these make a $125 coat.

The jumbo pelts come from full-grown sheep, and six are enough for a long coat. The curl has less character, less moire rippling, but its luster, softness and serviceability are appealing. So is its price of $75.

What was that? A "Baa"? Could it be the woolly lamb making snoots at fur bearers?

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

discourage careless and reckless disregard for the lives and safety of others by taking such violators out of the air. In one recent drive they lifted 13 licenses, eight from students and five from private pilots.

Too well do the inspectors know what they are up against, for in their own early flying careers they had the urge at least once to let the folks on the ground see what the old crate could do.

One of the Army's greatest airmen today, a seasoned pilot of 23 years in the cockpit and holder of the D.F.C., recalls only too vividly that, when he first got his wings his star show-off act was to roll his wheels along the slanting roofs of the line of hangars. The enlisted men cheered wildly. One day he hit a hangar. When he got out of the hospital two months later he resolved to become a good pilot. And he did.

LOST to general recollection is the fact that several hundred Americans kept flying alive during its early years in this country before an apathetic public that labeled them scatterbrained adventurers and outright fools.

For 13 years now, they have been united in one of the world's most exclusive organizations, the Early Birds. Only those who can submit positive proof that they soloed an airplane, glider or balloon before December 17, 1916, are eligible for membership. There are now 336 members.

Newly elected president of the Early Birds is Frank T. Coffyn of New York, who was taught to fly by Orville Wright in 1910 and was one of a four-man team organized to do exhibition flying for the first Wright Company. He was the only one to fulfill his two-year contract, the others all losing their lives in crashes. Other officers, names linked forever with the development of aviation, are Igor Sikorsky, first vice-president; Stanley Vaughan, second vice-president; Mrs. G. Floyd Smith, third vice-president; Ernest Jones, secretary and co-founder of the association with Mr. Coffyn and P. E. B. Morriss, a trustee, and Augustus Post, treasurer.

The insignia of the organization is an owl, formed by the two letters EB, with extended wings. Significant it is, for the owl says little, is of course very wise and, being up all night, is the earliest of all birds.

F. R. N.

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REGENT... a new standard of smoking enjoyment!

City of Courage

Continued from page 13

encouragement to the team of their choice; they groaned when Alexis or Ivan missed what seemed certain goals. Airplanes swooped lazily overhead on the alert against possible daylight raiders, for it was an overcast day, the kind the Nazis like for dive-bombing.

The football was not quite up to that displayed by the leading English professional teams, but it was spirited and hard-fought. Now and then Nikolai, star forward of the Dynamo team, was very wide with his poorly aimed shots at the goal. I'd been told to watch him, for Nikolai is considered to be the Red Grange, the Big Bertha, of Russian football. The reason for his poor timing was soon forthcoming.

"No wonder he is off today," a man from the British embassy said. "He only got back from the front yesterday. They gave him leave just for this game."

Nearly all of the players were in one service or another. Those who were not army or air-force men worked in factories and had been given the Sunday afternoon off to play. They made 15,000 citizens of Moscow (and this temporary citizen) forget the war for the afternoon, which made their temporary holiday well worth while.

They're Our Kind of People

Then this afternoon there was the circus. The news had just been announced that Orel had fallen. The press room at the Narkomindel (the foreign office) was in a turmoil. My colleagues were grave and discouraged. It is impossible to live long here without coming to love the people of Russia. They are decent, home-loving people, and you could take a slice of them and drop them in our Midwest and within a few weeks you wouldn't be able to distinguish them from our own decent, law-abiding citizens. I haven't been in Russia long but I've been here long enough to learn that these are our kind of people. The other American and British correspondents feel as I do.

I was gloomy in the press room at the Narkomindel, where we bring our stories to be censored and where, while waiting for the process of censorship, we share gossip.

I went to the circus. It was a good circus, but then all circuses are good. Instead of three rings there was only one. There was the same provocative smell of sawdust and the exciting, vibrant atmosphere of the circus as we know it. The arena was crowded and the clowns were even funnier than our clowns. The bareback riders were just as good and the trapeze artists were just as thrilling and the ringmaster just as stentorian in his introduction to this death-defying act or that.

There was a magician who made everyone but the audience disappear and the shrieks of laughter which rang out from the crowded arena were the same shrieks one would hear in Stamford, Connecticut, or Orando, Florida, or Portland, Oregon, when the circus comes to town. There wasn't an empty seat in the huge stadium. For this afternoon laughter is a defensive weapon the Germans have never learned to combat. Hitler cannot kill laughter with bombs.

"And now," the urbane ringmaster said, "we come to the finale. I know you have enjoyed this performance, people of Moscow. I hear your laughter. That is good. Moscow does not wear a frown upon her face despite her trouble. Moscow laughs."

I am no nearer to being a Communist than are you who read this, but I defy anyone to remain objective and impersonal when he is with the people of this city. No matter what your political convictions, these are people who only want to go their own way; who only want to solve their own problems, and today they find the greatest, most horrible battle of the ages being fought. I find it impossible to be neutral in this struggle.

So far food rationing here in Moscow is not severe. One can get as good a meal in a factory kitchen today as one can get in a London West End hotel. There is no clothing rationing but most of the mills are busy making uniforms and the shops have not a great variety of goods in them. But the people of Moscow are not clothes-conscious. As long as clothes are warm they need serve no such frivolous subsidiary purpose as to be ornamental. One may still buy furs, and there are tailors who will make you fur coats or wraps at London and New York prices.

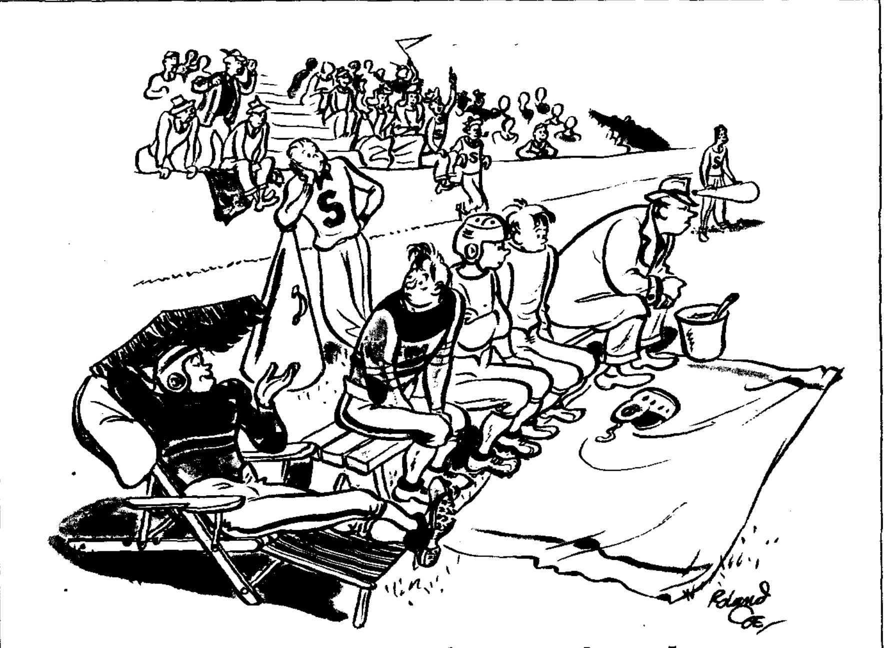
Except for the uniforms one sees on the streets during the day and some queues in front of food shops, one might forget that the most terrible war in history is being fought less than an hour's flying time away. Occasionally muddy uniforms and bandaged heads remind one that Moscow is at war. It is at night that the war comes to Moscow. Black-out is at six o'clock now. It is a more severe black-out than we know in England. The busses and tramcars keep going and their lights and the occasional flashes from their overhead charged electric wires, the headlights from automobile and the street lights make one accustomed to the London black-out a bit dubious as to what effect the Moscow black-out might have. But when the sirens scream even these lights fade. The busses and trams crawl back into their barns. Automobile headlights are extinguished. Traffic and street lighting die and Moscow prepares a black face to welcome her uninvited visitors. Once the raid commences one does not see a single light in the center of the city.

Although to date Moscow has not had one raid which would compare in severity to any one of fifty London raids, this city takes raids far more seriously and perhaps more intelligently than London does. When the sirens sound, the two best hotels in Moscow and the restaurants immediately stop serving food. Guests are ordered, not asked, to go into shelters. The city fathers know that foolish courage is a cheap commodity; people are beginning to have a dangerous contempt for bombs. The Soviet rulers are terrifically realistic. If citizens wish to get themselves killed by their own foolishness, well and good. But the more people injured and killed the more work for air-raid wardens and firemen. There are only a limited number of these and they have more important things to do than to attend the wounds of citizens who had no business being out of doors. No casual pedestrians walk through the Moscow night when a raid is on.

A Curfew for Nighthawks

There is a twelve-o'clock curfew even on raidless nights, and only those with special permits are allowed out after that hour. The correspondents here receive the precious nocturnal freedom of movement. But then there is nothing for even the most indomitable stayer-up-late to stay up for in Moscow. Even on quiet nights the hotels and restaurants close at ten. There are no night clubs and no hideaways where the convivial may gather. Fleet Street would be shocked to see some of its former celebrated night hawks retiring meekly to bed each night at ten. Life for the correspondents was fairly endurable until yesterday, when both the Metropole and National hotels announced that there was no more vodka. Whisky, of course, can be obtained only if one has a very special friend at an embassy. Beer is nonexistent, nor are there any British or American cigarettes to be had. It looks as if circumstances, having already forced the correspondents here to what is virtually a compulsory early-to-bed policy, will now force them to become teetotalers and nonsmokers.

But Moscow is girding for battle. The tastes and feelings of individuals do not count. The invader is not far away and, if he approaches, Moscow, so far as is humanly possible, will be ready. Moscow has a great example to lend her courage. For a year she watched London going through her Gethsemane. London was equal to her destiny. My guess is that Moscow, too, will not be found wanting. We should find out very soon.



"About the middle of my second year I decided I might as well be comfortable"

ROLAND COE

Our New Army

Continued from page 52

yard, but being a national park, the mountain has some drawbacks. First time they camped overnight the men stretched their sleeping bags on the snow, discovered the cold crept in—but remembered they couldn't, as most outdoorsmen do, put boughs beneath them because the government is fussy about having national park trees cut down. How to sleep warm became an all-winter experiment. Air mattresses under the sleeping bags were no go; the air was too cold. Sponge mattresses, which someone had heard were used in the Arctic, were finally adopted. A nifty number, also, was a "penguin sleeping bag," handy for sentry duty. In the bottom it has a couple of slits for legs so that the guys can walk around in their sleeping bags.

Everybody seems to think ski patrols are for Alaska or Iceland, and the idea gives Capt. Lafferty a pain. He thinks ski troops would be valuable right here in the States. Look, he says, what saboteurs could do in the mountains, whose watersheds supply the big cities and industrial areas with water and power.

COLORADO

LOWRY FIELD, Denver. Not all selectees who are released for return to civil life can be as fortunate as Corp. Louis Harris, unfortunately. The day the Army turned him loose he wired the managing editor of Michigan's Pontiac Press, asking for his old job as a reporter. "Hurry back," came the answer. "Man hired to replace you being drafted."

MICHIGAN

5TH DIV.

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. Like the men in most other outfits, boys in the Fifth Division are grousing about the sloppy field hats, with their floppy, two-inch brims. The Fifth calls them doodles and wears them brims turned down. Only thing in their favor is that in the field they can be washed in soap and water and blocked into some semblance of headgear by pulling them firmly down over a fence post.

THE 184th (Negro) Field Artillery now is the proprietor of no less than a night club. Located in downtown Battle Creek, it holds all necessary state and municipal licenses and is open to military personnel and their friends. The place is the outcome of a conference called when Commanding Officer Lt. Col. Anderson F. Pitts found a lack of suitable recreation facilities for his men, particularly in Battle Creek. Men and officers rounded up $1,000 and leased, for $40 a month, a two-story frame building that used to be a dog-food factory. Some $850 went for rehabilitation, the artillerymen doing most of the work. A bar went up on the ground floor; tables and chairs were bought and borrowed; rest rooms were outfitted. The upper story became a dance floor complete with bandstand. The men operate the establishment but employ waitresses. The band—and they say it's plenty hot—was recruited from the ranks. Any other outfit own a night club?

NEW YORK

PLATTSBURG BARRACKS. The newly organized 36th Combat Engineer Regiment wants a design for a regimental insignia. Commanding Officer Col. William N. Thomas, Jr., asked his men for suggestions and got a flood of crossed rifles, spades rampant, picks, jackhammers, pontoons, bridge trestles, oars and anchors, poison-ivy leaves, block and tackle and an assortment of winged wheels, lightning bolts, blood-dripping bayonets and gosh knows what all—but he isn't satisfied. Men of the regiment hail from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Georgia, Alabama and twenty other states from Maine to Texas, so it's a national problem. The only rule is, keep it simple.

KENTUCKY

1ST ARMORED DIV.

FORT KNOX. It took the First Armored Division some time to decide on a tag, but now it's all settled: The oldest armored force division will henceforth be known as Old Ironsides. Hundreds of nicknames were double-checked by Maj. Gen. Bruce Magruder before the winner hit the spot. Among the runners-up were Hurricane, Cobra, Armadillo and Greased Lightning, which many a Collier's reader will recognize as his suggestion.

On the other hand, the newly activated Fifth Armored, also at Knox, wasted no time in adopting Victory as its sobriquet. The division's Pvt. Sidney Huttner thought that V for Fifth and Victory were pretty logical and Brig. Gen. Jack W. Heard, in charge of the division's organization, agreed with him. Pvt. Huttner got a week's furlough.

GEORGIA

QUARTERMASTER DEPOT, Atlanta. While trying to equip a photographic studio, the public-relations officer here asked the supply officer for a daily fifty pounds of ice to cool chemicals. "I don't think I can raise the money," said the supply officer. "What?" yelled the P.R.O. "You buy thousands of pounds of ice every week for the water coolers around here. You mean to say you can't tack on another fifteen cents a day?" "That," said the supply officer, "is subsistence ice and it comes out of the subsistence fund. What you're talking about sounds suspiciously like industrial ice, or maybe chemical ice, and that's something else." The P.R.O. is still wondering what becomes of all the billions appropriated for defense needs.

ALABAMA

GUNTER FIELD, Montgomery. About ten weeks from now class SE-42-A will graduate. It contains 183 men, 153 of which are Englishmen, who will be the first English cadets to graduate from an American training school. In uniform and temperament they're different from Americans but their faces are about the same. They weren't selected, as our men were, by physical standards and the amount of college work they had finished. They toss out any would-be American flier if he has a couple of bridges in his mouth, but the Englishmen with false teeth seem to learn just as fast. Most of them were picked on merit from the ranks and they are serious about, and grateful for, their twenty-five weeks of training. It's much longer than they'd have got at home and they think it'll pay big dividends. Some of the boys were at Dunkirk and all have seen some action, bombing and fighting. They think about it as a job to do and are in a hurry to get back home. That's their only objection to the long training period.

The Britishers like the Southern weather and American people. They think our girls really thought of some-

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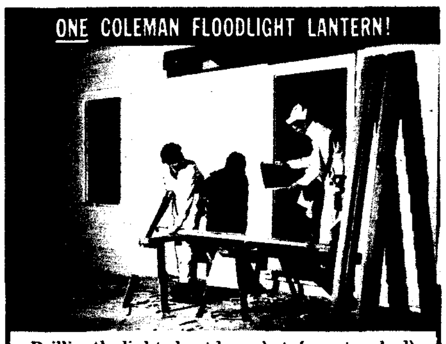

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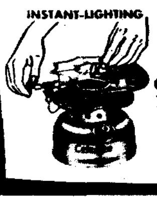

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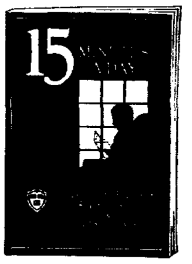

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thing when they thought of rolling their stocking tops to keep them from sliding down. The plenitude of ice amazes them and they wonder what would happen if one of them took an American bride back to England, where refrigerators are rich men's toys. They are beginning to like our hustle, which prevents their having tea, allowing them only enough time to drop a nickel into a machine for a soft drink. Our slang puzzled them, as their slang puzzled our own cadets, but they were the first to call canned milk "armored cow." Their original trouble—understanding a drawling inspector over the interplane phone—is gone; they can understand and be understood now. They all want to get back to England and are confident of the outcome.

RECOIL

RELYING upon "usually reliable sources" we boldly announced in this column for October 11th that "there's no such place as Ragley, Louisiana." While that statement was rolling in great numbers from the Collier's presses we flew over, tramped upon and drove through most of the Pelican State's southwest territory, often having occasion to observe evidence that there is definitely a place called Ragley. It will undoubtedly interest the town's twenty-five inhabitants to know that readers from many other states gave us resounding tut-tuts for placing Ragley in the fiction department.

GENERAL

SOME of the file clerks and others who handle official mail at the assorted posts are a couple of hops ahead of the congressmen advocating free postal privileges for soldiers. For example, a soldier on maneuvers who's onto the system and who wants to drop a newsy note to the boys back at the home camp simply slips his dispatch into the same envelope containing the postage-free official mail going that way.

INCIDENTALLY, Pvt. G. K. Page, Jr., 30th School Squadron, Scott Field, Ill., has an idea. "I think," suggests he, "that every civilian who writes a letter to a soldier, sailor or marine should enclose a postage stamp. After all, when we write fifteen or twenty letters a week. . . ."

"I'M NOT squawking," says Sgt. Irving Israel, of 8th Army Corps Hq., Brownwood, Texas, "but I need a lawyer or something. Here I was drafted as a buck private at $21 per. After five weeks the Army recognizes genius and gives me a Specialist Fourth Class rating—a neat $15 raise. Now, a month later, I've acquired full share in a sergeant's rating, meriting sixty bucks a month. But wait a minute. As per Army regulations, my specialist rating was automatically dropped. Wait further. It requires four months of service before my sergeant's pay begins to function, and so far I've served only two months. So what? So here I am, a sergeant at $21 per."

KEEP plugging. It's just a matter of time before you'll get a commission—at a dollar a year. G. W.

Dates for Defense

By Jim Marshall

Los Angeles' dancing debs ride five hundred miles to put on a party for soldiers—and hope other cities will follow suit

FINALLY, Private Padgett had himself quite a party. When you can get 140 of southern California's prettiest debs, Junior Leaguers and young society matrons to ride 500 miles, pay their fares, dance five hours with 2,000 soldiers and sit up the rest of the night in day coaches—that's something.

It all started one evening at a Camp San Luis Obispo mess table. The camp is the home of the Fortieth (Sunburst) Division. It lies out in the hills, five miles from San Luis, halfway point between Los Angeles and San Francisco, five hours from either city. The distance makes it tough for the boys: Most of them can't afford city trips on $21 a month; city folks don't get to the camp much.

Anyway, after mess the boys were discussing the sad lack of feminine companionship when Private George B. Padgett spoke up: "Listen, fellows, how'd you like me to get a couple of hundred dancing debutantes up here from Los Angeles one Saturday night?" This offer got only laughs and nobody thought anything more about it. No doughboys dreamed that night of holding lovely social registerites in their khaki arms while the band played on . . . .

Private Padgett however, being a man of mettle, got himself a pass and went to Los Angeles. There, he called up Mrs. Dean Christy, a big shot in the Junior League, and told her about the Camp San Luis blues. Mrs. Christy said uh-huh, she understood, and called up Mrs. Howard Elliott, another "popular society matron," and told *her*. Mrs. Elliott said uh-huh, she understood. Then Mrs. Christy and Mrs. Elliott started calling up various socially eminent ladies known to society editors as dowagers—why, no one will ever know.

Finally, everybody in society was collecting girls and the thing became known as Dates for Defense, or the Christy-Elliott Expeditionary Force.

Society was raided for blueblooded chaperones. Each chaperone was placed in command of ten debs, subdebs and postdebs. Finally 140 girls and fourteen chaperones were assembled, stowed away in three special cars of Southern Pacific's Daylight Limited and sped to San Luis one Saturday afternoon.

Captain Phil Wilson, the Fortieth Division's morale officer, in charge of the welcome, soon had the girls distributed into waiting trucks and the expedition rolled the five miles to camp. The boys took the girls around to see the sights and then set them up to swell dinners in various mess halls. This was strictly a rank-and-file affair; officers barred. After dinner, trucks and cars re-gathered the girls and concentrated them at the big recreation center. The Fortieth has a dance band made up of star musicians from half the name bands of the West, and from eight o'clock on the floor was jammed.

Brigadier General E. J. Dawley, who commands the division, came in with Mrs. Dawley. He welcomed everybody and then cut in on a corporal. That didn't last a minute, because a private cut in on the general—which is something you don't see in many armies, buddy! After that, it was every man for himself. Captain Earl W. Huntting, the camp morale officer, figured that around two thousand men danced with the hundred and forty girls during the evening.

'Way after midnight, when the orchestra played out, the girls simply collapsed on the floor, shucked off their slippers, rubbed their ankles and said: "Whee! What a party." They managed to get up again in time to be trucked to the station, thanked and farewelled and helped onto the train in the cold gray dawn. Lots of them left telephone numbers behind, too. . . .

Mrs. Christy and Mrs. Elliott, who engineered this first Dates-for-Defense party, say the plan will work for many camps that are far from cities and so more or less neglected. Railroads usually will make rates for parties of 100 or more.

CONNELL

A Los Angeles socialite grants a request for her telephone number

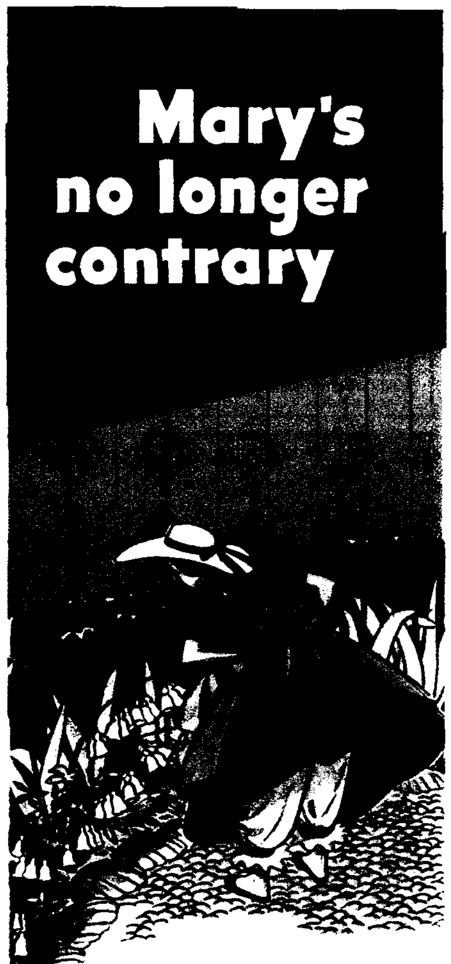
Mrs. Elliott from her experience has gathered some ideas for girls who go to dances at army camps. They should, she says, wear informal clothes. Comfort is essential—but feminine lines are important, too. Suits that can use sweaters for traveling and take a frilly blouse for the evening are good.

Wear walking shoes with enclosed heels and toes for tramping around camp; carry two extra pairs of hose and some plain high-heeled shoes for dancing. Take along a small bag containing these and stow in it tissues, face cream in tubes, a toothbrush and a small bottle of cologne. If you can manage to include a short, simple dinner dress, so much the better. Earrings and a strand of pearls are sufficient ornamentation.

All camps have hostess houses and recreation halls have lounges for women visitors, so clothes-changing and make-up are simple.

Parties for soldiers are known in the uplift trade as Building Up Army Morale—but don't let that scare you. It's just a slang phrase for Keeping Soldiers Happy.

Makes debs happy, too.



Of course Mary's garden was beautiful—all silver bells and cockle shells—and pretty maidens in a row. But she *still* was glum and contrary.

You see Mary liked to chew gum. But she never could find one that was just right.

One day her dentist suggested she try Dentyne. He told her Dentyne's pleasant firmness would be good for her teeth.

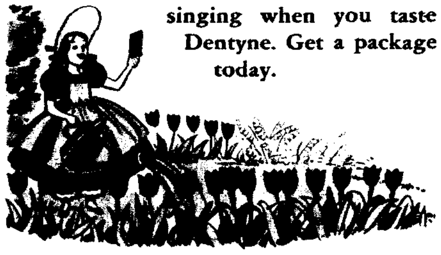
So Mary got a handy, flat, flavor-tite package of Dentyne — and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is *my* chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

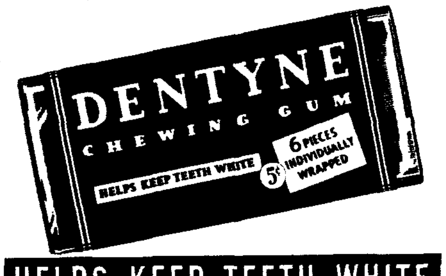
And now Mary sings as she gardens.

Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE





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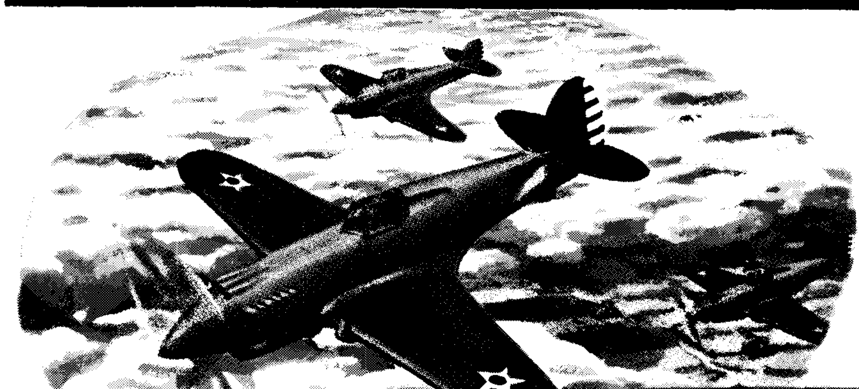

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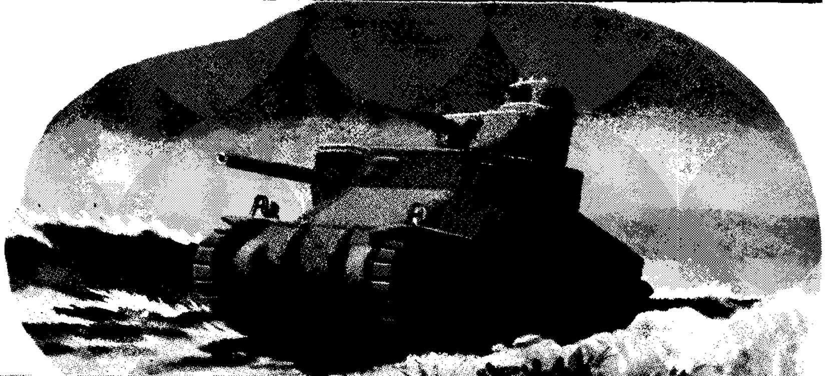
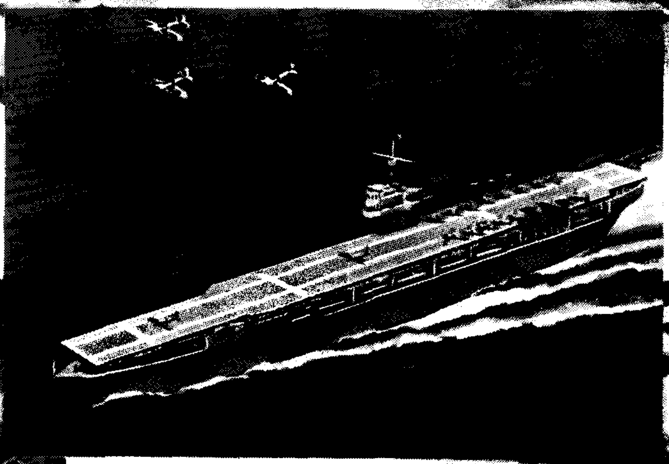
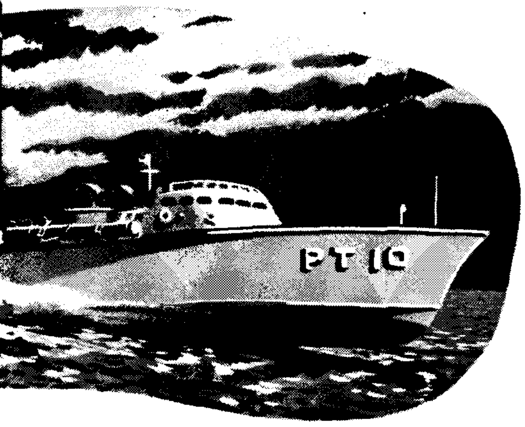


MANY OF THE ARMY'S HIGH SPEED TANKS and tough little reconnaissance cars depend on the *one shot*, winter long protection of "Prestone" anti-freeze . . . *because it will not boil away!*



GETTING THERE "fustest with the mostest men" is the idea behind Uncle Sam's motorized troops. The "Prestone" anti-freeze in their transport and supply trucks will never fail them!

UNCLE SAM'S NAVY is the most powerful afloat. "Prestone" anti-freeze helps keep our ships in fighting trim! U.S.S. Ranger, aircraft carrier, shown above, is one of the many important naval vessels whose mechanism is protected by "Prestone" anti-freeze.



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IF YOU CAN'T GET "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

Remember this In addition to the demands made on "Prestone" anti-freeze, thousands of tons of raw materials necessary for its manufacture are now being used in making vital defense equipment of many different kinds. Some of the uses to which these raw materials are being put were born in the laboratory but a short time ago.

Despite these heavy defense requirements, quantities of "Prestone" anti-freeze are still available to American motorists. But we suggest that you buy without delay. The supply may not be sufficient to meet all civilian needs.

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

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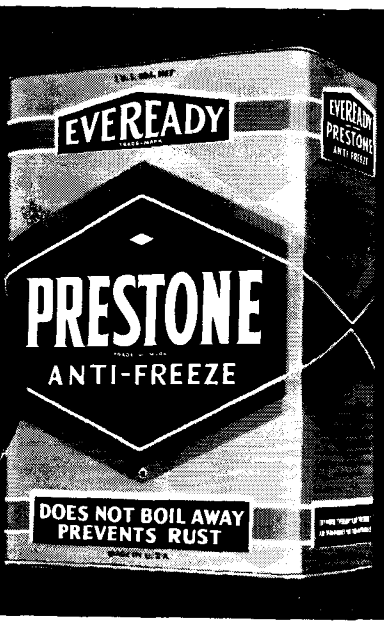

When unexpected guests

drop in, or somebody's rich uncle arrives from out of town . . . America's most distinguished beer provides the friendly, perfect welcome. That famous flavor found only in SCHLITZ makes an instant hit with every lover of real beer. It's one of the better things of life . . . yet something everybody can afford. There is no substitute for a beer so fine it made a city famous.

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Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz

IN BROWN BOTTLES, CANS AND ON DRAUGHT

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Return from Maracaibo

Continued from page 17

the dreams of West Indian avarice. Further, she was intimately related to the Marcel Hibbert whose word was command in the Ministry of War at Paris. She was a good woman, but opinionated. She dominated a large section of Cayona society. And for nineteen years she had supervised the smallest action of her only daughter.

They were at breakfast—Madame Vilaire and Virginie—when Marthe, the mulatto second maid, brought them the news of the arrival of the ship from France. And, as if in passing, Marthe mentioned, with eyes averted, that Jean Antoine, Chevalier de Beaupré, had been a passenger and was, rumor had it, intending to put ashore in Cayona and seek his fortune.

Many young men of France were seeking their fortunes abroad in that decade of the seventeenth century. Madame Vilaire sniffed.

"I know the Beaupré name," she said. "Who is this Jean Antoine? What have you heard in town?"

Marthe had heard nothing more than that there had been a fatal duel in the woods near Fontainebleau. Commodore Fernand Coicou was quietly buried in Paris; his young widow was inconsolable, also in Paris; and this morning Jean Antoine de Beaupré, said to be a tall young man with intensely black hair and eyes as black as a hawk's, was coming ashore in Cayona with seven trunks—six of clothing and such accoutrements, one of manuscript poems.

Madame Vilaire listened in silence. Then she dismissed the maid with a wave of her hand. For a moment her eyes rested on the charming display of scarlet hibiscus in the garden beyond the gallery railing. Her expression was—for Virginie, the daughter—not entirely unfathomable. Finally she spoke.

"Virginie," she said, "you must on no account converse with this Beaupré. You must not meet him. We shall not receive him. I forbid it."

"Yes," said Virginie. "As you say, *Maman.*"

THREE days later, in the tiled drawing room of Madame Chretien Henri de Beriot, Virginie Vilaire and the Chevalier de Beaupré met face to face across a coffee table; and they fell in love.

For a while neither said anything. They looked at each other mutely and with a sudden strange secrecy in their eyes, and, looking, needed nothing more. Conversation surged about them, but they were unaware of it. Jean Antoine felt the blood pounding in his heart. Here, at last—and in what a remote outpost of civilization!—was the woman who had persistently and intoxicatingly occupied all his dreams. He had believed her a fancy never to be achieved—and there she sat.

Her rose-colored lips were a little open. Her eyes gleamed as darkly as the sea at night; and the delicate configuration of her cheeks and her brow seemed wondrously akin to music.

Madame Beriot, the hostess, had introduced them. "Virginie," she had said, "this is the Chevalier de Beaupré. He is a newcomer to our colony; be nice to him"—and here she giggled—"but be cautious, my dear. The chevalier is said to be a poet."

She had swished on, clutching the hands of other guests. And Virginie had slipped into a chair beside a small mahogany table, and Jean Antoine, whose eyes were fixed upon her, had taken the chair opposite her.

After a while Jean Antoine broke their silence. "I have heard of you," he said, holding his voice low. "I have heard of you and also of madame your mother. I have been told that your mother's door is closed against me. A pity—" He paused. "And what the young men of Tortuga have been telling me about you is not exaggeration."

"What have you been told?" Virginie asked, meeting his eyes, speaking firmly and clearly.

"They said you were beautiful. I cannot dispute it."

"That's impertinent."

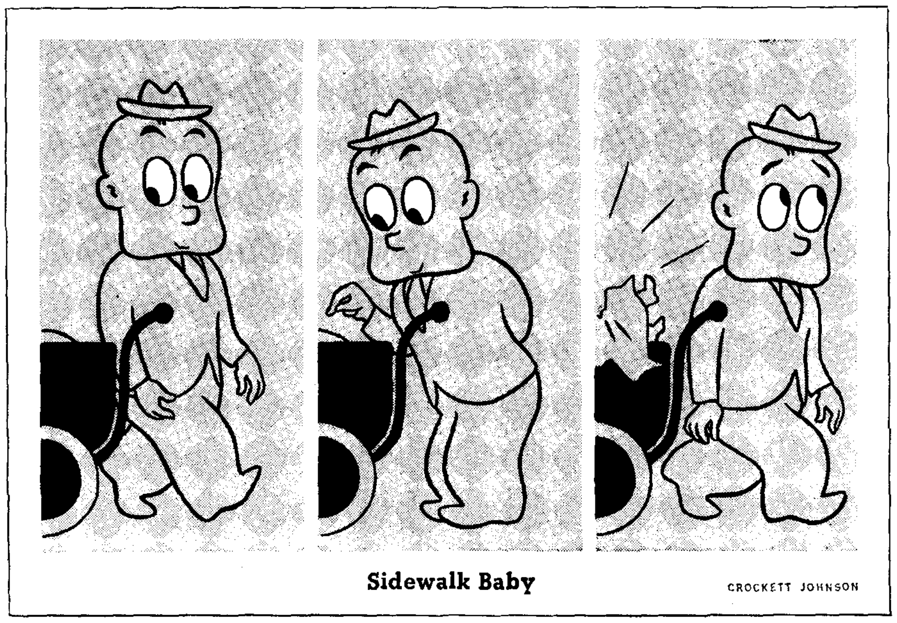
"It isn't meant to be," Jean Antoine said, slowly. "Nor is it quite reasonable of you to regard it so. I have my own thoughtful standards of beauty; I do not by any means always agree with the mass. It happens that I find you exquisite—is there something in the code of the Indies that requires me to keep my opinion darkly to myself?"

She did not answer.

The Chevalier de Beaupré was conscious of a wave of gallantry. A smile lay on his lips. "We men of Paris," he said, "are inclined to be impetuous—"

The girl stood up then. She looked at him coolly. "Nonsense," she said. "You're being silly; affected, and aware of it. I had better tell you here, at the beginning of your visit, that this is a frontier colony. We're rather primitive here. We don't place any particular value on the lacy phrases of the court. Paris is remote. We prefer it so."

She nodded curtly, and went to speak to the hostess. Jean Antoine's eyes followed her across the room. . . .



Love at first sight, though sometimes beautiful, is always flavored by absurdity. It bears no relation to the hard facts of living.

In her carriage, going home, Virginie Vilaire clasped her hands tightly before her and felt the uncommon warmth in them; her head was light and too warm. She forgot the sway of the carriage on the steep, flowered hill; in her mind she said again the words—all the words—that Jean Antoine had spoken to her. She saw again his brown face with the black hair and the intensely black eyes. She saw his quick, confident smile—

And when consciousness, trembling, returned from this retrospective assault, she knew that she had fallen in love with Jean Antoine, Chevalier de Beaupré.

"But this is unreasonable!" she cried under her breath.

She was sharply provoked with herself. This was the behavior of a child, she said; this was the way one expected a kitchen maid to behave. And she reminded herself sternly that she was neither child nor kitchen maid.

Before she reached the lane of her mother's house she had come to a decision. This was not love, she said; this was but a sort of hypnotism. Jean Antoine de Beaupré had cast a spell upon her by the magnetism of—of his personality. Simply that. And it was utterly fraudulent.

Then, more calmly, she told herself—her face drawn tight with seriousness—that love began with admiration; and in the Chevalier de Beaupré there was little to admire. He was, if not exactly dissolute, at least loose, uncurbed. He trampled upon the people about him. Presumptuousness was written in his smile—the theatrical cocksureness of the boulevardier. And wasn't it true that he was a murderer?

The carriage stopped. She went quickly up the stairs to the veranda. "Mother," she said. Madame Vilaire was in her chair beside the lamp, a book in her lap. She looked up. "Mother," the girl said, "I think I had better tell you that I've met the Chevalier de Beaupré. At Madame Beriot's. You were quite right not to receive him."

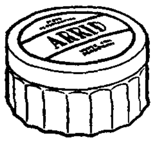
"Yes?" said Madame Vilaire. Her eyes were searching. After a moment, without any change of expression, she looked down again at her book. "Yes," she said.

IN THE morning a Negro boy came bearing a brief letter from the Chevalier de Beaupré. It was addressed to Madame Vilaire.

The chevalier respectfully begged to inform Madame that he was now a visitor in the colony; and, in that he had known with some intimacy the Madame's cousin Marcel Hibbert in Paris, he ventured to request permission to call upon Madame and offer his compliments. Would five o'clock in the afternoon be convenient?

Madame Vilaire commanded the black boy to wait. She sat at her desk and wrote a reply. Madame Vilaire was forced by regrettable circumstances to inform the Chevalier de Beaupré that five o'clock would not be convenient. Further, while Madame Vilaire appreciated the chevalier's courtesy in offering his compliments, she found herself unable to receive him. Then or any time in the future. She signed the note with a hard stroke of the quill.

Within the hour the Negro boy was back. He carried a sealed letter for Mademoiselle Virginie Vilaire. But it was Madame Vilaire who tore open the seal. Would Mademoiselle condescend



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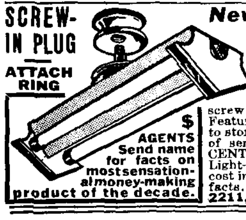
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to receive the Chevalier de Beaupré in her garden that afternoon at four o'clock?

Madame Vilaire's face was grim. She summoned her daughter. "You will please read this," she said. The girl took the letter in her fingers. Then she lifted her eyes. Madame Vilaire said, "Of course you will not receive him—"

"Of course not," the girl said.

To the Negro boy on the lower step of the veranda Madame Vilaire said, "You may tell the Chevalier de Beaupré that the response is 'No.' Do you understand?"

The boy said he understood, and went away.

"Insufferable effrontery," snapped Madame Vilaire.

Her daughter said, low, "Yes, *Maman.* I agree with you fully."

They stood on the veranda watching the retreating figure of the chevalier's messenger, and Madame Vilaire quivered with anger, but Virginie was as motionless as stone.

IT WAS then that the Chevalier de Beaupré went away. Then or very shortly thereafter. But Virginie Vilaire did not hear of the departure until a week had passed.

It developed—the story leaked out fast enough, and was a fortnight's sensation—that the newcomer to the colony had passed several evenings in the cabarets of Cayona with the young boar hunters, who for one reason or another found it expedient to live away from France. With Jean Antoine they discussed the great names of the Spanish Main—Ravenau de Lussan, Nau of Olonne, de Gramont, Laurent de Graff.

"Not one of these but made a fortune capturing the Spanish ships, sacking the Spanish towns," said Philippe Latouche, a violently bearded youth whose family was said to live in Provence. "I knew de Gramont personally, before he received his commission in the army and went away from here."

"I knew him too," another said; and, turning to Jean Antoine, "He took Maracaibo and Torilha, you know; collected the very deuce of a ransom. A really remarkable fellow—"

Philippe Latouche put in, "The great day of filibustering is over, I fear—"

"Is it?" Jean Antoine said. He closed his fingers about a bottle and filled his glass. "Why?"

They hastened to explain, those young men. The Spaniards were more alert in these times; their towns were without exception better garrisoned, better fortified. Almost invariably, now, their ships traveled in twos or threes across the Caribbean. It was no longer so easy a matter—

"If it were easy," Jean Antoine said, "I think I should not enjoy it." He looked slowly from face to face. "How many of you gentlemen have any money to invest?" he asked.

"Invest in what?" one asked.

"I have decided," Jean Antoine replied, bracing his elbows on the table, "—I have just now decided to attack Azua in Spanish Santo Domingo. It's a small place, but it will do for a beginning—"

The face of Philippe Latouche was screwed up in astonishment. "What," he asked, "do you know of the problems—"

"Very little," said Jean Antoine, cheerfully. "But I have a certain ability with the sword. I shall need a ship and a navigator and a few score of men under me. You've heard my question—how many of you have money to invest?"

That was the beginning of it. None of the gentlemen had money to invest. It was from his own pocket that the Chevalier de Beaupré bought the frigate Turtle, of forty guns—an old, rotten-bottomed ship. In the taverns on the water front he recruited, with the assistance of a keg of rum, a crew of sixty-five men—mostly Frenchmen, but with a representation of the English, the Dutch, the Portuguese.

The Turtle was provisioned, and they went out on the morning wind. Not many of those on the wharf expected to see the Chevalier de Beaupré again.

"Confounded fool," said Philippe Latouche, summing up opinion.

When the Turtle returned, four weeks later, she looked a small and dirty thing under the side of the Spanish vessel called Trinidad. Turtle and Trinidad stood well into the bay and dropped their hooks together.

The story was quickly told. By a sudden bold attack in the darkness the chevalier had captured the two forts of Azua. The retreat was as swift as the attack. And, bound west along the coast of Santo Domingo, they had encountered the Trinidad, out of Panama. The chevalier had outmaneuvered her; with a single broadside he had swept her commander off the deck and thrown the crew into headlong panic. The boarding had not been really difficult.

At Azua and at sea, only thirty filibusters had been lost from the crew of sixty-five.

The booty was unloaded through the day. Night fell. The Chevalier de Beaupré, wearing his sword, dined with Governor Ogeron in the wooden fort on the hill.

THE fear that had stopped the heart of Virginie Vilaire when she had heard of the Azua voyage progressed, through the weeks of the chevalier's absence, to a numb aching that contained much of anger.

The thing was so stupidly foolhardy; a venture conceived in a tavern, directed by a conceited boy—for he was hardly more than a boy, she told herself; a rash, headstrong boy, vain as a king's painted consort, bold-faced and prodigal.

Angrily, she shut him out of her mind. But he crept back.

Her mother referred to him only once. At breakfast one morning she said, abruptly, as if thinking aloud, "He'll not escape the Spaniards. They aren't fools. I doubt that we'll ever see *him* again."

She did not say his name; but the girl knew she was speaking of Jean Antoine, and the girl did not answer. The torment that lay in her eyes passed unnoticed; Madame Vilaire was quickly occupied with other thoughts.

On the day that the ship returned—on the day that people stalked excitedly through the arcaded streets talking in loud voices of the looting of Azua and the bedeviling of the wretched Spaniards—Virginie Vilaire stayed in her room. The fear was gone out of her, and the vast, angry annoyance swelled to replace it. *Now,* she said; *now the Chevalier de Beaupré has proved himself. Oh, yes! Now he is entitled to swagger—now the admiring glances will turn upon him—*

And she flung herself upon her bed and with eyes that were dry and hostile stared through the morning at the unresponsive ceiling.

The pleasant admiration of the colony did indeed flow out to the Chevalier de Beaupré. He dined no less than twice in a week with the governor. He was invited to drink coffee with Madame Forban, whose husband owned a fleet of thirteen ships; he was invited to drink brandy with the Marquis de Labastille, who as a usual thing spoke only to archbishops.

But it was at the house of Madame Beriot that Virginie Vilaire saw him for a second time.

She had feared that he might be there; but she had been confident that he would not dare to address her. She saw him a moment after she had arrived—he was in conversation with a dozen young men, and he stood tall and straight, with his black hair a little too long and the easy smile on his lips. And she knew instantly that he saw her, but for a while he did not move. Then, as she glanced up again, he was coming toward her.

He said, "Hello."

She nodded; there was nothing else for her to do.

He said, "I have been meaning, these several days, to ask if I might call on you. I have, you see, a favor to request."

Still she did not answer. Her face reflected the distress she felt, and the anger; her body was tense. But if the Chevalier de Beaupré observed these signs he cheerfully ignored them. He went on, evenly, "Turtle's a frightful name for a ship, don't you agree? On the way back from Azua I thought about that a great deal. Turtle—the implication is all of sluggishness and stupidity. I disown it! I said to myself, I shall change the name. I shall give my ship a new name. And, I said to myself, what better than Virginie? I see it in tall golden letters—Virginie."

He paused and appeared to study her with his black eyes.

"Haven't you anything to say?"

She was conscious that people in the room were staring at them. She said, her voice just above a whisper, "I forbid it. You cannot."

He shrugged. "But I can," he said, smiling. "What's more, I will. I see no reason for you to be ungracious—"

She looked into his eyes. "I do not want your flattery. Can't you understand? How can I make it plain to you that I ask only to be left alone?"

Her voice was bitter. His smile did not fade. "Come," he said. "You're being childish. I think you're carrying the prejudice of madame your mother too far. In a month or so she'll change her mind—and you'll change yours. I swear it."

"Please go away from me," the girl breathed.

He leaned to the level of her shoulder and said, "When I return from Maracaibo—"

FOR many families of Cayona the name Maracaibo still had an unhappy sound. Seven years before—in 1678—the corsair de Gramont had pillaged that town on the Caribbean shore of South America; he had sailed from Tortuga with a frigate, a few fly-boats, and a crew of seven hundred. He returned with treasure. But of his seven hundred filibusters, only forty saw Tortuga again.

There was still an ugly terror in the sound of it—but for the Chevalier de Beaupré Maracaibo had become, almost overnight, a magic word. It seemed the logical development of his Azua conquest; he saw it as a test of spirit, he saw it as a citadel that, unassailed, would forever taunt him. He made no secret of his plans. Cayona knew his date of sailing, the governor honored him at dinner. There was some difficulty in raising a crew, but the chevalier went personally once again to the grogshops along the quay and paid for rounds of rum and spoke in glowing accents. He had a way with him; and there was the Azua adventure to endorse him. He sailed with three hundred men.

IT WAS a grand departure, an affair of pomp and pageantry. Fully half the people of Cayona, it seemed, were crowded along the water front, and a curvetting flock of shallops provided escort down Tortuga channel.

Then the shallops dropped astern, Cayona was hull down, and the chevalier's cannon shouted a deep-throated goodby.

But not quite all the citizens of Cayona thought it could be done—this sacking of Maracaibo.

"He'll not be back," said Madame Vilaire, concisely.

But she said it to herself. Her daughter was confined to her room suffering from headache. Her daughter had not been at all well during the past week, and Madame Vilaire was considering the advisability of sending the girl to France for a change of air, a change of scene. A young girl should not have headaches so constantly—

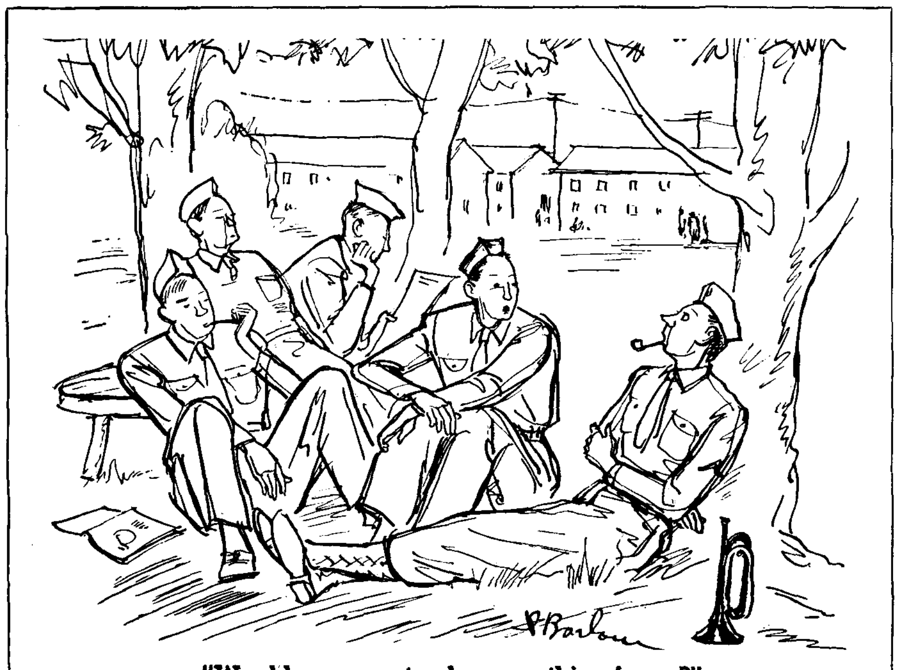
On the hill, however, Governor Ogeron confided to his friends, "Yes, yes; I've invested rather heavily—"

"I've put in a few thousands myself," said the Marquis de Labastille; and Jacques Forban, who owned a fleet of thirteen ships, revealed that he too had contributed to the outfitting of the Chevalier de Beaupré's expedition—but did not mention that he had done so largely at his wife's persistent urging.

"We should see young de Beaupré's sails in the channel within five weeks' time—"

The marquis agreed with the governor. "Oh, yes," he said. "In five weeks, I'm sure of it."

"In confidence," Governor Ogeron proceeded in his official manner, "I may tell you that I am preparing a citation for His Majesty's attention. I believe



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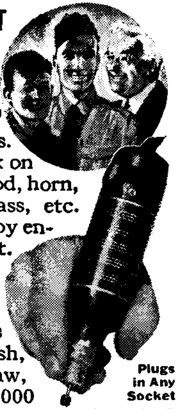

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that after Maracaibo falls, the Chevalier de Beaupré will be deserving of a royal commission—"

"Most appropriate," smiled the marquis.

The days passed slowly at Cayona. A few ships appeared and sailed away. One night rain fell; Virginie Vilaire sat in a low chair on the balcony that opened from her room. The air was, because of the rain, heavy, oppressive. Madame Vilaire joined her; they sat quietly. Then the girl said, "I shall not go to France, *Maman*. Not now. Perhaps at the end of the year. But not now—"

Her mother gazed at her quizzically in the half-light, but did not speak.

THEY returned at the close of the seventh week, but they were one ship then—the ship that had been Spanish, the Trinidad. She came up the channel slowly in the late morning, low in the water, with a cant to leeward.

The carriage of the governor pounded down the hill with a recklessness that was almost abandon.

In her room—the windows gave upon the sea — Virginie Vilaire said to Marthe, the second maid, "Go to the wharf. Bring me the news of the Chevalier de Beaupré. Quickly—and say nothing to my mother."

There was a kind of hysteria in her voice and she made no effort to control it. After the maid had gone, she paced her room restlessly; her mind was torn as if by fever.

"He hasn't come back," she said. "He hasn't come back and this is the way I knew it would be. This is what had to happen—" Her throat closed.

When she turned to the windows again, the ship had anchored and the boats were coming ashore. A singular hush lay over the town; no sound rose from the streets and the people crowded upon the pier stood silently, watching the boats.

After an interminable time the maid returned. Her dark face was flushed. She said, "The Chevalier de Beaupré has come back. He isn't hurt, not even scratched. But he hasn't brought many of his crew with him."

Virginie waited, staring up from the bed with fixed and expressionless eyes.

The maid said, "They entered the lagoon at Maracaibo but they did not surprise the city. It was the other way around. They crept ashore in the dark before dawn, but it was *they* who were surprised. The Spaniards trapped them—"

"Yes," Virginie Vilaire said, whispering.

"That isn't all," the maid said. "There's something else. The men who've come back are saying in the town that the Chevalier de Beaupré ran from them when they were trapped in the streets and fighting. They say he slipped away from them and got into a boat and back to the ship before the fight was really lost—"

"What has he said to the people of the town?"

The maid shook her head. "He hasn't said anything that I've heard. But Governor Ogeron refused to stay and speak to him. And when he came ashore he walked through the people on the wharf and nobody addressed a word to him. I saw him—his eyes were straight before him and you could tell he didn't see anybody. He walked off the wharf and into town, and people say he's gone to the house he lives in—"

The girl rose from the bed and walked to the middle of the room, uncertainly; she stood with her back to the maid. After a minute a sudden energy of conviction seized her. "I shall want the carriage. Now. And you are to go with me."

Her mother was at the foot of the stairway. "You've ordered the carriage," Madame Vilaire said. "You're going to the town at noonday? Why?"

"I shall be back soon," the girl said.

"Where are you going?"

The girl's voice was a thin and penetrating blade. "To the town," she said. "To the house of Jean Antoine de Beaupré. To learn what has happened to him—"

"You cannot!" said Madame Vilaire. Astonishment and quick anger creased her face. She snapped, "Are you insane? In the first place, nothing has happened to him—I have had the news from the wharf and nothing has happened to him—"

The girl paused in the doorway and looked back. "I hope you're wrong, *Maman*. I believe you're wrong."

But then, in the carriage, she was no longer sure, she no longer saw the single, clear purpose. She knew suddenly that her hands were cold and that she might be too weak to walk from the carriage.

It was necessary to go ahead, she whispered. It was necessary not to turn back.

She left the maid in the carriage, with the coachman, when they reached the house. She went alone across the narrow garden and up the steps to the veranda. The Negro boy—the boy who had carried the messages—was there, standing by the railing, and she said to him, "You will tell the Chevalier de Beaupré that Mademoiselle Vilaire is here to speak with him."

The house had an unkempt, unused look. The Negro boy glanced around uncordially. "The Chevalier de Beaupré is not at home, Mademoiselle. He is not at home to anyone."

"Tell him I am here!"

She was sick with the cold tension in her and dizzy from the pain of indecision and waiting. She laid her hand on the veranda railing. When he came out to her he walked heavily on the ugly blue and red tiles.

Then she saw what she had come to see.

The laughter had disappeared from his face, the laughter that had had nothing to do with gaiety. The light, contemptuous smile was gone from his lips.

She drew in a quick, hissing breath.

"You've changed," she said softly.

When he did not answer, but only stood unmoving, his eyes looking past her but not touching her, she put out her hand and brushed his arm with her fingers. "So you've come back," she said. "I've heard—"

It was still as though he did not see her. "Yes! You've heard it said I threw away my sword and ran—"

She nodded quickly. "I've heard. And it's true, isn't it? You did run. I can see it—your face is without any guile, now. Your face is as clear as a paper with words written on it."

She let her fingers rest lightly on his arm. She felt strength flow into her; her voice was as firm as stone. "Coward," she said. "There was a moment of cowardice, wasn't there? You knew a moment's cowardice—like any other man. And there will be years for you to regret that moment."

He turned sharply and her fingers slipped from his arm.

"The hard finality," she went on, speaking low. "You can't change it now." He swung around and his eyes met hers. "I'm glad," she said. "You've been hurt. You're not all steel, are you? You've been hurt. And do you know what I see written in your face?"

He said, "For the love of heaven let me be! What do you want of me?"

"I see the beginning of tolerance," she said. She was standing stiffly, with her head up, and the color had returned to her cheeks. "It's what I hoped to see—though I hardly knew it when I came here. The vulgar, foolish, swaggering boy is dead. You've killed him. And what is left of you is tired and weak, and there are problems to be met and adjustments to be made."

THEN she put out her hand. He caught it convulsively in both of his; and his arms were about her and she was pressed tightly against him. She felt his body shake and the sound of his breath was like sobbing. She touched his face.

"Dearest—" she said.

He dropped his arms, releasing her. "It isn't any good—I'll have to go away—"

"Of course you will," she said. "Do you suppose I haven't thought of that? To England, perhaps, or to the Virginia colony—"

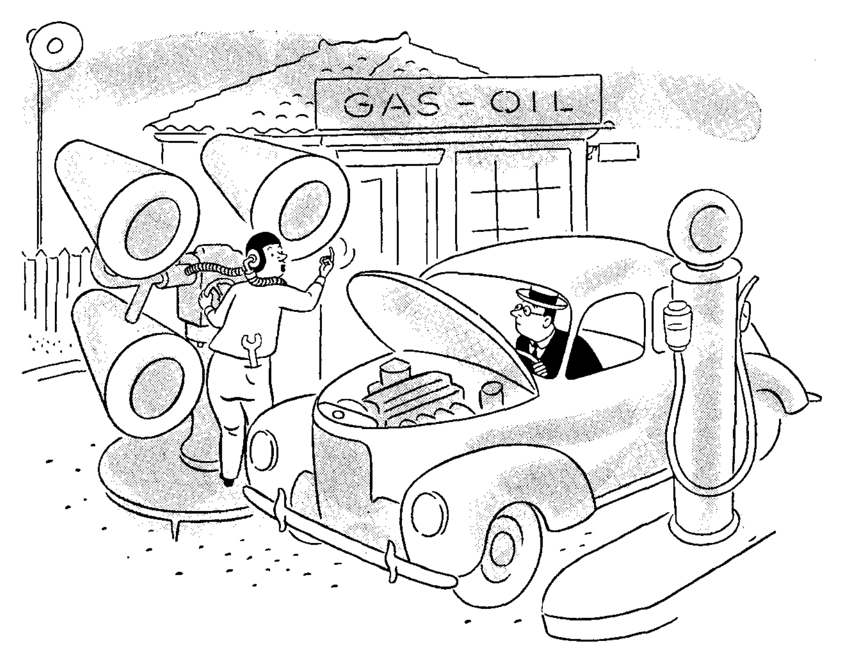
He said slowly, "To the Virginia colony. Yes. And there to find a piece of land and try to farm—"

"But not alone," she said.

Her voice sounded queer and he looked down at her and she was crying.

"No," he said. "Not alone."

His hands moved out and took her shoulders and for a long time they stood that way, together, until they felt the strength they had drawn from each other.



"Step over here, Mr. Pingre, and listen to the knock I found in your motor"

TONY BARLOW

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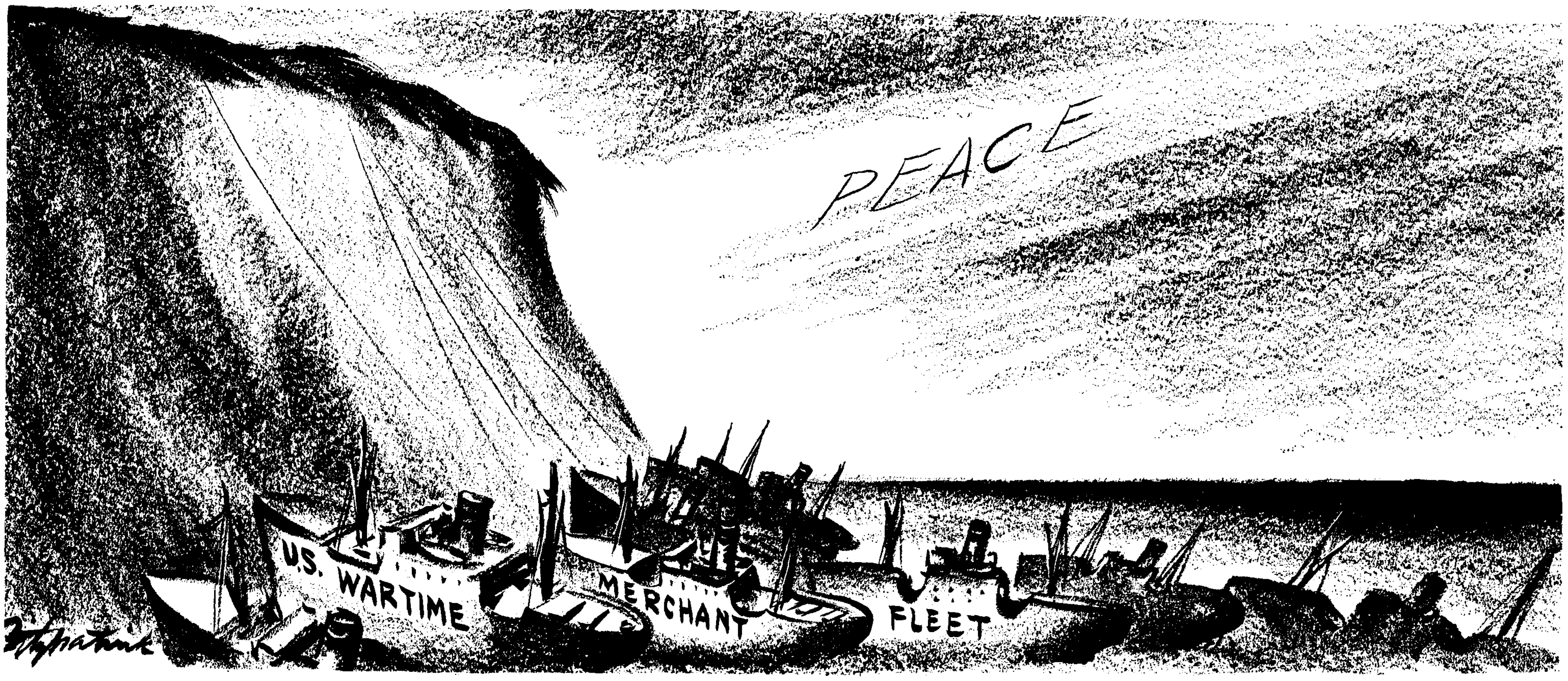


TWO SHIPS A DAY

WHEN 14 merchant ships were launched at United States yards on one recent day, we thought we began to foresee the end of the Battle of the Atlantic. The end of that battle is probably a long way off yet, despite the 66% cut in sinkings for the past summer and despite the spreading vigilance of the United States Navy. Nor have we reached, by a long shot, our goal of two merchant ships a day. But we shall in all probability complete our planned 1,400 merchant ships by the end of 1943—which is to say that seawise, at least, American defense production is doing well.

And American ship production is the first ingredient in an eventual Allied victory. If Hitler can shatter the bridge of ships to Britain, the British will have to quit, starve, or go down fighting. If he can't, it seems a better bet each day that the other essentials of an Allied victory can be produced in time.

That we are qualified to fight this part of the war is evidenced by our performance in this war up to now, and even more by our phenomenal shipbuilding in the other war. On one day in the 1914-18 struggle, after our shipyards had really got going, 95 vessels went thundering and smoking down American ways into the water.

The implications of all this excite your imagination. Particularly, how about after the war?

After the other war, we were mainly stuck with a lot of no-good hulks, most of them chargeable to the Hog Island outrage. This time, it looks as if that won't happen—though we hope nobody is relaxing in the blind belief that it can't happen. It looks as if, this time, provided we don't have to turn our merchant marine over to a conqueror, we'll come out of war years with enormous tonnages of high-class shipping on hand.

We hope it all foreshadows a revival of American enterprise on the seas, which went into a decline after the Civil War and never really recovered. While we build these ships in wartime and send them out to carry our war goods where needed, let's keep in mind their huge potentialities for peacetime business and round-the-world prestige after the war.

STRIKES AGAINST GOVERNMENT

THE State, County and Municipal Workers of America, a C.I.O. "union" of civil servants, took an obviously Communist-inspired step at its 1941 convention. The group amended its constitution so as to make strikes part of its program—though its leaders were careful to say that they would use the strike weapon only in extreme situations.

And here may be the next big labor question which this country will have to settle. There are almost 5,000,000 persons working for various agencies of government in the United States. If this C.I.O. organization or any other outfit lines up a considerable percentage of these workers and insists on the right to strike, it will be pretty tough. Americans ought to be forewarned of the possibilities now.

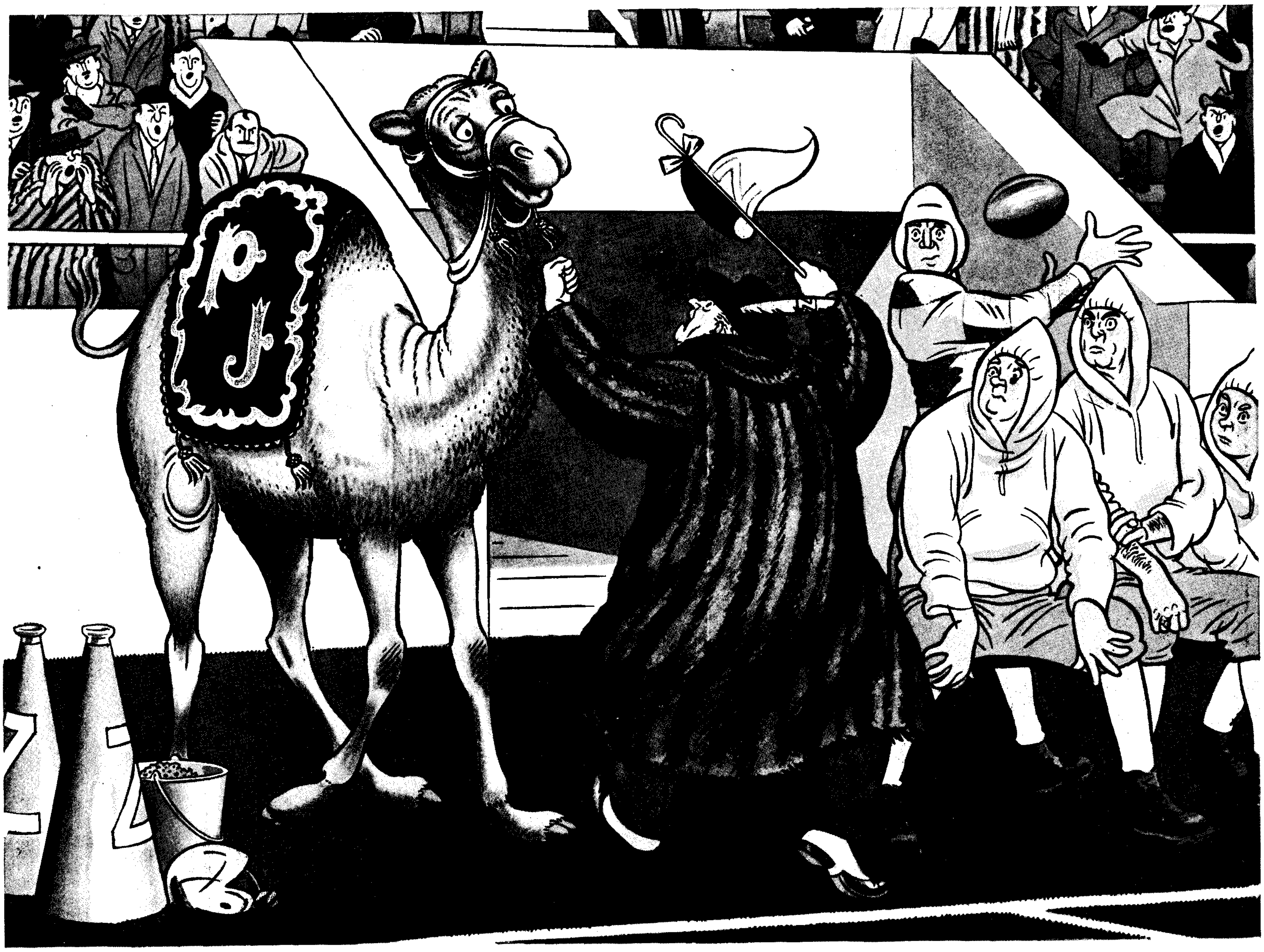
No U. S. city as yet has signed a collective bargaining agreement with a "union" of its employees like the agreements continually signed between private employers and employees. The opinions of courts, city attorneys and state attorneys general to date are unanimous that cities have not the power to sign collective bargaining agreements.

Yet this C.I.O. organization's leaders now propose to arrogate to themselves the right to call strikes against government. We do not see how any government agency can recognize such a right, or back down an inch in its refusal to recognize it. President Roosevelt stated the case succinctly several years ago. "All government employees should realize that the process of collective bargaining, as usually understood, cannot be transplanted into the public service . . . militant tactics have no place in the functions of any organization of government employees."

The reason why they have no such place is that such tactics amount to organized rebellion against government itself. Any government that admits a right of its own employees to strike against it abdicates. It ceases to become 100% a government, and turns over a fundamental power to labor leaders.

Congress may have to legislate in this matter. If so, we think stern measures would be justified.

But the wiser and more peaceable way to settle the argument would be for civil servants simply to stay away from this particular C.I.O. union, and from all other organizations which claim the right of civil servants to strike against the taxpayers who hire them and pay their salaries. The leaders of these outfits are only beckoning their dupes to a showdown such as came out of the Boston police strike in 1919. That affair was a disaster to the misguided policemen and it came close to being a deathblow to the entire American labor movement.



"I'll bet you're a spy from the Chicago Bears!"

CAMEL: You wrong me, little brother. I have no intention of stealing your plays.

MAN: Yeah? What else could you be doing here, you desert jitney?

CAMEL: Believe it or not, Effendi, I'm here to beat the drum for PAUL JONES—that All-American of whiskies!

MAN: You mean you're not going to disclose our hipper-dipper triple-reverse-with-a-half-spin to the enemy?

CAMEL: Nay, Twice-Blessed, I come to enlighten—I bear a message concerning that rare and delightful quality in whiskey known as *dryness*. Yes, *dryness*—the quality connoisseurs prize so highly in the finest champagne and sherry!

MAN: My goodness, you meet *everybody* at pro games, these days! But go on—what has dryness to do with whiskey?

CAMEL: Ah, My Leather-Lunged-One, dryness, or lack of sweetness, is that quality which allows the full, unblemished flavor and aroma of the whiskey to reach you unimpaired—in all their glorious perfection. And the whiskey possessing this delightful dryness is known among the wise as—PAUL JONES!

MAN: Wouldn't you have to practically mortgage the stadium to get a whiskey that good?

CAMEL: A thousand times NO! The price of Paul Jones is so modest that it is known far and wide as a *great buy*. So great a buy, Sahib, that its popularity jumped five times in less than two years!

MAN: Why, you steamboat of the Sahara, I believe you have something! Here, won't you wear our team's colors!

CAMEL: Sahib, as a rooter yourself, you should know that my heart belongs to the Orange-and-Black of good old P.J.!

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